THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS FEBRUARY 1965 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

®

THE FEMALE FEARS THAT BIND A MAN

BY MAX GUNTHER

THE CASE OF THE KILLER BEATNIKS

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA

THE MURDERED SKELETON IN MY FAMILY CLOSET

BY BARNABY CONRAD

SLAUGHTER OF THE MULTITUDES

BY MACKINLAY KANTOR

BUCHWALD'S BEST

HOW TO HOUSEBREAK A RATTLESNAKE

BY DAN MANNIX

MYSTIQUE OF THE HUNTER

BY VANCE BOURJAILY

PLUS! ALAN HYND · TED TRUEBLOOD · GENE CAESAR · VIP
W.C. HEINZ · BOOTON H

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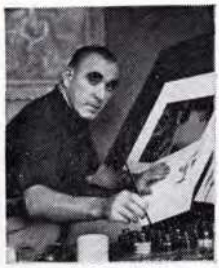
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IF YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves learned through long, successful experience.

Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting . . . lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to $100 each."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

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TRUELY YOURS

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GREG

Dick Gregory's autobiography (*Nigger*—January) left me thoroughly unimpressed. Gregory apparently considers himself a hero, but I don't think much of a guy who lies to his college friends, behaves like an eight-ball in the Army, publicizes the fact that he got his wife pregnant before he married her, is ashamed to have his mother seen in public, and again and again conducts himself in spineless and amoral ways. Apologists for Gregory, of course, would blame his faults on the social conditions in which he was raised. But what about the millions of people who are born into similar conditions and manage to lead decent lives? Blaming bad behavior on social conditions is a widespread modern fallacy. People must improve themselves before those who lead more orderly lives will be willing to admit them to their society.

—Ed Burke
New York, N. Y.

Nigger reads like a latter-day *Confessions* of Rousseau. Gregory extenuates nothing, leaves nothing out. He doesn't set himself up as a spokesman for the Negro, and he doesn't give himself a plaster-saint puff-job. He is a human being, not without sin, and he demands our respect on those grounds alone. He comes before us, not as a Negro, not as a good guy, not as a celebrity, but as a *person*. The events of Gregory's life are compelling, but I think special mention should be made of the way they're told. Gregory's colloquial manner of speaking has been hammered out in the book into a prose style of powerful, almost poetic, intensity. I suppose much credit has to go to Greg's collaborator, Robert Lipsyte.

But the main thing that impresses me about the book is Greg's struggle, against terrible adversity, to win, not sympathy or special privilege, but simply respect as a man. *Nigger* reminded me of some words written by Walt Whitman: "Camerado, this is no book, who touches this touches a man."

—Jeff Thomas
San Francisco, Calif.

HE WHO GOOFS LAST . . .

In the December issue I note Mr. C. A. Shacklette's letter regarding Booton Herndon's story *The Frozen Plane That Saved an Airline* (August) and a modest admission that you goofed with respect to the cause of Jon's misfortune with a diesel engine. Please be of good cheer—you may be saved by a technicality. I do not know the make, model or year of the crawler tractor used to extricate the airplane, and I would not argue with Mr. Shacklette on his basic premises that diesels do not operate with spark plugs and gasoline. However, in 1950, '51 and '52 I owned and personally operated an International Diesel Model TD-6 for 387 hours, making good use of its spark plugs and gasoline tank each time the engine was started cold.

On this model, as well as the TD-9, each cylinder had its individual spark plug, an automotive-type magneto supplied ignition and a small carburetor was fed by a two-gallon gas tank. When the engine had been run for three minutes on gasoline to build up speed and heat, a large lever in front of the operator was thrown which disengaged the gasoline function and permitted the fuel injectors to spray a proper mixture of diesel oil into the cylinders—and from there on the operation and work performed by the tractor was pure non-electric diesel combustion. It would be possible for an operator to be sprayed with raw gasoline on these models if the plugs were removed, but I hesitate to venture further into the possibility of ignition of the fumes in cold weather.

—W. R. Lawrence, Jr.
Franklin, Tenn.

Booton Herndon was very much in the right regarding the spark plugs in the International diesel engine. As an operating engineer and heavy equipment mechanic of some 25 years experience, I believe I should know. The Lord knows I have changed enough of the damn things.

—Boyd C. Muirhead
Westminster, Colo.

I have always thought that a great portion of American readers are just trying to find a reason for feeling superior to the authors. When I was a little boy, my old man always told me that a little bit of knowledge is a dangerous thing. Herndon is right.

—Frank B. Ford
Denver, Colo.

It burns me to a crisp when you get roasted for an author's mistake, which was not a mistake at all, but gospel truth.

—Allan Pinkerton
Sequin, Wash.

Come on, TRUE! Put up your dukes and fight back a bit.

—Gale M. Johnson
Minnetonka, Minn.

Mistakes like diesel happen if yousel apologize for mistakes that didn't happen before thoroughly investigating the alleged error.

—Hollis R. Howerton
Littleton, Colo.

You have goofed by admitting to a goof that wasn't a goof.

—Willis Rusk
Monon, Ind.

You didn't goof. You're on the ball.

—R. G. Cox
Niles-Fremont, Calif.

TRUE readers are on the ball. Our premature admission of error in December's TRUELY YOURS brought a phenomenal volume of mail setting us straight once and for all. International Harvester confirms what readers with diesel savvy hastened to point out—International has been making some models with an all-weather gasoline starting system which uses spark plugs, and they still do.

SPENDTHRIFT SOLONS

Have read and mightily enjoyed C. P. Gilmore's *Big Congressional Spending Spree* (December), but must point out that what Congress spends on itself is peanuts compared to what is wasted on foreign aid. One example: Gilmore notes with horror the rise of the Congressional budget in the last decade from $59 million to $168 million. In same last decade Indonesia received $1 billion which was supposed to make her able to help herself. She has been helping herself —to pieces of other countries.

—George Mikaljan
Saugus, Mass.

Please, George, one problem at a time.

I could have suggested a stronger title for Gilmore's article: *How to Get Screwed by*

[*Continued on page* 4]

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[*Continued from page 2*]

Your Congressman in a 4 x 4 Voting Booth While Standing Up.

—J. C. Allen
Newport Beach, Calif.

Title is too long.

Sugar Ray's Twilight

The Longest Day of Sugar Ray by Dave Anderson (December) really got my Indian temper up. To me it was heartbreaking that Mr. Anderson could cut a guy so low. He makes Sugar Ray look like an all-time phony. I just wish Sugar could throw a few "punch lines" at Mr. Anderson—lefts and rights. It would probably be the longest night in Dave Anderson's life.

—Wynona J. Curtis
Rancho Cordova, Calif.

A rap in the head or two might help those who prefer one-sided claptrap to honest reporting.

Hoover Hullabaloo

I object strenuously to Fred J. Cook's article *The FBI Nobody Knows* (December). Jack Levine sounds like a bitter ne'er-do-well who failed to make the mark he expected among a group of real men. He sounds like a disgruntled serviceman who would like to tell the Secretary of War of his dissatisfaction with the Army after going all the way through boot training. I am quite surprised that you would permit this use of your magazine for un-American propaganda by the lefties. I shall watch the remaining issues in my subscription before deciding whether you are simply fooled by these people or whether you are one of them.

—P. S. Carnohan
San Jose, Calif.

Sufficient numbers of people should let the men in Congress emphatically know that they are not the servants of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Mr. Hoover, but the servants of the American people. Perhaps then our Congressmen would not be so eager to serve an organization that the Congress of 1908 refused to authorize anyway. I am one person who does not look forward happily to a police force such as the FBI restricting my Constitutional rights, and I think there are a lot of other people who think the same way.

—George W. Banks, Jr.
Bradford, Pa.

You and Fred J. Cook are brave men. I predict that you will receive a large volume of angry letters from the John Birchers and all the other radical extremists of the far right. Your comment that "Cook's thesis will outrage some" is the understatement of the year. You have dared to impugn one of the heroes of the radical right, and I am sure they will rise up and smite you with all the rabid rhetoric at their command. There are many radical extremists in and around this community, and I have talked with some of them. They all quote J. Edgar Hoover to substantiate their assertions that the Federal Government is riddled with Communists, and their predictions that this country is going to hell are quite amusing to me. I enjoyed reading the article, but feel sure the author will be accused by the far right extremists of being a Communist. You will probably be called—at best—a "Comsymp."

—George H. Lewis
Winter Haven, Fla.

If J. Edgar Hoover ran for President in 1968, he would get as many votes as Goldwater got, including mine.

—William E. Bullington
Pueblo, Colo.

Shelby's Serpent

Without a doubt, Texan Shelby and his Cobra (*The V-8 Snake That Eats Ferraris*—December) will continue to bedevil Mr. Ferrari until the tables are completely turned and the world looks to America for GT competition. Author Rosendale has managed to grab Shelby and his greased lightning car in a slow moment and set them down on paper more accurately than I have ever seen, including, I hate to admit, my own articles on this amazing man and his Ferrari-eating snake.

—Ross R. Olney
Canoga Park, Calif.

Train Collectors

I was delighted to see the *Cannonball on the Tracks* article about my trains in the December issue. It was, however, a disappointment that you failed to give my address and the address of the Train Collectors Association. My purpose in donating my time and the use of my trains was to gain publicity for myself and the association, as we are always interested in meeting people with old trains, either to get the trains or new members. Will you please print this letter along with our addresses?

The TCA's is: L. J. Redman, Secretary, Train Collectors Association, 251 Dickson Avenue, Ben Avon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15202.

—Comdr. W. R. Lowndes
2851 Shasta Road
Berkeley, Calif.

Pardon Our Greek

In *Picnic Safari in Portuguese East* (November) author Pete Barrett states that Arthur Godfrey saved phrases and acquired the following for use on one of his broadcasts: "And I told him to go and get buggered." Barrett says this is a Rhodesian term which means nothing more than, "Don't bother me." Let us hope that should Sir Arthur use this, that his broadcast doesn't reach the British Isles, where "bugger" is the equivalent of one of our short, four-letter epithets. Rhodesia having been settled by the British, it surely must have the same connotation. *Webster's* gives the British definition: "to commit sodomy." The Greeks must have had a word for this, but it certainly wasn't, "Don't bother me."

—D. O. Magnussen
Madison, Wis.

Author Barrett ripostes: "You can't apply the yardstick of Webster to the *lingua franca* of another country, buddy. What may sound terrible to you in their country bothers them not at all, and vice versa. For instance, it wouldn't do in the US to use the current British expression that *means* 'Keep smiling,' but is spoken as: 'Keep your pecker up.'"

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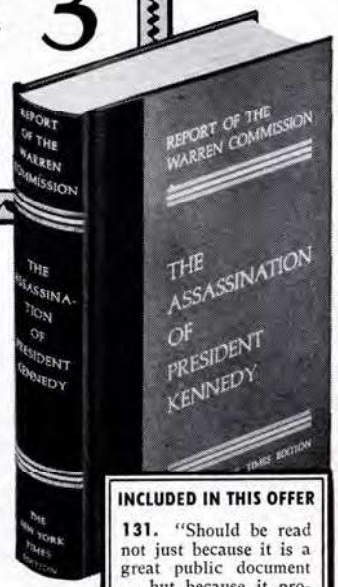

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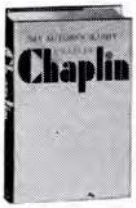

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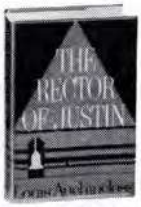

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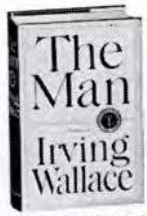

127. THE MAN *by* IRVING WALLACE (Retail price $5.95)

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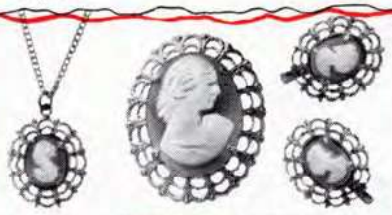

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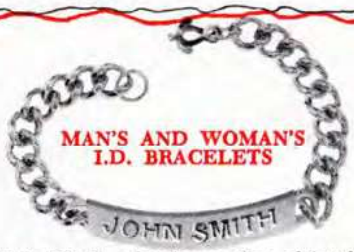

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

FEBRUARY 1965

ALL-STAR ISSUE

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VOL. 46 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 333

Love Letters to Rambler

G. C. Whitney, B.D.

MINISTER George C. Whitney, B.D., of The Unitarian Church in Studio City, California, has owned *four* Ramblers. In his letter he says about his present sedan:

"Saved us close to a thousand dollars"

"We had a flurry of excitement the other day when our Rambler turned 80,000 miles.
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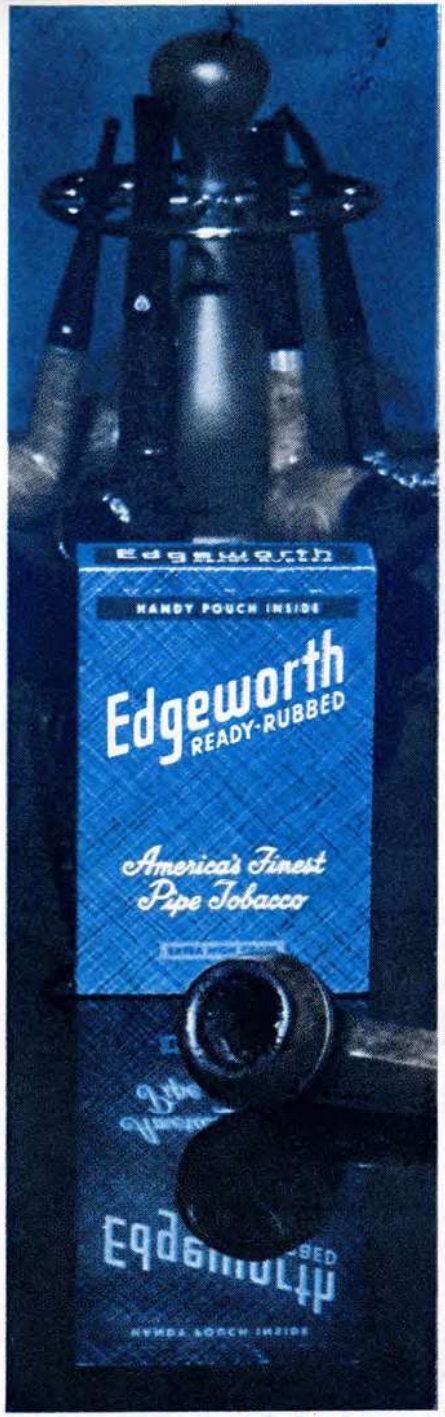

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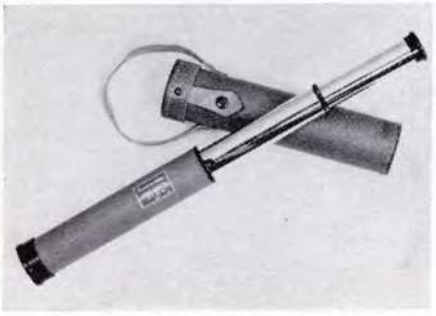

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For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 114

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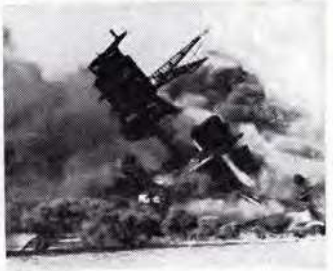

Meanwhile, across the globe, the Japanese launched a Blitzkrieg of their own—with the "day of infamy" attack on Pearl Harbor.

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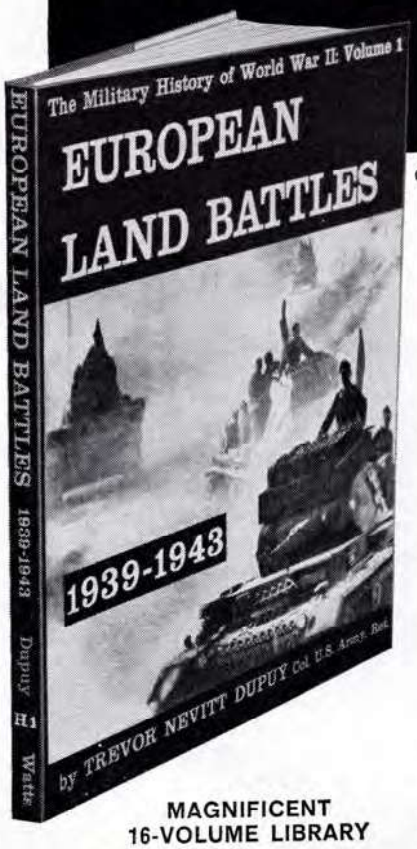
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by TREVOR NEVITT DUPUY Col. U.S. Army, Ret.
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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

HOW TO WEAR THE PANTS

Richard Burton, on being Head of the House: "I have the last say in everything with Liz. Her tears leave me cold. I stay like a piece of marble when she has tantrums."

ALAS, THE BLEEDING EXECUTIVE

Sidney J. Weinberg, an eminent investment banker, is in a snit about stockholders who heckle helpless corporation presidents at annual meetings. Weinberg says that some of "these characters" ask "impertinent" and even abusive questions, and he wants management to put a stop to it. Well, we've put up with plenty of impertinence in our day and are of the opinion that a dose of it is good medicine for corporation heads who think an underling who says, "Your idea is pure genius, J. B.!" is impertinent because he forgets to add "absolutely." We happen to be a stockholder (10 shares of Old Fitzgibbon Uranium Filtering Corp.) and, unless we misread the propaganda of the New York Stock Exchange, we are part owner of a company whose executives are working their heads to the bone for us. We feel it our duty to crack down on executive hired hands when necessary and put them in their places. Some cowardly companies aim to discourage attendance by holding their annual meetings at the same time and refusing to serve a free lunch, the stockholder's opiate. They're getting lousy public relations advice. The obvious thing to do is to serve a box lunch containing a peanut butter sandwich and stalk of celery, to show that the company is up to its assets in the war on poverty, and to let timewasting discussion of trivial matters drag on and on until everybody runs out of bile and steam. This would give stockholders an idea of what goes on at daily executive conferences—and might give executives a dose of humility that would last until the following morning.

WINE AND MARTINI RHUBARB

We have been told by researchers that a dry Martini "allays anxiety and dulls reaction to stress." On the other hand, wine "has a tranquillizing effect and contributes to a sense of well-being." These stunning conclusions were arrived at after months and months of study of brain waves and muscle tensions of imbibers, duly reported in the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol*. Moreover, while Martinis "have more of a sedative effect," wine "decreases receptivity to external stimuli." We can't decide whether we want to be tranquillized or to have our anxieties allayed, and have taken to ordering beer, whisky or tomato juice. What's worse, we can't see much difference between sedation (Martini) and decreased receptivity to external stimuli (wine), or between dulled reaction to stress (Martini) and tranquillizing effect (wine). Rather than confess our stupidity, we referred the problem to a librarian who specializes in gobbledygook. She sent us the following memo: (1) Researchers have a very primitive grasp of language, or (2) the boys are kidding you, or (3) many researchers would be more usefully employed as oyster shuckers or diaper launderers.

LOOK, MA, NO BROOMSTICK!

A British doctor who strapped a patient's sprained ankle was astonished to discover that he was treating a witch. The patient was a plump little man with thick glasses who ran a candy store when he wasn't off on an orgy. He sipped cocoa while the doctor was working, and asked shyly for a written medical excuse so he could skip the next witchcraft class. He wanted to play bingo while his ankle was healing, but Astarte, head witch of his coven, demanded a good excuse for nonattendance at saturnalias. The patient explained that a coven is a sorcerers' guild of 12 witches and a leader (over there, both men and women are called witches). At ordinary meetings, witches sit around their emblems and serve refreshments, rather like Camp Fire Girls, but at "great sabbaths" they wear full regalia, carry daggers and jump around a bonfire in the woods. "Most inspiring these are!" the little man exclaimed. "Afterwards everyone takes off his clothes and we dance around the fire—no, there's nothing like *that*, nothing whatsoever!" The chief hazard is hot sparks on bare shins. But one time their leader, who carries a big sword, sneezed while the group circled the fire. The witch ahead of her had to have four stitches taken. Evidently we American men are overlooking an invigorating hobby. Anybody can start a coven. Membership is selective but not hereditary. Not all members are sons of witches.

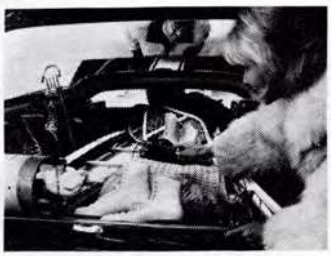
REQUIEM FOR A HEEL

All women should be shod, but a prudent man going out with a doll will see to it that she wears tennis shoes, moccasins or loafers—anything but high heels that taper to a point about a quarter of an inch square. Such heels are as murderous as a stiletto and have been used as such. One fellow who took part in a brawl at a bar wound up with a fractured skull when his opponent's unsportsmanlike girl friend hauled off her shoe and cracked his noggin with a stiletto heel. A well-heeled woman carries a secret weapon. Don't make a move until you inspect her shoes.

COLLEGE JACKPOT

Eavesdropping is often unavoidable on a commuter train. The other day we heard a man in the seat in front of us inform his companion, "So I told him, no dough now. But I'd make a deal with him. If he earned his way through col-

(Continued on page 12)



Some people say Plymouth Barracuda couldn't be a real sports car because:

It seats five,
has a seven-foot cargo area,
doesn't need a tune-up every week,
and is priced under $2500.*

But it sure looks like a sports car, doesn't it?

Seeing's believing.

*Price based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for lowest-priced 6-cylinder model, exclusive of destination charges, state and local taxes, if any, 4-speed Hurst shift, whitewall tires, wheel covers, back-up lights, racing stripe and other optional equipment.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

THE ROARING '65s
FURY
BELVEDERE
VALIANT
BARRACUDA

Plymouth

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)

lege, I'd have $15,000 in the bank for him when he graduated." It developed that "him" was the man's son, a high school senior who was putting an arm on the old man for college dough. The father had learned to take a dim view of his son's capacity and hunger for higher learning; the boy had barely skinned through grade and high school. He evidently thought of college as a fun thing provided by industrious parents for kids whose whims must be gratified. He sounded exactly like the incredible 50.8 percent of freshmen who, filling out an Educational Testing Service questionnaire, indicated that their *major interests* in college were "social life, extracurricular activities, athletics, forming new friendships and carrying on college traditions." About half of the entering students seem to regard college as an ivy-draped baby-sitter keeping an eye on the playground. The fellow we overheard struck us as a man who wanted his 15 grand to buy something more than a four-year loaf and a degree in baton-twirling. We think his idea of a pot-of-dough reward as a test of a youngster's drive for hard college work has some merit.

STOP PULLING WOMEN'S LEGS

For future elections, we propose a ban on electioneering by the wife, sister, mother, grandmother, daughter, aunt or niece of any candidate. Almost all candidates, we noticed last fall, enlist their womenfolk as soprano campaigners for the female vote. Lady relatives make speeches, go on whistle-stop tours, sit on the rostrum picking lint from the candidate's sleeve, and show they're easy as an old shoe and can darn papa's socks as well as anybody. Candidates bust a gusset to show that they adore their women, in fact all women, and wouldn't have sense enough to wear a raincoat in a hurricane if their helpmate didn't button it around their neck. It's hard to tell if you're voting for a man or a family album. This is to be expected in a country that indulgently allows women to vote and even has an organization called the League of Women Voters. Not the least attraction of the League is that women of a certain age get a lot of palavering attention from men interested in politics. All this buttering-up of the fair sex gives a wrong idea of who's really running things. It's men. Only the other day we read in the *New York Times*, ordinarily a non-monarchist newspaper, that Mrs. L. B. J. is "starting off on a new four-year reign in the White House." We yield to none in admiration of a lady, but we'll be in a fine fix if ambassadors figure their wives will have to primp their hairdos to wangle a favorable treaty from the First Lady. We do hope that Lyndon is still tending the store.

GANGWAY FOR CULTURE

The culture juggernaut that is careening through the country gets some accelerating whacks from Alvin Toffler, who has written a whole dang book called *The Culture Consumers*. The culture explosion is so extensive that any hamlet that can't get up enough moola to support a dozen bassoon players and a yodelers' academy is considered to be a backward Appalachian fen. Toffler is a perceptive writer who snorkels in a sea of statistics about concerts, ballets, high-toned theater, art galleries and things which the elite, who decide what good taste is, crave to have us swallow so we'll float to the surface of the swamp and see the light. He finds that men tweak culture's nose just as often as women. For instance, about 45 percent of the audience at a symphony concert is male. He says that the "stereotype of the husband who is dragooned to the theater or concert hall by force is anachronous." Here we think his dedication exceeds his psychology. Of course a man who is head of the house is not dragooned by a woman. But if his poker group or bowling club isn't meeting, he may accompany her to a tony shindig just for the hell of it. It's one of the things a lovable man does to please a woman, like chucking her under the chin, going to the PTA, or saying her dress is pretty. Thinking otherwise is a delusion but it is a popular one as evidenced by a fellow named Arnold Wesker, who aims to bring free theater, music and art of "high quality" to English workingmen. He asked workers, "How can you allow yourselves to be cretinized by bad films, bad TV and bad architecture?" and was upset when the cretins didn't cotton to poetry reading in factories, folk singers in their pubs, and classy productions of Hamlet and Stravinsky. He sounds a lot like our own David Susskind who is perturbed because not enough people tune in his culture programs. Susskind once thought that sponsors and ad agencies were to blame for "low standards." Now he says "the real sickness in television is the audience." We guess that's us. Okay, we'll spring some culture and say, "That's we." Susskind blames "your rotten newspapers and your terrible movies and your ghastly billboards and your cheap magazines and your inept clergy and your faulty educational system. We inherited this illiterate public and we're trying to take it along." Whew! Somebody should speak up for the culturally unwashed and we're just disheveled enough to do it.

BARTEASERS

Women have a tendency (tendency? obsession!) to push into men's fields and mingle with their betters. A horrible example is the infestation of Detroit saloons by scantily clad female bartenders. The local union estimates that 300 male bartenders with family responsibilities have lost their jobs. There is no retaliation. Male bartenders have too much pride to work in sequined shorts in plum-colored cocktail lounges. We're not against stripteasers, but hold that as barmaids they do not serve the public interest. Customers tend to perpetuate the scenery by ordering more drinks than they intended to. This gives alcoholism a bad name. Trouble began when they banned the swinging-door saloon. This was a man's refuge, and therefore a target for women who have a mad urge to crash into anything that is for men only. Now they presume to drink as equals and pub owners encourage it for no better reason than paltry dollars. Women, poor things, are utterly shameless in imitating men, and our only consolation is that they can think of nothing better to imitate.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

Peers get $9 for putting in a day's work in the House of Lords.

A beauty contest among departments of city government was called off when it was realized that one winner would be Miss Public Property.

A brassiere holster for a .38 is popular with women in South Africa.

—THE EDITORS

Looking for a truly efficient big outboard, one that thrives in fresh or salt water and even shifts for itself?

This is it. The carefree, new 90 hp Golden Meteor II (a Johnson, of course!)

The Johnson outboard runabout powered by a Golden Meteor II

The new Golden Meteor II, with its new, straight-through induction system and 4-barrel carburetion, burns no more fuel than engines with significantly less horsepower.

Other members of the famous Johnson V-4 family include the two V-75 models (Electric and Electramatic) and the economical Electric V-60. Both the Electric V-75 and V-60 are available with a special high-thrust lower gear case for heavy loads.

Exclusive Electramatic Drive! This new electromagnetic transmission is standard equipment on the V-90, and on one V-75 and one 40. It shifts electrically, works automatically as you move the throttle forward or back—control comes with motor at no extra cost.

2-year warranty on every '65 Sea-Horse! All 17 new Johnsons, from 3 to 90 hp, are backed by a 2-year warranty*. All are quiet. All use a new 50:1 gas-oil mix to halve oil costs and lengthen engine life importantly. For the right engine to fit your needs, see your Johnson dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages. Johnson Motors, 1928 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. Div. Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada: Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ont.

*For 24 months after purchase, Johnson will replace, without cost to the original purchaser, any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship.

Another carefree Johnson ... first in dependability

THE FEMALE FEARS

■ I used to know a fellow who worked at a bank in the Midwest. Call him Pete. Pete was not happy in his job. Whether you like your job depends on your personality, and there are many men who get a kick out of the kind of work Pete did. But Pete was a special breed of man who needed something else. He found the job too comfortable, too secure, too lacking in adventure. "I don't feel alive around here," he used to tell me gloomily.

Pete longed for some lustier kind of life, something with a physical and mental challenge, and maybe a spice of danger—"even if it's only the danger of going broke," he used to say. But he stuck with the bank year after year because he had a wife and kids to support.

Then one day a white-haired, robust old man walked into the bank, bearing Pete's salvation. The old man wanted to retire and was looking for somebody to buy his business, a small marina and boat repair shop on one of the Great Lakes.

Pete leaped at the chance. One of the bank executives, a man who perhaps had dreamed the same dream himself, told Pete the bank would understand if he wanted to quit—and, what's more, would arrange a loan to help him buy the business. For the next few weeks, while figuring out the details of his big move, Pete was a man reborn. There was a new glint in his eye. Then the dream fell apart.

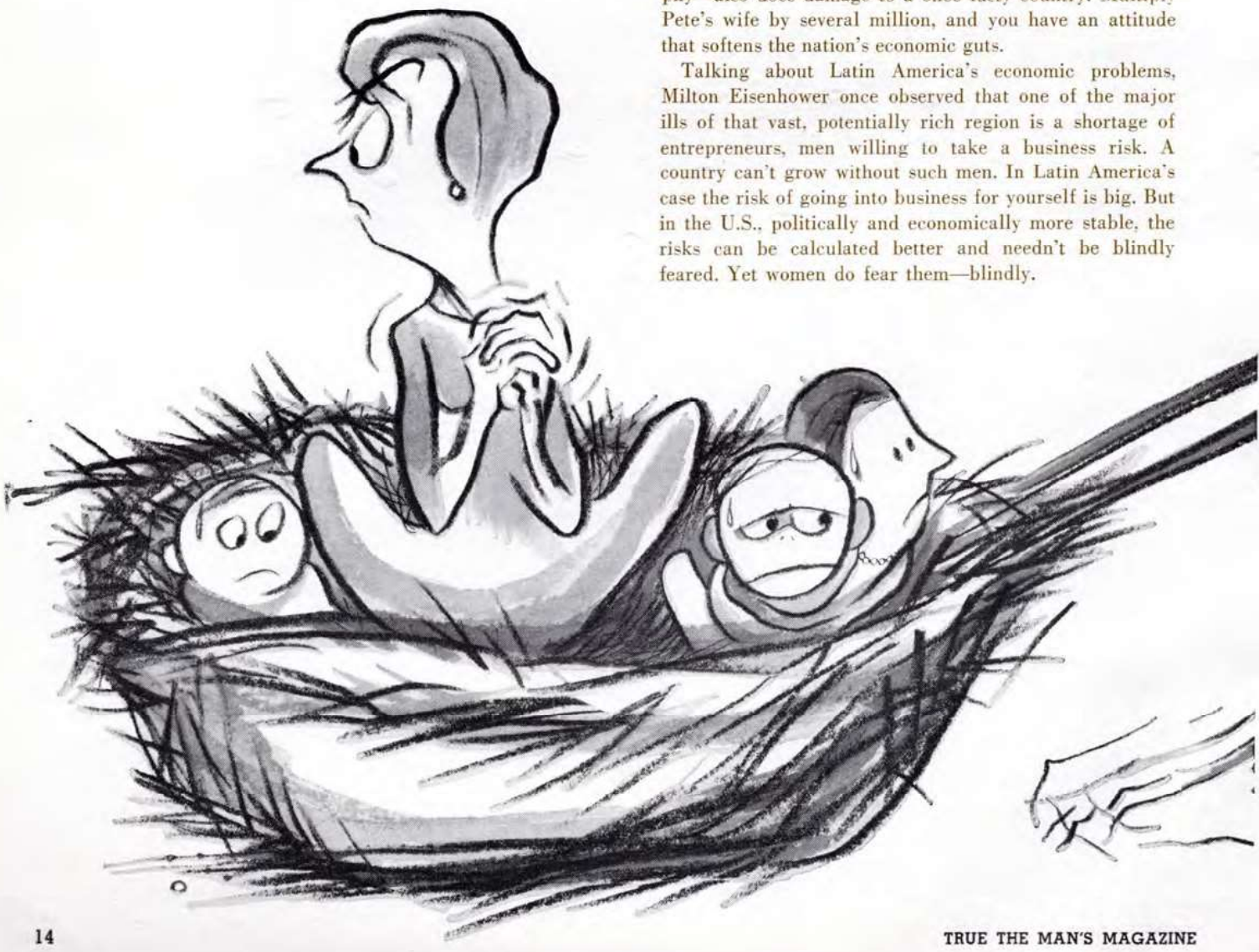
Pete's wife announced flatly that she'd have no part of this hairbrained scheme. She liked the security his bank job provided. In truth, she would rather spend the rest of her life creeping along a comfortable rut than poke her head out into a bigger, stormier world.

Pete knew enough about divorce and separation laws to realize his wife had him over a barrel. If he left her and went to run the boat shop by himself, alimony payments would complicate his financial problems enormously. Reluctantly, he abandoned the dream. Today he still works at his old job—because his wife was afraid of insecurity.

Women are afraid of all kinds of things. Financial insecurity is only one of them. Women are afraid of physical hardship, physical danger, illness, the dark, lizards, mice and insects, to list a few. This is understandable because women are constituted to fear things more intensely than is reasonable, and there isn't much a man can do about it. But when female fears prevent a man from doing things *he* wants to do, it's time to blow the whistle, time for a declaration of male independence from womanish worries!

It's more than a question of man's personal satisfactions; the very character of the United States as a nation is at issue. Pete's wife did damage to Pete, but her kind of thinking—the womanish security-above-all-else philosophy—also does damage to a once lusty country. Multiply Pete's wife by several million, and you have an attitude that softens the nation's economic guts.

Talking about Latin America's economic problems, Milton Eisenhower once observed that one of the major ills of that vast, potentially rich region is a shortage of entrepreneurs, men willing to take a business risk. A country can't grow without such men. In Latin America's case the risk of going into business for yourself is big. But in the U.S., politically and economically more stable, the risks can be calculated better and needn't be blindly feared. Yet women do fear them—blindly.

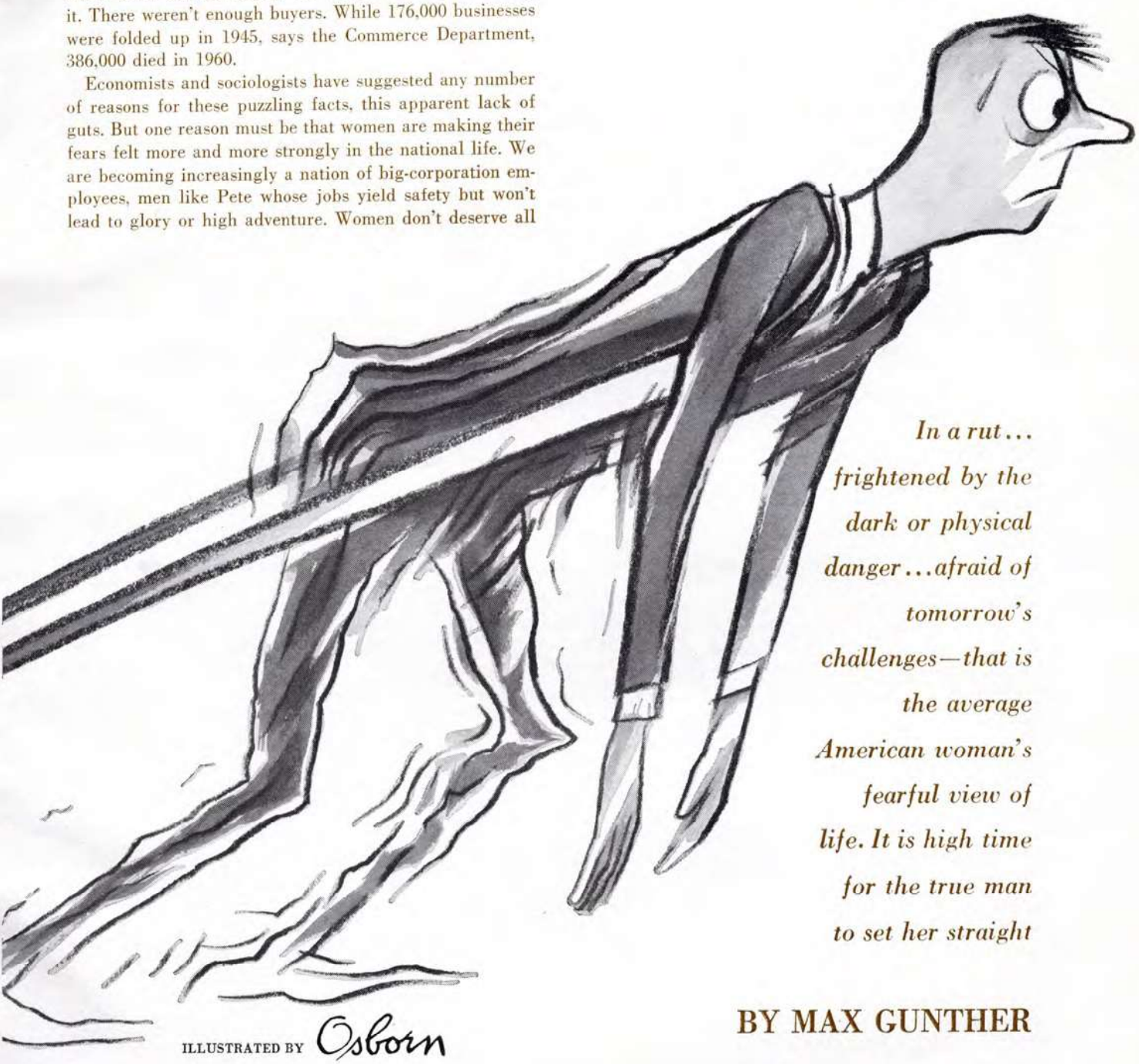


THAT BIND A MAN

Statistics on file at the U.S. Department of Commerce depict the changing character of a nation that has been paying too much attention to female fears. Between 1945 and 1960 the country's civilian population grew by about 50 million. It's impossible to say how many potential Henry Fords there were in that huge extra supply of people. But the fact is that many entrepreneurs, whoever they were, didn't come forward and make themselves known. Something held them back. The number of new businesses started in 1960 was only a touch above the number in 1945. And the number of new owners who bought going concerns, as Pete wanted to do, was actually lower in 1960. Men like the old boat-shop owner who wanted to retire often had to fold up the concern instead of selling it. There weren't enough buyers. While 176,000 businesses were folded up in 1945, says the Commerce Department, 386,000 died in 1960.

Economists and sociologists have suggested any number of reasons for these puzzling facts, this apparent lack of guts. But one reason must be that women are making their fears felt more and more strongly in the national life. We are becoming increasingly a nation of big-corporation employees, men like Pete whose jobs yield safety but won't lead to glory or high adventure. Women don't deserve all the blame for this, but they should get much of it. Women are the traditional guardians of home and hearth. Their overriding concern for security, like a great big perfumed blanket, has smothered many equally important concerns of the male.

For another kind of statistic, consider life insurance. We're not knocking life insurance, but national figures bearing on it help show the changes in our ways of thinking wrought by women's worries. Life insurance as most typically used is a device for guaranteeing security for a wife and children in case the husband dies. It also has a secondary purpose of providing the husband retirement



In a rut... frightened by the dark or physical danger... afraid of tomorrow's challenges—that is the average American woman's fearful view of life. It is high time for the true man to set her straight

ILLUSTRATED BY Osborn

BY MAX GUNTHER

income in case he lives, but if this were his only purpose he'd be just as well off putting his money in a savings bank. So it can be fairly said that life insurance is mostly a device for women's safety.

And this device has grown enormously in the past 20 years. According to the Institute of Life Insurance, the total amount of life insurance in force back in 1940 was $116 billion. By 1950 the figure had more than doubled, to $234 billion. And by 1960 it had doubled again, to $586 billion. The figures show how greatly in love with security this nation has become.

But female fears probably show up most starkly in the area of physical danger. It's a universally known fact that women are more frightened of physical danger than men are, and there really isn't any need to stop and prove it here. But let's be scientific about it and briefly consider some proof.

Take acrophobia, for instance, the fear of high places. Some years ago a psychologist at Princeton University, Arthur Emmett, got hold of a segment of an old silent movie showing a man going through a series of near-mishaps while climbing around the ledges and windowsills of a skyscraper. Emmett showed the movie to groups of people and carefully noted their reactions. He found 67 percent of women were "visibly agitated" by the fear-inspiring scenes, while only 29 percent of men were.

Or take the phenomenon of mass panic. During World War II the British civilian defense ministry was worried about panic in public bomb shelters during German air raids. Psychologists investigating the problem found that blind, screaming panic was statistically about twice as likely to occur in bomb shelters occupied mostly by females. Men in bomb shelters were usually all right. Children stayed tolerably calm if controlled by a few strong-minded adults. But shelters occupied by women were prone to outbreaks of hysteria. One large shelter at Hendon, a much-bombed airport town near London, stood near a military office where several hundred women were employed as clerical help. During daylight air attacks this shelter had a four-fifths female occupancy. Hysterical outbreaks grew so common that local CD officials re-shuffled shelter assignments in order to bring more men into the shelter. When the proportion went down to three-fifths female, the panic stopped.

Everybody fears bodily injury to some extent, of course. You learned this fear as a boy, and if you hadn't learned it you probably wouldn't be alive today. Nonetheless, it isn't possible to avoid all dangers all the time: this is a dangerous life. Death hovers nearby every time you get behind the wheel of a car, handle an electric appliance, go for a swim or pick up a gun. You can get killed or injured by lawn mowers, dogs, workshop tools, kitchen knives, fires, germs, hornets, baseballs, falling trees and lightning. The list has no end. To live any kind of life, you've got to risk dangers every day. The only way to be completely safe would be to dig a deep hole and curl up at the bottom of it.

Yet women seem to think you can sidestep all danger and still have a life that's worth living. This attitude would be merely funny if women kept it to themselves. But they don't. They apply it to our sons. A large percentage of this nation's boys, the future leaders of the country, are going to reach manhood scared of their own shadows.

The trouble is, our society is set up in such a way that most fathers are away from home earning a living most of the week. The upbringing of sons is left to the mothers. The results are often saddening.

Take an extreme case. A father in Evanston, Illinois, died in an automobile accident, leaving his son in the care of the boy's mother and grandmother. Three years later the lad's uncle went to Evanston for a visit. "What I saw made me so mad that I almost took the boy away with me," the uncle told TRUE. "The kid was a walking marshmallow. He was fat and pale. He didn't climb trees or get himself dirty. He was 9 years old, but he couldn't come out into deep water with me when I took him swimming. His father and I had once hoped he might play football, since he was big for his age, but his mother had forbidden football because it was too rough. While I was there he got into an argument with another kid, but instead of standing up to the kid he ran indoors to get his mother. She went outside and shooed the other kid home. Is this any way to make a boy into a man?"

Of course not. "A boy has got to learn masculine self-assertiveness, and he can hardly learn it from his mother," says psychiatrist Dr. Richard Gordon of Englewood, New Jersey. Dr. Gordon specializes in the problems of suburbia, where fathers are hardly in evidence except on weekends. "A boy has the best chances of succeeding in life if his father takes a strong hand in rearing him. Statistically, the boys most likely to have trouble are those who have lost their fathers by divorce or death. These boys tragically often become sissies or suburban-style delinquents. The suburban delinquent is a sissy who covers his fears with a lot of swagger. Boys like these aren't going to become the kind of men this country needs."

What's more, womanish fears take a lot of fun out of life for a boy. I remember standing around a suburban neighborhood one day when a cement-mixer truck pulled up at a construction site across the street. A 7-year-old boy began running to see it.

"Don't run!" his mother shrieked.

The kid obediently slowed to a walk.

"And don't go near the truck!" his mother wailed. "Stay on this side of the street!"

The kid turned and looked at her. Then he shrugged as if to say, "Ah, what's the use?" And he went to find some other amusement.

Later I talked to the mother. In a dim way I could understand her fear of the concrete mixer. Women aren't at home with machinery and are often frightened by machines, especially big loud ones. But why wasn't the kid allowed to run?

"Well, he might trip and fall," she explained.

I pointed out that a boy has got to learn how to run some time. How can he learn without practicing?

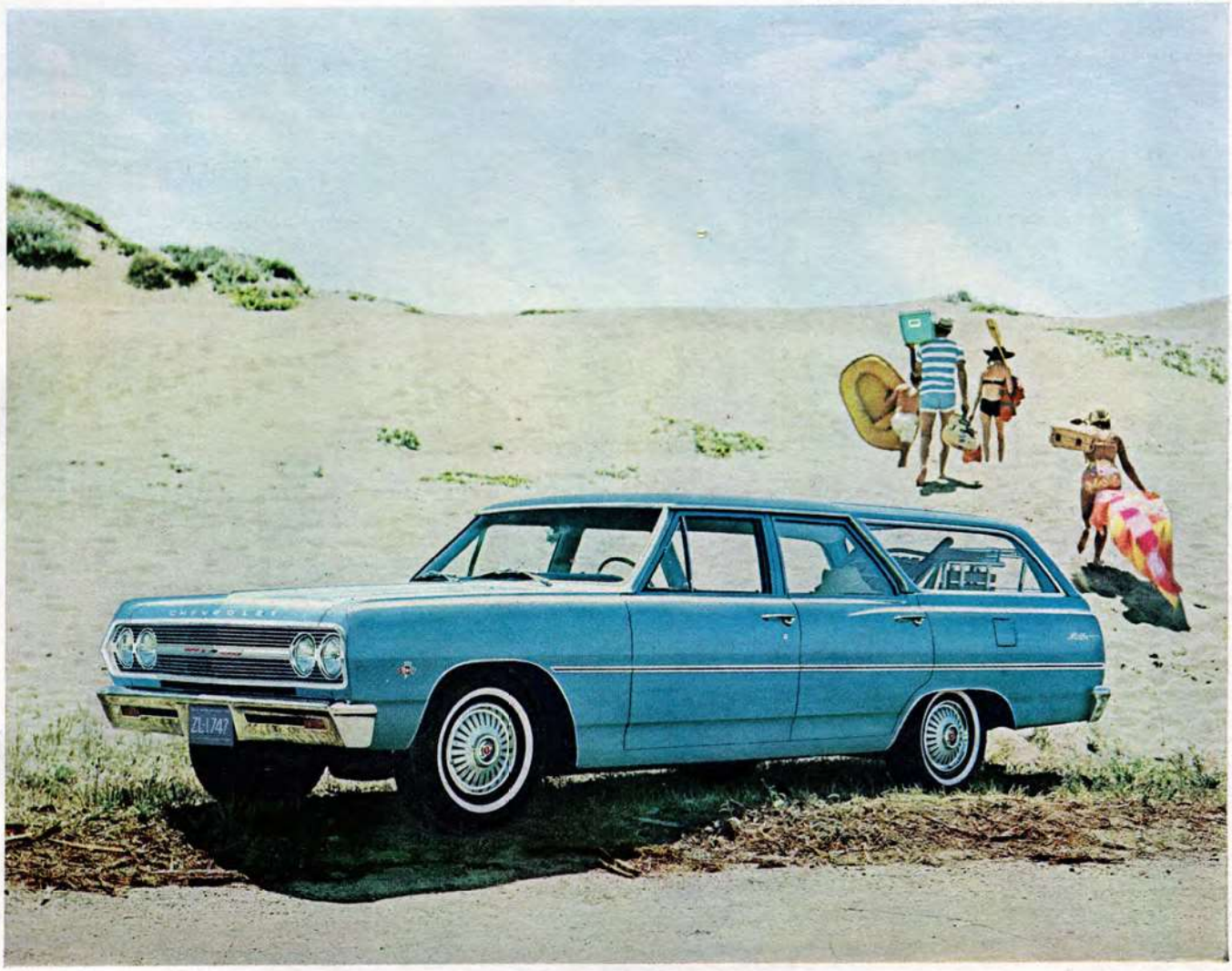
"I don't know about that, but I don't want him to hurt himself," the mother replied.

Real female logic!

Of course a boy must be taught some degree of prudence. A father won't normally hand his youngster a loaded gun and let him run out into the woods with it. The father teaches the lad how to use the weapon properly, warns about its dangers, lets the boy practice with it under supervision. This is reasonable caution. Man and boy accept the risk involved in handling a gun and do their best to overcome the inherent danger. If the mother had her way, in all likelihood the boy would never lay his hands on the weapon.

For prime examples of female panic, pick up any woman's magazine. They are veritable catalogs of fear. You'll find warnings about obscure diseases that nobody ever heard of before. Guard Against Subcutaneous Dry Rot! squeal the headlines. You'll find horrified studies of weird psychological problems. Is Your Husband an Inverted Schizophrenic? You put down an issue wondering how we've all managed [*Continued on page* 18]

Chevelle Malibu 4-Door 2-Seat Station Wagon



Big V8 up front, 86 cu. ft. of cargo space in back —and the time of your life in between. '65 CHEVELLE by Chevrolet

If you're for wide open spaces, you'll find a lot to like inside. And there's room under the hood for the kind of youthful spirit that makes you want to go places just for the fun of it.

Chevelle wagons, too, have put on a happy new face for '65.

Up front, you'll find a new hood, grille and bumper. Along the sides, new body trim. And a set of new taillights to brighten up the rear.

Chevelle has nothing it wants to hide underneath, either. You can specify the engine and transmission combination you prefer from a wide range of power teams, way up to a 350-hp Turbo-Fire V8.

But the biggest thing you'll find inside is cargo space—loads of room for rubber rafts, beach balls and surfboards. Makes a good case for skis and toboggans, too.

And Chevelle's new ride makes hitting the road softer than ever. That's because of its improved suspension system incorporating a softer coil spring at each wheel.

Some other Chevelle features are easy to overlook at first—until you begin to notice how much you're saving on upkeep. Things like a battery-saving Delcotron generator. Rust-resisting rocker panels and steel inner fender skirts. And the long-life aluminized exhaust system.

One of the few things Chevelle can't take care of on its own is the price. But you should be able to handle that very easily.

Ask your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

[*Continued from page* 16]
to keep on breathing this long!

One major women's magazine, for instance, ran an article on Little League baseball. The article virtually quivered with black fear as it listed things that might happen to a boy while engaged in the sport. It gave the distinct impression that Little League ball is a sport comparable to gladiatorial lion-fighting, with perhaps a 50 percent chance of survival. And as for the psychological dangers–the competition is just too intense for the poor little dears, said the article.

Of course the sport of baseball has elements of danger—so have most active sports. But that's no reason to outlaw it, any more than the inherent danger of a gun is reason to throw the gun away. This is a competitive world, after all. At the age of 9, boys are resilient enough to start learning how a man must take his defeats and disappointments. They've got to learn it if they're going to make their way later in a rough, competitive society without falling apart.

The female's blind fear of injury expands on a larger scale to a fear of violence in general. Women don't seem ready to accept the hard facts of life. Life of any kind, from human life all the way down to the life of one-celled creatures wriggling in the ooze at the bottom of the sea, is violent and has always been violent. The big eat the small. The strong bully the weak. This is the way the world operates. Yet women dream eternally of a fairyland where everybody is nice to everybody else.

It's a pleasant dream, of course. Men sometimes dream it, too. There's nothing wrong with that. But when the dream starts to cloud your perception of life as life really is, you're headed for trouble. This nation is headed for trouble if we let the womanish dream make too much of an impression on us. Like their other fears, women's fear of violence represents a dangerous softening in the national character.

Women would have us junk all our nuclear weaponry, for example. Every time the United Nations holds an important session in New York, delegates coming and going from the meetings are badgered by pickets urging them to Ban the Bomb. At least 75 percent of these pickets are women. Some picketing groups are made up entirely of women, gathered under banners bearing such titles as Mothers March for Peace. The President of the United States sees these same frightened slogans when he steps out of the White House in Washington or pays a ceremonial visit to any other U.S. city.

Everybody fears nuclear war, of course. Nobody finds it pleasant to contemplate the idea of being vaporized. But you can't avoid violence in the long run by shrinking from it. The Marching Mothers and other panicky pickets have failed to see a truth that almost every schoolboy knows by the time he's 10 years old. The best way to prevent a bully from picking on you is to let him know, let him understand beyond doubt, that you're ready to fight. Usually, once he gets that through his head, the fight doesn't take place. You've got to stand up and face violence to have the best chance of avoiding it.

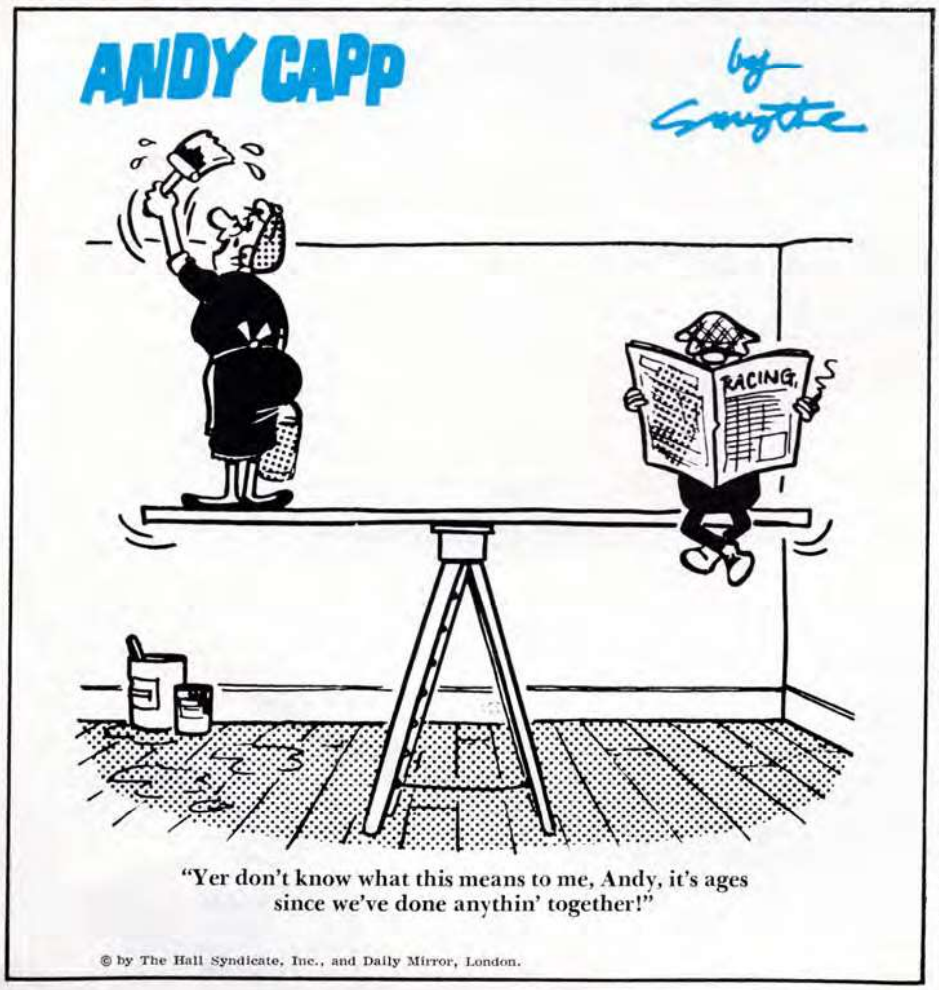
The men who run this country are aware of this schoolboy truth and so far have acted accordingly. But ever since we gave women the vote 40 years ago, their voice in national affairs has been growing stronger. From the President on down, every policitian is bound to listen closely to what female voters say. And gradually, if we don't watch out, this big masculine country could become the timid little kid who gets beaten up by all the bullies.

The trouble is, a woman's voice rasied in fear is hard to ignore. The power of suggestion is strong. A man may be sourly amused at first when his wife wakes him at 3 a.m. and says she hears burglars downstairs. He knows women are afraid of the dark and are capable of building wild fantasies on the creak of a floorboard. He *knows* the noises his wife hears are simply the house settling. But she won't be convinced, and eventually the suggestion begins to get to him. He thinks: Well, there's one chance in a thousand she's right. He reflects on how foolish he'll look if he gets up in the morning and finds all his valuables stolen. So he hauls himself out of bed in the dark, goes downstairs and looks around. Nobody is there. He crawls back into bed swearing he'll never listen to female fears again. But the next time his wife wakes him in the small hours, he'll listen. He won't be able to help himself.

That's how womanish worries sneak up on you. Consider the last time you went outdoors in cold weather—for a hunting trip, maybe, or for skiing or just for work. Women are scared of disease, and if there was a woman around you at the time she no doubt talked you into wearing twice as many clothes as you really needed, to ward off colds and pneumonia. If you had a boy with you, the situation was probably still worse. You thought: I *know* the lad doesn't need two sets of wool underwear—but I'll feel like a damned fool if he does happen to catch a cold, and I'll feel worse if he gets pneumonia. So, for your own peace of mind, you stood by and watched the youngster get wrapped like an Egyptian mummy. In the process he absorbed a few womanish fears about cold weather. He could grow into less of a man because of it.

Men have long known what has now been substantially proved: chilling the body doesn't cause colds. In experiments by the National Institutes of Health and others, lightly clad volunteers have sat around with wet feet in cold rooms. It was uncomfortable, but the shivering volunteers caught no more colds than control groups who had stayed warm and dry. In any case, the best way to beat ordinary cold weather isn't to hide from it inside six inches of wool. The best way is to use your body's own remarkable chemistry: eat a good breakfast and then keep moving. But a boy who is never allowed to try this will never be convinced it works. He'll grow up with his mother's philosophy: when you're scared of something, hide from it.

Women have always been scared of dis-



"Yer don't know what this means to me, Andy, it's ages since we've done anythin' together!"

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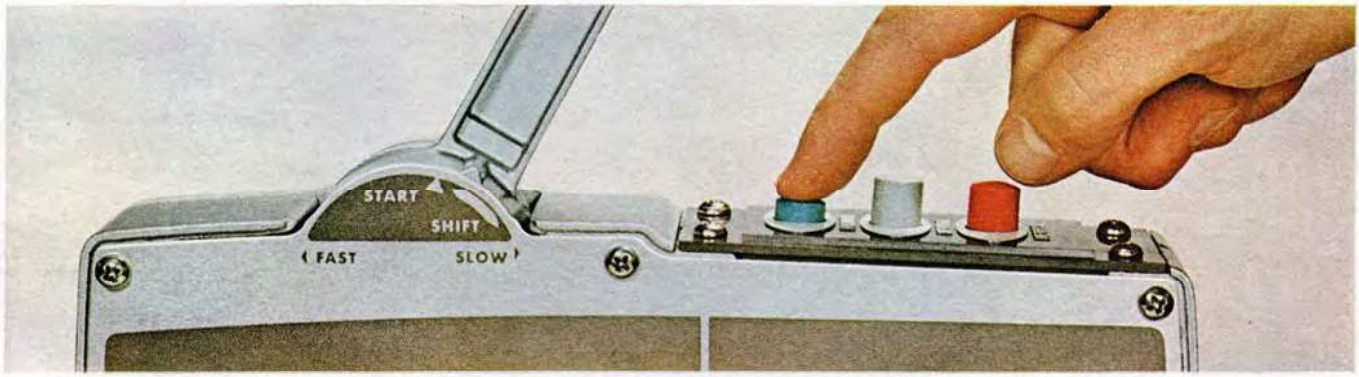
90 horses start feeling their oats



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"We'd like you to keep writing the vitamin account copy, Botsford, but for God's sake, don't let the client see you!"

ease. Of course this isn't altogether an irrational fear. There *are* diseases, and people do die of them. But when the fear grows so intense that it paralyzes you or prevents your enjoying life, it can be called irrational.

For the fact is, men are more prone to disease than women. The human male seems to be the more complicated sex. More things can go wrong in a man's body than in a woman's. Heart disease, ulcers, cancer and other dreaded ailments strike far more men than women. Even in infancy, nature seems to have a harder time building a healthy male than a healthy female. Some 27 percent more boys die in infancy than girls. Far more men grow up with hereditary problems such as baldness, hemophilia and brain defects. Yet it is women who are the more afraid their bodies will stop working properly.

Another women's magazine article once suggested that women may be more fearful because their minds are more complex and more sensitive. To boil the article down to its essentials, what it said was that the male mind is typically too coarse-grained to be affected by minor fears. In other words, women are the brighter sex. This is sheer nonsense, of course.

Dr. Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University, for example, conducted a years-long study of the phenomenon of genius. His initial step was to cull some 1,500 extra-bright girls and boys from school classrooms. The two sexes were about evenly divided in this first culling. Next, to get the real cream of the crop, Dr. Terman administered intelligence tests to the 1,500 kids. He decided to accept for further study only those whose IQ's were 132 or above. (In the IQ scale, 100 is average and anything above 120 is a really good brain.) For every 100 girls who qualified in this severe intelligence test, 120 boys qualified.

Thus the argument isn't tenable that women are more fearful because their minds are more perceptive. The more complex male mind perceives as much or more. The difference is simply that the male knows how to keep his fears under control.

Take the question of phobias. Psychologists define a phobia as an irrational fear of some harmless thing—a mouse, a spider, running water, a closed room. Nobody who has been around women for any length of time needs to be told women are prone to phobias, particularly animal and insect phobias. But if you want proof, consider an experiment conducted in 1956 by a group of psychology students at Columbia University. They were interested in myophobia, the fear of mice. With the permission of an instructor who was teaching an adult night course, they entered the classroom one evening, while the students were taking a test, carrying a small cage of white mice. They explained that they were looking for another mouse which had escaped during the afternoon. It had escaped in that classroom, they said, and since the door had been closed most of the time they assumed it was still in there somewhere. Had anybody seen it?

This caused a marked quivering among the women students. The instructor, previously primed, then suggested that anybody who wanted to move to another classroom with his test papers could do so. Three-fourths of the women immediately got up and scurried from the room. Fewer than one-fourth of the men did so.

Psychiatrists think myophobia is related in many cases to mysophobia, the exaggerated fear of dirt and contamination—which is related, in turn, to the morbid fear of disease. None of this would be worth worrying about if it weren't for the fact that such female fears can make sissies out of boys and can interfere with the plans of men.

It's time this country climbed out from under its blanket of womanish worries. Every man should look his womenfolk in the eye and say, "See here, you can be scared of anything you want to be scared of. Me, I'm through listening. From now on I make my plans without you!"

Some men have done just that. An IBM physicist, John Levitt, tells the story of a fellow scientist who drove home one Friday evening, parked his car in the driveway and was greeted by his wife. Seeing something in the back seat, she leaned into the car for a closer look—then backed out with a quavering shriek. Her husband had brought home several cages full of white mice.

He explained that the mice represented a key part of an experiment being performed at his laboratory. His summer vacation was about to start, and it was essential that he continue to observe the mice over the next few weeks. Rather than commute to the lab every day during his vacation, he planned to keep the mice at home.

"Oh, no you don't!" howled his wife. "I won't allow those things in the house. Either they go, or I go!"

The scientist contemplated his wife quietly for a few moments. Then he reached into the car, took out one of the cages and began carrying it toward the house.

"So long," he said. —**Max Gunther**

COMING . . .

Meet the murderous Mafia of the animal world

THEY LIVE TO KILL

by Dan Mannix

Ferrets look and act like innocent pets, but their attack is deadly.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

The new Riviera Gran Sport or, How we put muscles on the Riviera's muscles

If you start messing around with a fairly normal looking Riviera someday and it suddenly commences making loud noises and leaves you fast sinking astern, that, we're happy to say, was no normal Riviera.

What we've gone and put together is a land version of the wartime Q boat, i.e., a merchantman with hidden guns.

What's this? you say. Buick rattling its sabre and uttering warlike cries? They're supposed to be in the business of making nice, big, reliable, well-engineered, soft-riding automobiles.

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Which brings us back to the Riviera Gran Sport. It packs what might be termed pretty heavy artillery: 2-4BBL, 425 cubic inches, 360 horsepower and 465 lb-ft of torque. And it plasters all this down on the road via a limited-slip differential with 3.42:1 gearing.

The steering is power assisted, with an extra-quick 15:1 gear ratio available for it. The brakes, also power assisted, are massive 12-inch finned aluminum drums up front, 12-inch finned cast iron on the back. Specify the heavy-duty set of springs, shocks, and stabilizer bar and you have the complete Q boat.

Next month we're doing something mean and hairy with the Skylark. Keep watching this space.

More Riviera Gran Sport Standard Equipment: *Automatic transmission —3-speed torque convertor; 2¼" low-restriction dual exhausts; 8.45 x 15 tires on 6JK rims; bucket seats; console; padded dash; tilting steering wheel; full carpeting; 2-speed wipers; washers; map light; back-up lights; trunk light; smoking sets, front and rear; electric clock; speed warning buzzer; trip mileage indicator; things like that.*

BY H. ALLEN SMITH
ILLUSTRATED BY VELDE

MY FINAL DERANGEMENTS

Everybody's beating their skulls over the high cost of dying, but the irreverent, irrepressible Mr. Smith has come up with the most original solution to date. With an ocean voyage and a demijohn, you, too, can go out first class

■ A young fellow came up to me the other day, right in front of the Golden Galleon Gift Shop, and says there seems to be a lot of talk lately about the high cost of dying and malfeasance in our mortuaries and the profit motive amongst body-style undertakers, not to mention land grabs in our cemeteries. Have you, he says, made any special provisions respecting the disposal of your remains when you coil off this mortal shuffle?

So I says, who the hell are you? And he says, I am doing some man-in-the-street interviews for the *Weekly Blat* on this subject because it is a subject of interest to a great many people. They identify with it.

So I says, happy to oblige the press at any time, and it so happens I *have* made some arrangements which I intended keeping secret from the world until the "fate accumply," but now that you've asked about them in such a polite way, I'm willing to make them public.

Then I told him as follows:

They talk about all these world problems that give a man goose bumps in the night, but nobody seems to be aware of the graveyard explosion. Has it ever occurred to you, *Blat* man, that the day will come eventually when all the land masses of the earth, plus every archipelago and island and atoll, all of this will be one vast graveyard? That there won't be any place any more for anybody to live? Well, it *has* occurred to *me*, and the spectral portent has motivated me, to some extent, in the drawing up and the setting down of my own arrangements. There is nothing very special about them, but I'll be most happy to furnish the details for your esteemed gazette.

As you must know, young man, it has become unlawful in various parts of the country to scatter human ashes indiscriminately over populated areas and upon public waterways. There is already enough junk drifting around in the atmosphere that embraces our country without adding disintegrated people—and it is true that things of this kind were getting a bit out of hand for a while. So many people were scattering ashes out of airplanes that the remnants of folks were getting all mixed up and integrated before they ever hit the ground. Togetherness, you might call it. I happen to be of the firm belief that, in spite of the inter- [*Continued on page* 24]

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by Traveler

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Hot new GAZELLE Sportster—16′ fiber glass family boat with Hydro-Lift Hull.

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RINGTHEBELL on Archive.org

[*Continued from page 22*]

diction, many citizens are going up in small planes and scattering their loved ones secretly. I frown on this practice and I might add that I have no desire to be bootlegged to earth.

In any case, I went on, I began my funeral document by specifying that I wanted members of my immediate family to take my urn on board a handsome ocean liner and somewhere at sea, either in the Atlantic or the Pacific, consign it to the deeps. My motives were simple, and somewhat paternalistic. I consider sailing aboard a modern luxury liner to be one of the major pleasures of life, and so I thought that it would be nice to take my final journey on such a ship. Moreover, I would be, in a small way, calling public attention to the dangers inherent in the graveyard explosion. Finally, I would be giving members of my family a farewell gift of a luxury cruise to foreign climes.

That last point, *Blat* man, is more important than it sounds. A man likes to bequeath *something* of consequence other than mere goodwill to his heirs and it is not in my scheme of things to leave an estate of any consequence for them to squander, or quarrel over. So here we have the single prospect of an all-expenses paid ocean voyage, and the tantalizing question: who gets it? I can keep them on tenterhooks the rest of my life, and while I can't intimidate them by threatening to disinherit them out of a bundle of cash money, I can always glower and say to them: "By God, you better mend your ways or you won't get to go on that trip with my ashes!" Believe you me, they'll think twice before they take advantage of my benevolent nature in my fading years.

Now, young man, after I got these details fairly well settled, I turned back to my scheme for attracting public attention to the grave matter of the graveyard explosion. In this present-day world of promotion-by-holler-and-howl, where advertising is shrieked at us in our living rooms, I concluded that it would be necessary for me to dramatize and ceremony-up the casting overboard of my urn. A distasteful task it was, but I revised that part of the plan.

For a while I thought of having my ashes sealed, not in the customary bronze urn, but instead in an old-fashioned earthenware jug, of the type Southerners are said to use for sorghum molasses and corn liquor, and for blowing into musically. Still not quite spectacular enough.

Then I got it. I finalized. My ashes are to be placed in a large glass bottle and I have prepared a note to be inserted just before the bottle is securely corked. When it is hurled overboard by my loved ones it will float, and drift possibly for months before it finally bobs its way up to some distant shore. The person who picks it off the beach will be perplexed over its contents until he fishes out my note, which will read somewhat as follows:

To The Finder of This Bottle—

They may not look like it, but these are my mortal remains. I must explain to you, Sir, Madam, or Little Kid, that in the latter part of my life I became a dedicated and almost impassioned traveler to distant lands. Whenever I could get the money together, I would journey off to faraway places and enjoy myself more than anyone can imagine; later on I would usually write and publish a report on my pleasures and adventures in Europe or the Pacific Islands or Latin America or even in the various quarters of the United States.

As you, Bottle Finder, stand on this lonely (thickly populated)—choose one—beach, you are witness to the culmination of my final voyage. Unhappily, I don't know where I went, or am. I will have no inkling whether the last of my trips took me to Europe or Africa or New Zealand or St. Kitts or Chile or the Azores or Luzon or Catalina. But wherever it is, or I am, or what's left of me, I would have enjoyed it if I could have lived on a little longer. No. Actually I wouldn't've. If I had lived on a little longer I'd never have made it here, wherever I am, though I'd have wanted to, I think.

So, Finder of My Bottle, please scatter my ashes on the waters in front of you, even if they happen to be in a fjord, or the Bay of Fundy where they have all those nutty tides. After that, please communicate with my children and advise them: "Your dear father finally made it to the Canary Islands (Cape of Good Hope, Tasmania, Dingle Bay, Oregon, Pitcairn, Atlantic City), where he always wanted to go."

So I says, there it is, Mr. *Weekly Blat*. That what you had in mind? And he says, well, to tell you the truth, it runs a little long. And I says, in that case, maybe I ought to try to make my own small contribution to the *avant-garde* literature of passing away; so why don't you just leave it lay and I'll make a nice cheerful magazine article out of it, and if I sell it, I'll add the proceeds to the fund for that wonderful ocean voyage they're going to get if they keep their noses clean and accord me the respect I'm entitled to as undisputed head of the family.

And he shrugs and says suit yourself, my friend, I can make it without your somewhat odd schemes, so long Daddio, and he set off down Moger Avenue in quest of another man-in-the-street.

As for me, I just stood there a few minutes in thought, wondering what size bottle I would need to make it all the way to Tristan da Cunha, or wherever I make it to. This I know—I want something out of the ordinary and quite expensive, something on the order of a Pitkin bottle, blown about 1790 by a craftsman employing the German double-dipped method. Or, better yet, a handsome demijohn made of rare Sandwich pressed glass. That's the ticket. That's what I want, a real expensive antique demijohn, because in all my years of pleasurable travel, I stuck to one guiding motto:

I go first class or I don't go at all.

—H. Allen Smith

"I already know about people. I want to know about birds and bees."

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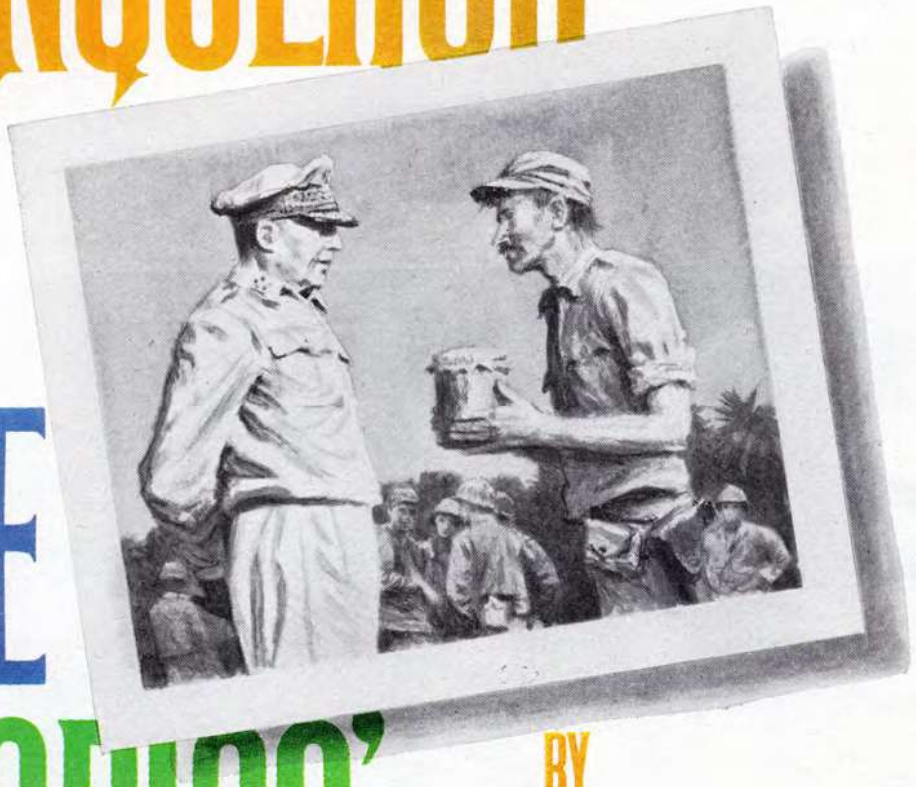
CONQUEROR OF THE TROPICS' CURSE



BY BOOTON HERNDON

When Art Fischer went to the Philippines, malaria was raging in the islands. Men were dying off like flies. The solution was obvious—and impossible

■ Standing before General Douglas MacArthur was a skinny apparition of a man. He weighed all of 90 pounds, complete with .45 automatic and cartridge belt, and he clutched a battered tin can in his trembling, claw-like hands. Staff officers chatting nearby turned to stare at the strange-looking character.

It was just four months after Pearl Harbor. From his Australian headquarters the general had sent a specific request that this man be brought to him personally on the last plane out of the Philippines. Now the general greeted him warmly while the puzzled onlookers whispered among themselves. If this was the kind of man MacArthur was counting on to help

THE TROPICS' CURSE

stop the Japanese, things looked dark indeed for the Allies.

Actually Col. Arthur F. Fischer, MacArthur's gaunt visitor, represented the only sure hope at that time to stop an even deadlier enemy than the Japanese—malaria. For every soldier that fell to the Japs in the Philippines, malaria had felled *two*. The answer to malaria lay in this emaciated officer and that tin can. Thus it was that when Colonel Fischer left MacArthur he was carrying not only his precious can but also the highest priority for transportation home. And a lengthy top-secret cable calling upon the War Department for all out co-operation was already on the way.

Fischer's new mission marked the final proof that his single-handed fight against every conveivable opponent over the past several years had been worth the sweat and fury and frustration. It had begun back in 1911, when he first landed in the Philippines.

At first, after a few months in the fetid forests of the islands, Art Fischer thought he understood why the rest of the Americans in this new colony spent their time boozing and bitching in the bars of Manila. Fischer, 23 years old, fresh out of the Yale School of Forestry with a $300-a-month job with the U. S. Forest Bureau, had come in like a crusader. On trips into the interior he saw a great wealth of virgin timber, minerals and fertile soil, but instead of cashing in on their natural riches, the Filipinos lay

As Fischer watched, the eagles stopped in mid-air. With shrill, hungry squawks they swooped down on the monkeys.

around moaning and groaning. The few who did volunteer for work in the lumber camps dragged around like zombies.

Fischer had a short temper and little tact. "Lazy good-for-nothing bums," he growled to his guide and companion, a moon-faced little man, half-Filipino and half-Chinese with the improbable name of Santos Wong. "That's the trouble with this country, Santos—the people."

"They're seeck, boss," Santos said. "That malaria, she's very bad."

"Don't give me that stuff," Fischer roared. Though not much taller than Santos, he had a big bass voice that came bursting out of him with surprising force. "You can't blame everything on malaria. These guys aren't sick. They just don't want to get up off their damn butts and go to work."

Santos shrugged. He knew what was going to happen if Fischer kept on exploring the uncharted interior. And he was right. They were on a field trip in northern Luzon, riding on horseback along a narrow jungle trail when Fischer got his first attack of malaria.

Suddenly he felt a chill that shook him from his pith helmet to his stirrups. His muscles tightened as though he'd been given an electric shock. His blood vessels closed down, his lips turned blue and his skin grew cold. His teeth chattered and he shook with shiver after shiver. The constric- [*Continued on page* 66]

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

HOW TO HOUSEBREAK A RATTLER

We named them Seven and Eleven. They have rattles on their tails, needles in their mouths and lightning in between. They're deadly, true, but they make fascinating pets

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

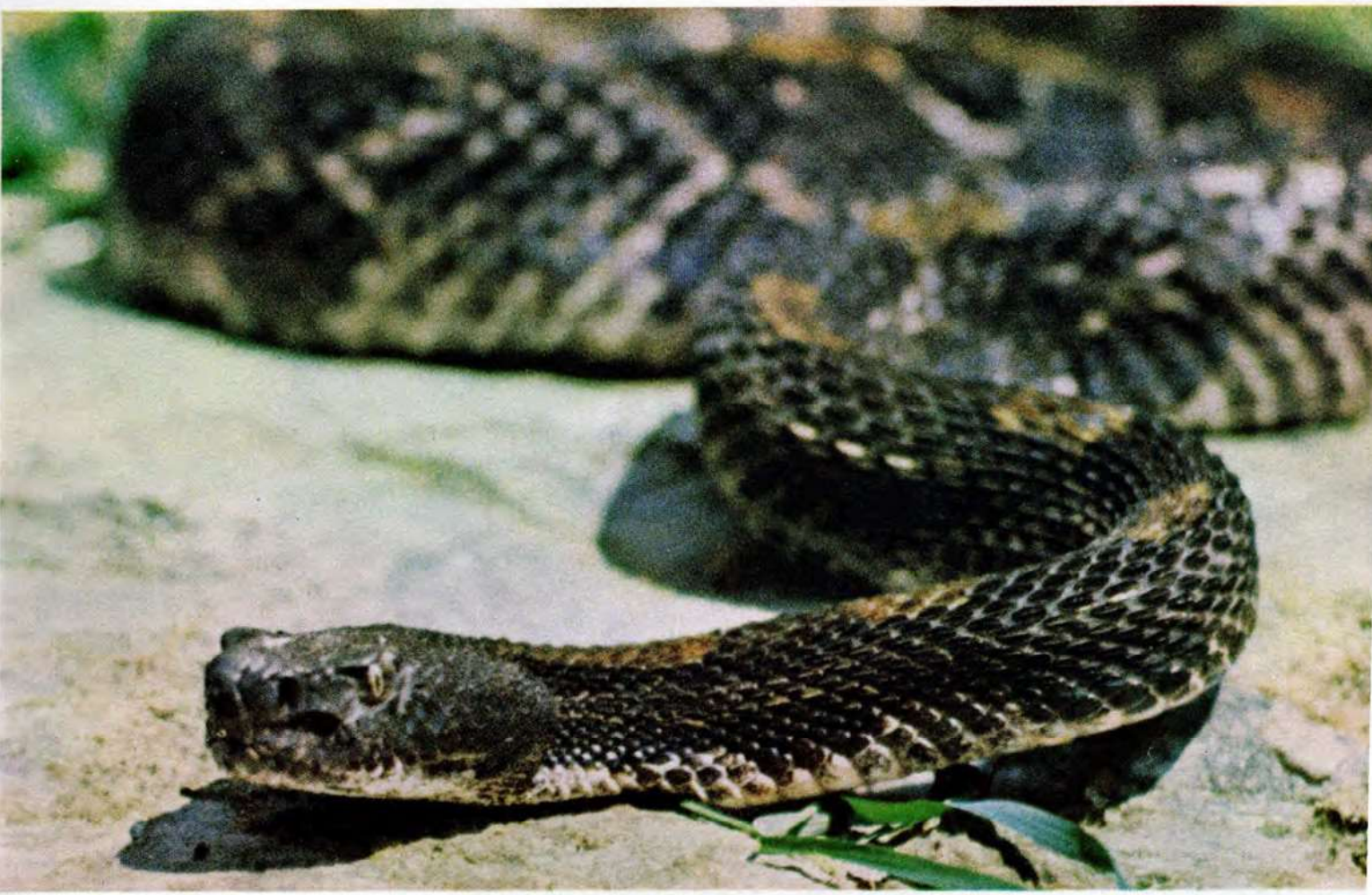
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROSS WATSON

■ I'm no crazier than anyone else—anyone else in this case being the Rev. Lewis Ford who stuck live rattlesnakes in his mouth—but I've always liked to have a few poisonous reptiles around. As Marie Laveau, the Voodoo queen of New Orleans, was saying to me only the other day while serving her favorite entree of *cervelles de Loup-garou*, "There's nothing like a few rattlesnakes around a house to give it that lived-in look."

Except for the Indian cobra, a rattlesnake is the most dramatic of all poisonous snakes. You can talk about your kraits, mambas and moccasins, yet the darned things don't seem dangerous until after they've bitten you and your friends congratulate the undertaker on how natural he's made the corpse look. But a rattler looks and sounds just as dangerous as it is.

Neither man nor beast can hear the dry buzz of the rattle without knowing the owner isn't any Little Lord Fauntleroy, and a rattler reared up in its fighting S-shaped

"Tamed" or otherwise, a rattler seen close up is guaranteed to chill the heart. Mannix has domesticated his snakes but declines to pick them up barehanded.



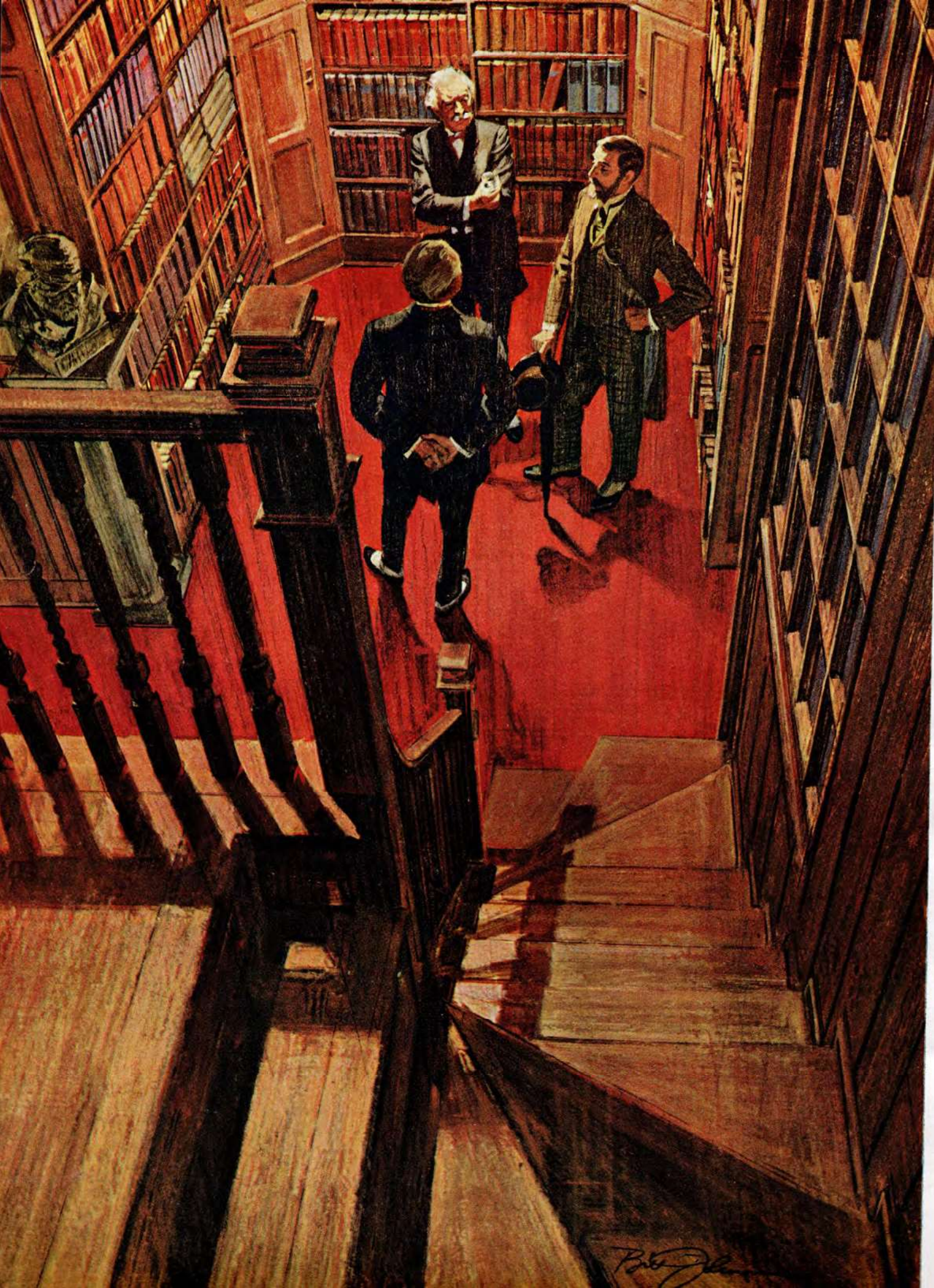
coil is as sinister an object as the human mind can conceive. Man has always feared and admired the rattlesnake. In the form of Quetzalcoatl, the feathered serpent, the Aztecs worshiped it as divine. A prehistoric people erected the great snake mounds in Ohio to its honor and when the eastern Indians wanted to show that they really meant business, they sent their neighbors a collection of arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake skin. Even today, the Hopi Indians seek rain by dancing with rattlesnakes in their mouths, reasoning that the snakes' rattles resemble thunder and their quick stroke symbolizes lightning.

White men feel the same fascination. Our first national flag showed a rattler in "fighting coil" with the motto DON'T TREAD ON ME. Today the Holiness Faith Healers have built a cult around handling rattlesnakes and in some parts of the country motorists refuse to buy a tank of gas unless the station is equipped with a rattlesnake pit.

I first became interested enough in these snakes to want to bring some home, when I learned there is a rattlesnake boom sweeping the country that makes the Alaska gold rush look like bingo night in the church basement. My informant was a gentleman who had opened a country club in a hitherto untrammeled section of the Poconos, renowned for its magnificent scenery, invigorating climate . . . and rattlesnakes. As the average golfer shows a certain reluctance to argue possession of the 9th hole with an infuriated rattler, the board of directors was at a loss as to how to proceed but the problem was quickly solved.

"The country is full of rattlesnake clubs," my informant assured me excitedly. "All you have to do is tell these fellows where there's a good den and they'll clean it out in no time. They use the hides for leather, have the meat canned as a delicacy, sell live snakes to zoos, carnivals and snake shows. But the big money comes from selling the venom. They get $350 an ounce for it."

At my age, Elizabeth Taylor [*Continued on page* 100]



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL JOHNSON

THE MURDERED SKELETON IN MY FAMILY CLOSET

BY BARNABY CONRAD

Great-grandmother Barnaby loved the drama of life, frisky travel and a nip of whisky. And when someone poisoned her drink, she became the star of a classic American murder

■ By the simple act of drinking a glass of whisky my great-grandmother Barnaby achieved a small slice of immortality. She then played, no matter how unwillingly, the starring role in a murder melodrama which is now considered a classic in the annals of American crime.

The liquor, you see, was loaded with enough arsenic to kill a platoon, thus causing this gay, handsome woman to become the indispensable part of the celebrated Barnaby Murder case: the corpse.

My father would never mention his grandmother, and his mother—*my* grandmother—used to change the subject if either of us children brought it up. We didn't understand until we were teen-agers and happened to come across the saga in a newspaper supplement. Then, naturally, we read every recounting in the murder anthologies with glee, and basked in the gory glory accorded us by our schoolmates.

It's one thing, however, to relish a family scandal when you're young; as I grew older I became more and more perplexed by the case. Why wouldn't my family talk about it? If it was just an open-and-shut murder, why all the mystery? After all, my great-grandmother was the victim, not the murderer. But the way my family kept the door to that particular closet locked and bolted made me suspect I'd found the proverbial skeleton.

After reading a great many conflicting reports, I decided to research the case myself. This is what I've come up with, based on family recollections and files, newspapers of the day, and the transcript of the lengthy trial.

One day early in April, 1891, a small but lethal package arrived in Colorado for the fashionable Mrs. Josephine Barnaby, of Providence, Rhode Island, who was traveling with her lifelong friend, a Mrs. Worrell, also from the East. Mrs. Barnaby, extremely vivacious in spite of being 60 years old and slightly paralyzed in her right arm, was the widow of Jerothumel Barnaby, a stodgy, puritanical Providence merchant, horseman, and politician who had built up a chain of clothing stores. Mr. Barnaby had died in 1889, leaving an estate of $1,700,000, which in those days was—well, it really *was* $1,700,000.

Unfortunately, stating that his wife was "too flighty" to handle money, Mr. Barnaby had left her only $2,500 a year, with the rest of the cash going to his daughters and grandchildren. That annual remittance, of course, was not as unreasonable in the 1890s as it seems [*Continued on page* 74]

After several evenings of reminiscing about Mrs. Barnaby, the doctor showed signs of coming apart.

It started as a quiet bird hunt near home. But for once everything went right. The pheasants were friendly.

By VANCE BOURJAILY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

■ The race is a long, slow one that has been going on since I started to hunt again. The race is between my real competence at hunting, gradually developing, and, gradually fading, the force of the fantasies which have sustained me while the skills are still weak. If the fantasies fade before the competence is really mine, I am lost as a hunter because I cannot enjoy disgust. I will have to stop, after all, and look for something else.

So I shan't write of any autumn, or every autumn, but of last autumn, the most recent and the most skilled. And not of any day, but a particular day, when things went really well.

7:45 No clock need wake me.

7:55 While I am pulling on my socks, taking simpleminded satisfaction in how clean my feet are from last night's bath, relishing the feel against them of heavy, close-knit wool, fluffed and warmed and freshly washed, the phone rings downstairs. I go down to answer it, stocking-footed and springy-soled, but I am not wondering particularly who the caller is. I am still thinking about clean feet and socks. Even 20 years after infantry training, I can remember what it is like to walk too far with wet lint, cold dirt, and calluses between the flesh and the matted stocking sole, and what it is like to long for the sight of one's own unfamiliar feet and for the opportunity to make them comfortable and unrepulsive.

It is Mr. Burton on the phone.

"Hello?"

"Yeah. Hi, Mr. Burton."

"Say, I've got some news. I called a farmer friend of mine, up north of Waterloo last night. He says there're lots of birds, his place hasn't been hunted for a week."

"Uh-huh."

"I thought we'd go up there instead."

Mr. Burton is a man in his late 50's whom I've known for two or three years. He took me duck hunting once, to a privately leased place, where we did quite well. I took him pheasant hunting in return, and he has a great admiration for my dog Moon. He wants his nephew to see Moon work. The kid has a day off from school today.

There was a flurry of quail and finally the bonus of snipe. Truly I had entered the wonderful . . .

SECRET WORLD OF THE HUNTER

But: "The boy can't go after all," Mr. Burton says. "His mother won't let him. But say, I thought we might pick up Cary Johnson—you know him don't you? The attorney. He wants to go. We'll use his car."

Boy, I can see it. It's what my wife calls the drive-around. Mr. Burton will drive to my house; he will have coffee. We will drive to Johnson's house. We will have coffee while Johnson changes to different boots—it's colder than he expected. Johnson will meet a friend who doesn't want to hold us fellows up, but sure would like to go if we're sure there's room. We will have coffee at the drugstore while Johnson's friend goes home, to check with his wife and change. It will be very hot in the drugstore in hunting clothes; the friend will phone and say he can't go after all. Now nothing will be holding us up but the decision to change back to my car, because Johnson's afraid my dog's toenails will rip his seat covers. Off for Waterloo, two hours away (only an hour and a half if Mr. Burton knew exactly how to find the farm). The farmer will have given us up and gone to town. Now that we're here, though, we will drive into town to the feed store, and——

"Hell, Mr. Burton," I say. "I'm afraid I can't go along."

"Sure you can. We have a date, don't we?"

"I'll be glad——"

"Look, I know you'll like Johnson. That's real hunting up there—I'll bet you five right now we all get limits."

I will not allow myself to think up an excuse. "I'm sorry," I say. "I'll be glad to take you out around here." I even emphasize *you* a little to exclude Johnson, whoever he is.

"I pretty much promised my farmer friend . . . Oh, look now, is it a matter of having to be back or something?"

"I'm sorry."

"Well, I told him we'd come to Waterloo. There are some things I have to take up to him."

Not being among the things Mr. Burton has to take to his farmer friend, nor my dog either, I continue to decline. Hot damn. Boy, boy, boy. A day to myself.

Ten months a year I'm a social coward, but it's hard to bully me in hunting season, especially with clean socks on.

The pheasant seems to hang there as I fire and he drops perfectly near Moon.

"Moonie, that was perfect," I say as he brings the heavy bird. Not talk to my dog? Nuts!

8:05 Shaving: Unnecessary. Shaving for fun, with a brand-new blade.

Thinking: Mr. Burton, sir, if your hunting is good, and you get a limit of three birds, in two hours..... 2
& it takes two hours driving to get there..... 2
& an hour of messing around on arrival..... 1
& an hour for lunch..... 1
& two hours to get back and run people home..... 2
— 8

you will call it a good hunt, though the likelihood is, since you are no better shot than I, that other men will have shot one or more of your three birds. There is a shoot-as-shoot-can aspect to group hunts; it's assumed that all limits are combined, and it would be considered quite boorish to suggest that one would somehow like to shoot one's own birds.

Thinking: suppose I spend the same eight hours hunting, and it takes me all that time to get three pheasants. In my eccentric mind, that would be four times as good a hunt, since I would be outdoors four times as long. And be spared all that conversation.

Chortling at the face behind the lather: pleasant fellow, aren't you?

Thinking: God I like to hunt near home. The known covert, the familiar trail. And in my own way, and at my own pace, and giving no directions, nor considering any other man's. Someday I'll own the fields behind my house, and there'll be nothing but a door between me and the game—pick up a gun, call a dog, slip out. They'll know where I've gone.

Thinking as I see the naked face, with no lather to hide behind now: I'll take Mr. Burton soon. Pretty nice man. I'll find him birds, too, and stand aside while he shoots, as I did for Jake, and Grannum, and that short guy, whatever his name was, looked so good; Moon and I raised three birds for him, one after another, all in nice range, before he hit one. Damn. That's all right. I don't mind taking people. It's a privilege to go out with a wise hunter; a pleasure to go out with one of equal skill, if he's a friend; and a happy enough responsibility to take an inexperienced one sometimes. Eight or 10 pheasants given away like that this season? Why not? I've got 12 already myself, more than in any season before and this one's barely 10 days old. And for the first time, missed fewer than I've hit.

Eggs?

8:15 Sure! Eggs! Three of them! Fried in hot olive oil, so they puff up. With lemon juice. Tabasco. Good. Peppery country sausage, and a stack of toast. Yes, hungry. Moon comes in.

"Hey, boy. Care to go?"

Wags.

"Wouldn't you just rather stay home today and rest up?"

Wags, grins.

"Yeah, wag. If you knew what I said you'd bite me."

Wags, stretches, rubs against me.

"You'd better have some breakfast, too." I go to the refrigerator. Moon is a big dog, a Weimaraner, and he gets a pound of hamburger mornings when he's going to be working. I scoop out the cold ground meat from its paper carton, and pat it between my hands into a ball. I roll it across the floor, under his dignified nose. This is a silly game we play; he follows it with his eyes, then pounces as if it really were a ball, trapping it with a paw. My wife, coming in from the yard, catches us.

"Having a game of ball," I say.

"What is it you're always telling the children about not making the same joke twice?"

"Moon thinks it's funny."

"Moon's a very patient dog. I see you're planning to work again today."

I smile. I know this lady. "I really should write letters," I say.

"They can wait, can't they?" She smiles. She likes me to go hunting. She's still not really convinced that I enjoy it—when we were first married I liked cities—but if I do enjoy it, then certainly I must go.

Yes, letters can wait. Let them ripen a few more days. It's autumn. Maybe some of them will perish in the frost if I leave them another week or two—hell, even the oldest ones are barely a month old.

8:35 Putting shells into the loops in the pockets of my hunting jacket, I am smug, with the particular smugness of a man who has managed to serve his prejudice. Yesterday afternoon, at an unfamiliar sporting-goods store, I found some low-brass 6s. Translation and explanation (Ballistics? Nonsense. Devils don't quote scripture these days, they quote science): Low-brass shells carry less powder charge than high-brass ones. Shell manufacturers have gone absolutely wild, manufacturing and promoting overpowered shells. Rather like car manufacturers, with less reason. I suppose it's because they can charge more money per box. High-brass shells are loud, jarring, expensive, and they pattern with all the beauty of a handful of mud thrown against a white fence (and then, believe it or not, there are magnums which are the same thing but worse). The essence of a good shell is pattern—when you shoot one into a 30-inch paper circle, there should be holes made by the individual pellets spread evenly all over it; the only commercial shells sold today that will do this are the cheapest, the lightly loaded kind, with a low-brass collar at the base, made for trapshooters and penny pinchers. These can be found readily enough in small-shot sizes (7½ and 8), but in the right sizes for pheasants (6 and 5) low-brass are as hard to find as a loaf of good bread.

Hunters have been sold, by unrelenting advertising, on the preposterous idea that a heavy charge will get more birds because it will give more range. My witness, heh heh.

ME: Just what proportion of men hunting today have the skill to take advantage of more than 30 yards of range?

DEVILS: Well, not many of course. [*Continued on page* 92]

Quail! Drilling right at me, the air full of them, whirring, swerving on both sides.

Moon dog is beside me, weary, too. And melancholy for a moment at the end of this day.

ROUGH AND TUMBLE LIFE OF A TOP BRONC BUSTER

BY W. C. HEINZ

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT HALMI

■ He had driven into Phoenix the night before with his wife and their 4-year-old son in the 2-year-old red Chevrolet. The pillow and blankets were in the back seat and his saddle was in the trunk along with dirty laundry stuffed into a pair of his blue jeans. They had been on the road for five weeks, and at Fort Worth and San Antonio, Houston and Baton Rouge he had picked up $5,753—about $5,000 riding saddle broncs and the rest of it wrestling steers. Now he was standing with a half dozen others in the shade of the white-painted wooden office set up on the big flat-bed trailer in the dusty parking area just outside the contestants' entrance to the State Fair Grounds. It was 1:40 in the afternoon and they were looking over the typed lists of the draws posted on the front of the office.

"What'd you get?" one of the men behind him said. "Anything good?"

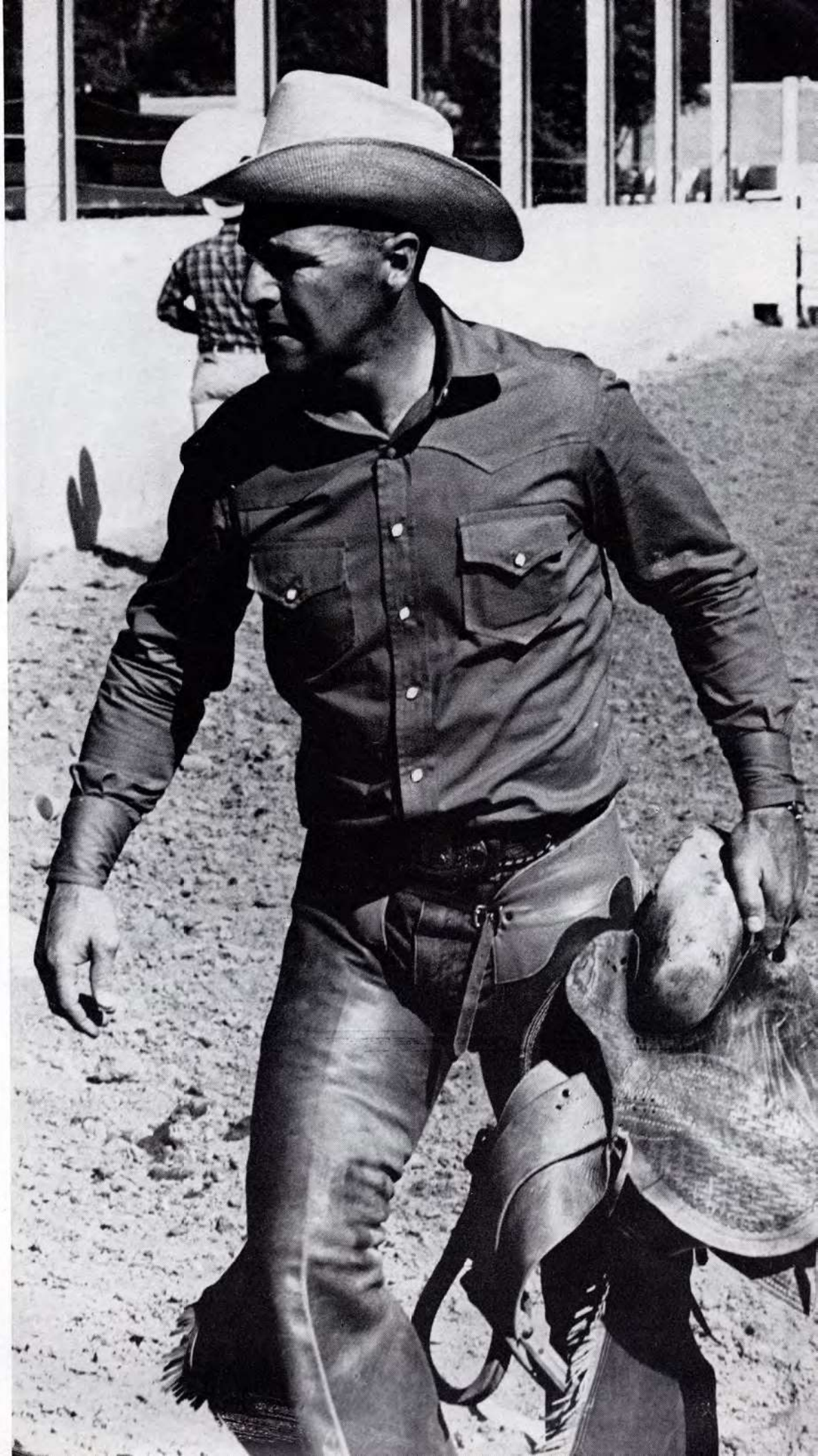
He is 35 years old now and he has been riding horses since he was 4. When he was 10 he rode his first steer for $1 in a Fourth of July rodeo in Medora, North Dakota, 20 miles from where he was born and grew up in the gumbo butte country of the Badlands, and now around rodeo they call him "the bronc rider's bronc rider" and "the old pro."

"Good?" he said now. "Yeah, for a cripple or an old man."

There is no sport that is more indigenous to this country than rodeo, because it goes back as far as the Spanish land grants in California and to the earliest cattle drives in Colorado and Texas when American cowboys would meet on the trail and at shipping points and the bragging—"we got a guy can ride anything"—and the betting would start. Sometimes those outfits would bet the works, and we have no other sport that grew as naturally out of a way of life.

Last year there were 582 rodeos in this country and Canada and they attracted 9,400,000 spectators and 90 million television viewers and paid out $3,511,247 in prize money. A lot of it is show, even circus, now, but there are still the classic events, like saddle bronc riding.

JIM TESCHER IS, AT 35, THE GRAND OLD MAN OF SADDLE RIDING, A MODERN LEGEND WHO LIVES WITH PAIN FROM ALL THE BONES HE EVER BROKE. AND IN A SPORT THAT DOESN'T PAY A CENT TO ALSO-RANS, HE'S THE PRO THE OTHER RIDERS HAVE TO BEAT.



Tescher looks over day's draw (left). Rodeo men say he knows all the horses he's ridden or seen.

Jim is only 5′ 8½″, but he weighs 187. His waist is 30 inches, so it's all up there in his arms.

TOP BRONC BUSTER

and there are still rodeo cowboys who grew up on a ranch and still work a ranch and are reminders of that way of life that is almost gone now forever. And this man is one of them.

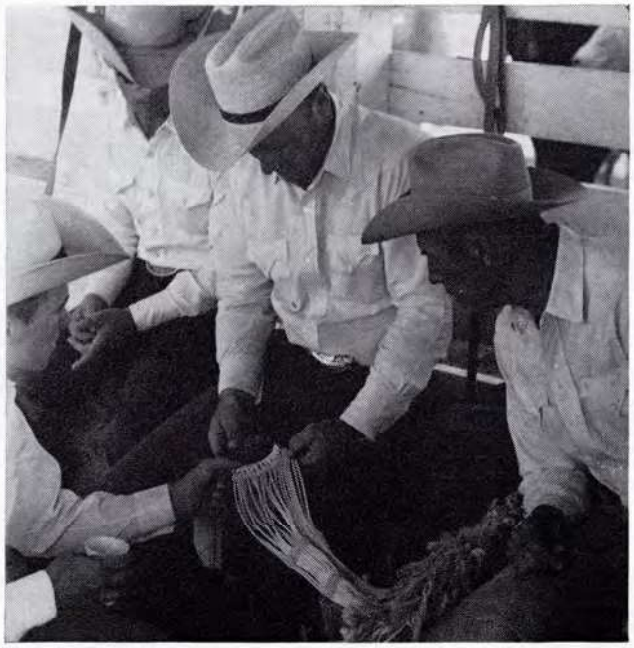
As soon as he had found his name—Jim Tescher—on the bucking list and then had run his eyes across to the name of the horse—Oley—he had known he would not win on it. In the saddle bronc riding each of the two judges gives 1 to 25 points for the horse, 1 to 25 points for the rider and then each totals his points and they add the totals. A perfect score would be 100. What it comes down to is that bronc riding is not only a contest between a man and an animal but also a partnership, and the horse is as important as the rider.

"You ever been on this Oley?" one of the men next to Jim said now.

"No," he said, "but I know him."

He knows them all—all he has ever ridden or even seen. He has studied them all, the way in big-league baseball the pitchers study the hitters and the hitters the pitchers and in pro football the defensive backs keep mental book on every change of pace and fake and move of every receiver they have to face.

In the last 16 years he has ridden hundreds of horses and won more than $160,000 at rodeos. In 1952, with his rodeo savings, he started to put together his ranch on the west bank of the Little Missouri River in the heart of the Badlands, and now there are 2,320 acres with 240 white-faced Hereford on them and 25 registered quarter horses. In 1960 he and his wife, Loretta, and the first three of their four children moved



THE CHECK. **As friends look on, Jim makes sure of gear before saddle bronc event is called.**

THE WAIT. **Rider and bronc are tensed and ready in long second before the gate opens.**

out of the log house they'd started with and into a cement block basement and one of these days they'll build the new house on top of it.

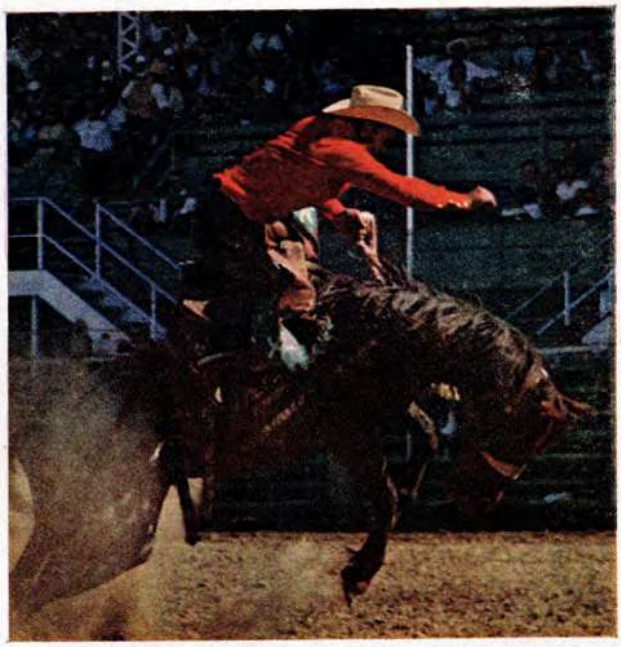
Now, looking at that saddle bronc list, Jim Tescher knew this Oley right away as the blaze-faced sorrel he had helped Alvin Nelson on—helped saddle in the chute—at Sidney, Iowa, about seven months before and he had helped others on it before that. He knew it for just an average horse that likes to come out of the gate straight and make a big, sweeping turn to the right. It has rhythm, so you can get in your licks—the spurring strokes front and back—but it never comes up with the big explosion—the big buck or big kick—that you need to score high.

At Sidney that afternoon, in fact, after he had helped saddle Oley, he himself had ridden the kind of horse you always hope to draw, and he could see it now. It was the big sensational strawberry roan named Mountain Dew that Beutler Brothers, the stock contractors, had used first as a bareback horse.

He had ridden it out to the whistle that day at Sidney, but then it had got to bucking so rank, whirling and spinning to the right in such tight turns, that he had known it would lose its footing. For three or four seconds he had known it, but there was nothing anyone could have done and then it had come over on top of him, about 1,400 pounds of it, and the last thing he remembered was his head hitting the ground.

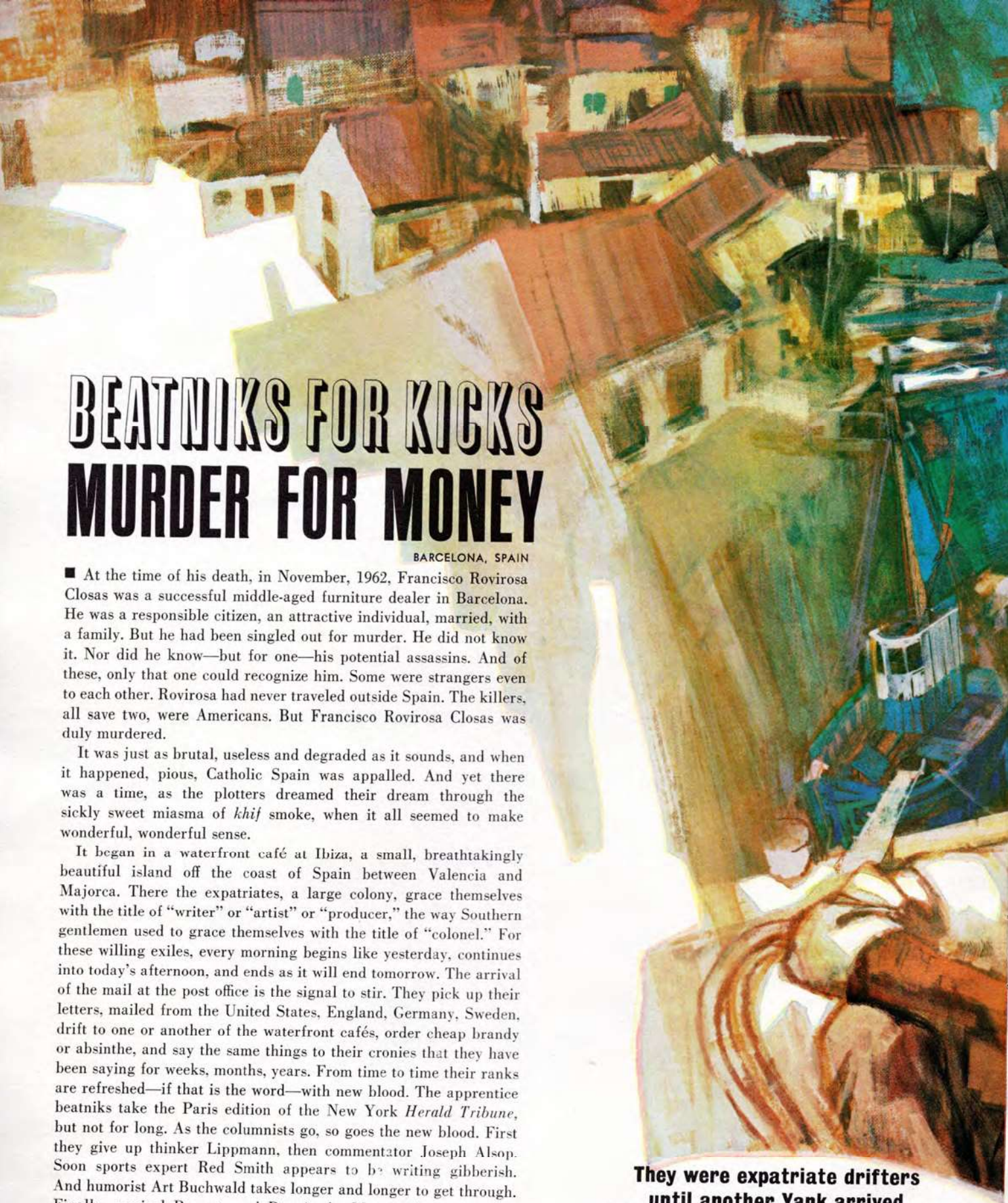
"Jim?" he had heard someone saying. "Jim, can you hear me?"

[*Continued on page* 104]



THE RIDE. **Spurs flashing in perfect rhythm, he is still aboard as 10-second klaxon horn sounds.**

SIDELINE. **Jim sometimes enters steer wrestling event, and has horn scars to prove it.**



BEATNIKS FOR KICKS MURDER FOR MONEY

They were expatriate drifters until another Yank arrived with an idea. And when the murder was done for kicks and cash, they were done, too

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA

BARCELONA, SPAIN

■ At the time of his death, in November, 1962, Francisco Rovirosa Closas was a successful middle-aged furniture dealer in Barcelona. He was a responsible citizen, an attractive individual, married, with a family. But he had been singled out for murder. He did not know it. Nor did he know—but for one—his potential assassins. And of these, only that one could recognize him. Some were strangers even to each other. Rovirosa had never traveled outside Spain. The killers, all save two, were Americans. But Francisco Rovirosa Closas was duly murdered.

It was just as brutal, useless and degraded as it sounds, and when it happened, pious, Catholic Spain was appalled. And yet there was a time, as the plotters dreamed their dream through the sickly sweet miasma of *khif* smoke, when it all seemed to make wonderful, wonderful sense.

It began in a waterfront café at Ibiza, a small, breathtakingly beautiful island off the coast of Spain between Valencia and Majorca. There the expatriates, a large colony, grace themselves with the title of "writer" or "artist" or "producer," the way Southern gentlemen used to grace themselves with the title of "colonel." For these willing exiles, every morning begins like yesterday, continues into today's afternoon, and ends as it will end tomorrow. The arrival of the mail at the post office is the signal to stir. They pick up their letters, mailed from the United States, England, Germany, Sweden, drift to one or another of the waterfront cafés, order cheap brandy or absinthe, and say the same things to their cronies that they have been saying for weeks, months, years. From time to time their ranks are refreshed—if that is the word—with new blood. The apprentice beatniks take the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, but not for long. As the columnists go, so goes the new blood. First they give up thinker Lippmann, then commentator Joseph Alsop. Soon sports expert Red Smith appears to be writing gibberish. And humorist Art Buchwald takes longer and longer to get through. Finally, comical Peanuts and Dennis the Menace become an unbearable chore. After that, what more is there to give up?

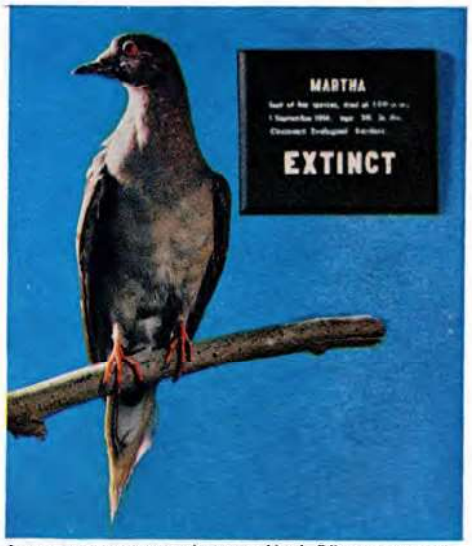
The beats are not unique. There is something about islands which appeals to drifters. From Somerset Maugham's Pacific beachcombers it is a single step to Italy's Capri, which in recent years has become strictly for the birds and the [*Continued on page* 82]

ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. WATSON

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ARIE DE ZANGER
COURTESY THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

SLAUGHTER OF THE MULTITUDES

Never again will there be a spectacle like the passenger pigeon hordes. They darkened the skies, broke great trees when they paused to roost, stripped farms bare. Meanwhile, greedy men plundered them to extinction



Last passenger pigeon died 50 years ago.

BY MacKINLAY KANTOR

■ "Out in the Cincinnati aviary, a shabby bird with an iridescent neck and a breast the color of apricots, drew farther and farther into the corner of her cage. There were times, it was said, when she rolled her red-rimmed eye upward, as if roused by spectral couriers who warned her to overtake the multitudes which had clipped the atmosphere so long before. She was the last. She was 18 years old, and her plumage would be handsomer when the taxidermists had their way with it."

It is more than a quarter of a century since I wrote those lines for a book about the passenger pigeons, a novel called *The Noise of Their Wings.*

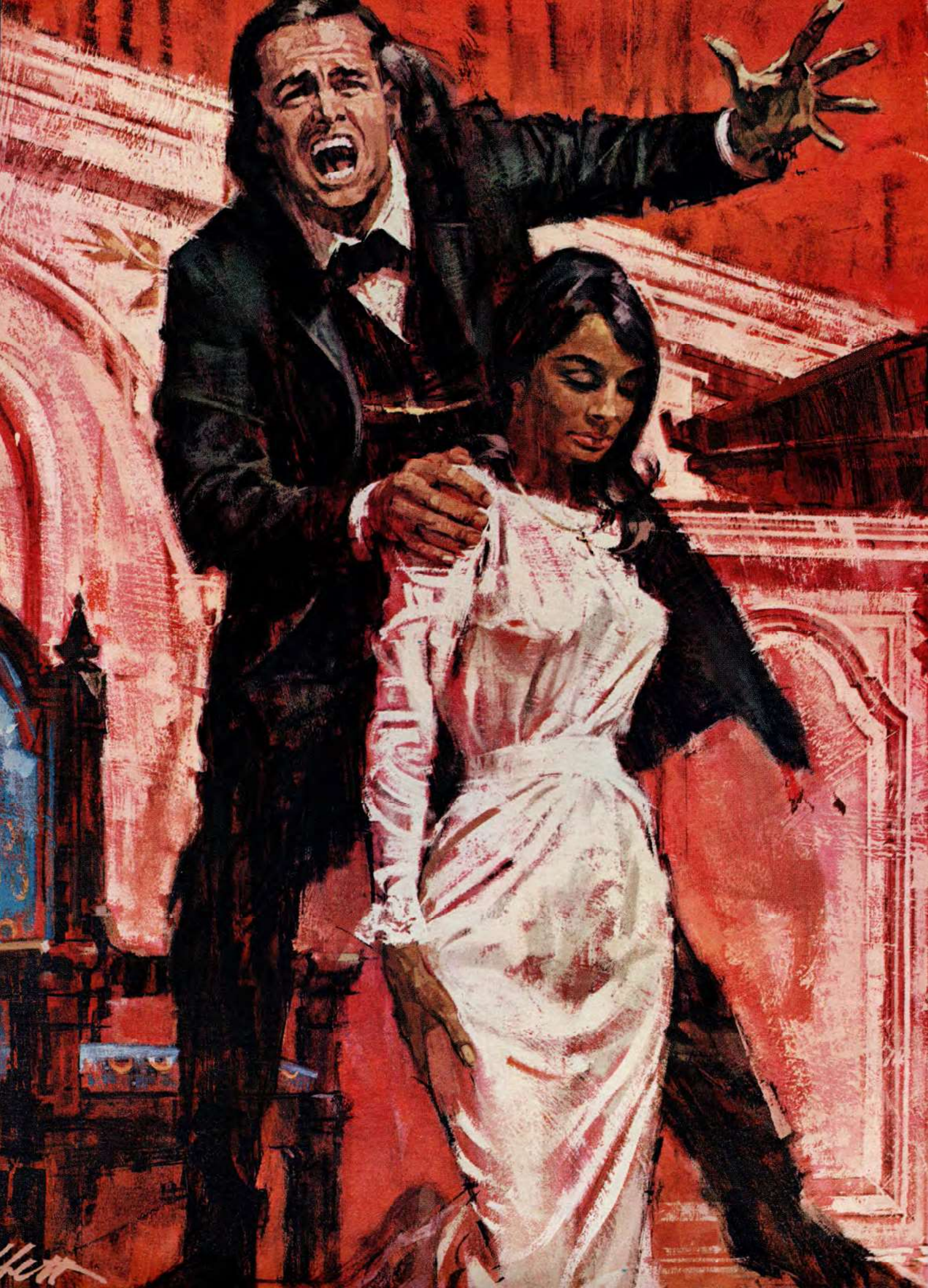
It was 50 years ago September 1st of last year that the last passenger pigeon died, as recounted above. Her name was Martha. If you should wish to see her, she is "perched in singular beauty" in the National Museum at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. There are thousands of other birds in that natural-history treasure house but she is one of the prettiest.

A century and a century and a half ago, and two and three centuries ago, passenger pigeons were the most numerous birds in North America, probably in the entire world.

I don't know how many birds are alive today in the entire world, nor does anyone else know. But as far as *people* are concerned, it is reliably estimated, according to current almanacs, that in the year 1960 there were 2,971,800,000 people alive in the world.

There used to be alive in our United States a tough young Scotsman named Alexander Wilson, the father of American ornithology. He preceded Audubon by some years. He stood one time in Kentucky, in the early 1800's, and watched a single flock of passenger pigeons roaring overhead. He stood for many hours, watching, counting, measuring, estimating with the keen naturalist's eye which was his. He said that the number of birds which he saw at that time in a single flock, horizon to horizon, and passing with the almost incredible speed which these pigeons attained—he estimated that their number was 2,230,272,000—in a single formation.

[*Continued on page* 79]



The Strange Obsession of Preacher Beecher

America's most celebrated pastor had a lot to say about adultery. He was against it. But how did he get to be such an expert on the subject?

BY GENE CAESAR

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB ABBETT

■ In the years just before the Civil War, an unusual drama was often staged for the parishioners of Brooklyn's fashionable Plymouth Church, staged by a minister who was more than a match for any legitimate actor of the era—a boyish-faced spellbinder who frequently faced his flock with his arm around a shapely mulatto girl.

"Look at her!" he'd urged the congregation. "What is she worth? What would you offer? Who bids?"

His audience would respond with a roar of righteous indignation.

"This is a girl who knows the meaning of the Seventh Commandment!" he'd thunder. "What will come to her as the plaything of some adulterous slave-owner will be far more than a mere profaning of her flesh. It will be a rape of her immortal soul!" Like dark clouds breaking in rain, his rage would give way to tears. "She will resist. She will pray, and sob alone in the night. But unless we act now to buy her from bondage, she will be forced into a fate worse than death."

"No!" His parishioners would protest, with offerings already being showered onto the platform by those who were too impatient to wait for the collection plate. Sobbing women would tear off their jewelry or snatch wallets from their husbands and dump them as though the bills were burning their fingers with sin. Other anti-slavery clergymen preached about toiling men being lashed on the levees or children being torn from their mother's arms, and preached to half-filled pews. The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher hammered away at his theme of illicit sex and emptied the pockets of capacity crowds, Sunday after Sunday. He was New York's star pulpit performer.

This gifted but enigmatic man stood as tall in the pulpit in his own time as he stands in stone before Plymouth Church in ours. While skilled men worked for a dollar a day, he commanded an annual salary of $20,000 and more than doubled it with the writings and speaking tours that made his opinions and profile known in every corner of the country. Famed as "the greatest preacher the world has seen [*Continued on page* 109]

"Can we allow her," Beecher raged, "to be sold into a pit of fornication?"

Ford Muscle Shoals
Ford Muscle Shoals
Ford Muscle Shoals

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD PERLIN

HOW TO GET RICH IN WASHINGTON BY REALLY TRYING

PRESIDENT HOOVER, HENRY FORD AND A SPATE OF HIGH-RANKING LEGISLATORS WERE DAVID MORTON ROLL'S UNWITTING ACCOMPLICES IN A CAPITAL SWINDLE TO REMEMBER. AND IN IRONIC FASHION, THE CON MAN BEAT THE RAP

By ALAN HYND

■ Drawing up to Washington's flossy Shoreham Hotel in a chauffeur-driven limousine bearing Michigan tags, David Morton Roll looked like somebody you would have trusted with your mother's last dime. A tall, neatly dressed man in his mid-40's, he had a square jaw, clean-shaven features and—possibly from the days when he had taught a men's Bible class—a righteous glint in his gray eyes. There was a built-in assurance about Roll as he signed the register and, in a rich baritone voice, instructed his chauffeur to attend to the baggage and the tipping.

Roll was in his suite only long enough to freshen up when he reappeared at the desk. "I'm on my way to keep an appointment with the Secretary of the Interior," he said to the desk clerk. "If a phone call comes through for me from Dearborn, Michigan, please tell them to call back at dinner time." He walked away a few steps, then said in a voice loud enough to be heard by a few of the eavesdroppers who were always present in the lobbies of big Washington hotels in 1931:

"My call will be coming from Mr. Ford—Mr. Henry Ford."

Roll's announced connection with the Tin Lizzie tycoon made him somebody of more than passing interest. Later that day sharp ears were tuned in when a bellboy went through the public rooms calling: "Dearborn, Michigan, on long distance for Mr. David Morton Roll." Dug out of the main dining room, Roll took the call in a lobby booth. His deep voice carried through the booth's doors, and it was a simple matter for eavesdroppers to catch such conversational snatches as:

"Yes, Mr. Ford," "Eighty-eight million dollars in the Morgan bank by Friday, sir," and "Muscle Shoals."

Those overheard snatches were big stuff. Muscle Shoals was a stretch of 37 miles of the Tennessee River in Alabama where the rapids fell for 134 feet and the Department of the Interior had been unable to make up its mind whether to develop the enormous water power potential itself or lease the project for 99 years. Henry Ford had already made two unsuccessful pitches for Muscle Shoals and now, apparently, he was going to try again. David Morton Roll was obviously a lobbyist who had arrived in town with 88 million clams at his disposal to get the ball rolling for Henry.

Although nobody in the nation's capital had ever heard the name of David Morton Roll up to now, it began to crop up with increasing frequency over the whisky glasses and teacups of official and social Washington. Wall Street had laid its egg only little more than a year previously and shaken men were selling apples on the street corners of the big cities. Herbert Hoover, in the White House, was having a hard time convincing people who were up over their assets in debt that prosperity was just around the corner. David Morton Roll, a man who could write a check for $88 million —money that would start a project demanding vast employment—was a welcome stranger.

It was natural that Roll attracted the attention of Evalyn Walsh McLean, the capital's brassy little social arbiter and party thrower. Even if he wasn't in the social register, he was socially acceptable if he could speak in those exalted monetary terms. Thus we find Roll in white tie and tails at the McLean estate one night in February rubbing elbows with scores of diplomats, senators, congressmen, cabinet officers, and Supreme Court justices.

That was the night that Roll met [*Continued on page* 85]

BUCHWALD STRIKES BACK

The Topless Woman

■ News reaches us from the heart of the New York fashion industry that the topless bathing suit and the transparent evening gown are being sold to top stores around the country.

For years designers have been working on a breakthrough in swimming and evening apparel without any visible success. But 1964 will go down as the year the bottom fell out of the top, and historians in centuries to come may mark it as the date when women returned to the cave.

Nobody has bothered yet to get the reaction of men to this most interesting and disquieting bit of news, so we took two photographs—one of the topless bathing suit and one of a transparent evening gown—out into the hot Washington streets to ask how the male sex felt about the whole thing.

First we showed them the photographs and then asked what they thought.

The first man we spoke to, said, "M-m-my my g-g-g-osh, wh-wh-wh-ere did y-y-ou buy th-th-those d-d-dirty pictures?"

"They're not dirty pictures," we said. "They're fashion photos of the latest bathing suits and evening gowns. Would you want your wife to wear a bathing suit like this?"

"S-s-sure, except sh-sh-she can't sw-sw-swim."

The second man we showed the bathing suit to was horrified.

"My God," he cried, "they've covered up the navel."

"Yes sir," we said, "they had to in order to do away with the top."

"How prudish can you get?" he said in disgust and walked away.

The third man we spoke to studied the transparent evening gown for a while and then said, "I don't care what they do, as long as they tell us what to do when they wear one of those things."

"What do you mean by that?"

"What are our instructions? How are we supposed to behave when a girl comes out in one of those? I mean are we supposed to stare or ignore her or ask her to dance?"

"I guess each man will have to decide for himself."

"I think I'm against it," he said.

"Why?"

"It will make my shirt wilt."

The fourth man we talked to said, "I think I seen that girl in some magazine. There's something familiar about her."

"What do you think of the idea of the swimming suit?"

"It came out too late," he said. "It should have been put on the market for Mother's Day."

The fifth man looked at the photographs for about 10 minutes. "If you want my honest opinion I think this evening dress is a shocking disgrace. The bow should be in the back of the skirt. Any designer knows that."

Two teen-agers were peering over his shoulder and one said, "And they're always rapping us for juvenile delinquency."

The last man we talked to said, "I think it's a good idea."

"Why?"

"It will give the missionaries in America something to do." ■

Attacking the fashions and foibles of women is one of famed humorist Art Buchwald's light-hearted specialties. Here are a pair of his picaresque probes into the weird ways of the woman's world

Hope For Unwed Fathers

■ With all the bad news going on throughout the world, there was recently one ray of hope emanating from, of all places, England. A welfare council in Essex has announced that it has set up an agency to help unmarried fathers.

Roy Demery, who was appointed by the Moral Welfare Council of Essex, was quoted as saying, "Unmarried fathers must be helped, not neglected and looked down on.

"The fact that a girl is having his baby obviously weighs heavily on many a man, especially if he is not in the position to marry her... Often he is bullied into wedding her by angry parents. This should not happen if the couple doesn't love each other."

We hope that the Essex experiment is a success and a similar program will soon be adopted in this country. The problems of unwed fathers have been ignored by everyone in the United States, while all the attention has been concentrated on the unwed mother. And yet for every unwed mother there is an unwed father somewhere—alone, friendless and needing sympathy.

There are an estimated 3,000 homes in the U. S. where an unwed mother can apply for help, but there is not one place where an unwed father can seek consolation.

Having spent four years in the U. S. Marines, three years at the University of Southern California and 14 years in Paris, we have always been concerned with the plight of the unmarried father.

Friends have come to us in the darkest hours of the night and confessed that they had fathered a baby. All we could tell them was "Forget it."

But this, unfortunately, wasn't enough. Many of them were filled with guilt and despair. Some wanted to run away, but they had no place to run to. A few were being pursued by angry fathers and brothers with shotguns and hid out with us until the danger was over. And then there were desperate ones who had lost all reason and wound up marrying the girl. Had there been a welfare agency to help them none of it would have happened.

Now perhaps all this will be changed. If the Essex experiment is successful unwed fathers will have a new lease on life.

The way we see it is that when an unwed father finds out he's going to have a baby he goes to the agency and registers with them. A social worker will explain to him that there is no shame in being an unmarried father and he will be introduced to other unwed fathers who are in a similar boat. In this way he'll realize he is not alone.

Two months before the baby is born the unwed father will be sent away to a resort area where he can relax and enjoy himself without fear of being recognized or scorned by unfriendly neighbors and relatives.

When the baby is born the unwed father will be notified and he can return to his community with no one being the wiser. Perhaps he could be paid a small stipend from the agency until he gets on his feet again.

In time society may develop a different outlook toward unmarried fathers. But until they do we think this is the best solution to a problem that for too many years has been swept under the rug. ■

THE DAY THE BASS TRIED TO KILL US

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

■ Unique means one of a kind. This is the account of a unique day's fishing. And strangely, Jim Eidemiller and I realized it at the time. Such things usually don't sink home until about 20 years later.

I have been a fisherman as long as I can remember. I was obsessed by fishing long before I started to school. Then I often fished when I should have been studying and after I became a man, I fished when I should have been working.

Obviously, if you fish enough you're bound to have some mighty poor days—and some mighty good ones. The former, I forget. The latter keep me fishing. And there have been a lot of wonderful days when I hit it exactly right and was far luckier than I had any right to be.

There was the time Peter Barrett, TRUE's Outdoor Editor, and I went to Little River, in British Columbia. When we registered at the lodge I said to Doug Robertson, "How's the fishing?"

His reply was one word: "Hot."

A few minutes later as we were unloading the car at our cabin, an old guy came by and I said, "How's the fishing?"

"It's fantastic at the mouth of Little River," he replied, "but I don't dare fish there. I have a weak heart."

As soon as he was out of earshot, Pete said, "My God! What do you suppose they pay him?"

But the next morning, after we nearly had heart failure ourselves, we admitted that the mouth of Little River at that particular time was certainly no place for a man with a weak heart. We actually caught two Kamloops trout of better than four pounds apiece before we had even made a cast! Stripping out line in the current behind the boat preparatory to casting, first Pete, then I, had a wild rainbow smash the fly. . . .

I had a great day in Newfoundland when the salmon and grilse in Portland Creek were eager. And on the long sand spit around which the Selawik River flows into Selawik Lake, in Alaska just above the Arctic Circle, I discovered that the sheefish had been waiting for a bass bug all their lives. There were a million of them and they were of one mind.

That was a good day. There have been many others. Come to think of it, I've really had a *lot* of good days—more than I deserve, maybe. But the one I remember most vividly, the one that made the deepest impression on me, and the one I tell about most often, was this unique day 15 years ago. Actually, it was unique in several respects. For one, the scene was Owyhee Reservoir in eastern Oregon, only 45 miles from home—a spot where I have fished many days each season for more than 20 years. We expect great days to come in some far-off place where we've never fished before and where, odds are, we'll never fish again. But not in our back yard.

Second, the weather on this fantastic day was unique. There may never be another like it and, frankly, I hope there isn't. Even if the weather was responsible for the fishing—and it may have been—I hope I never see another day like that.

Third. Owyhee really isn't a good bass lake. It *was* good. It was really something 10 years after the 417-foot-high dam was completed and it was stocked with largemouth bass and crappies in 1932. But like most artificial impoundments, it hit a peak and tapered off. There have been many times during the past 20 years when we didn't catch a single bass, many others when only two or three, or half a dozen, were our reward for a long day's fishing. But even in the palmy times of the early 40's, Owyhee was never like this.

Jim and I camped in the sagebrush at the mouth of Three Fingers Gulch. We had come nearly 30 miles up the lake from the dam, pausing frequently to fish. It was a delightful evening in early June. Desert flowers dotted the little flat, their perfume mingling with the clean odor of the sage. The level rays of the late sun highlighted the towering red cliffs of the gulch.

"Shall we put up the tent?" Jim asked as we carried our things from the canoe and gathered sagebrush for our evening fire.

There wasn't a cloud in the sky. "Oh, no," I said—and I'll never forget these words—"there's not a chance we'll need it."

So we spread it flat and rolled our sleeping bags out on it and ate our dinner and went to sleep looking at the brilliant stars. Next morning, Jim got up at 6 and built a fire. I'm sure of that because he said so. For 10 hours afterward we neither knew what time it was nor [*Continued on page* 111]

It was like a dream. Everywhere we

cast there was a bass

waiting, big and hungry. We hurried

for fear the magic would

stop. But poor cast, long cast or

short, they battled us numb

We beached the canoe ahead of the worst approaching storm I ever saw. But maybe we could land a few more fish before it hit.

VIP VIEWS THE POLITICAL GYM

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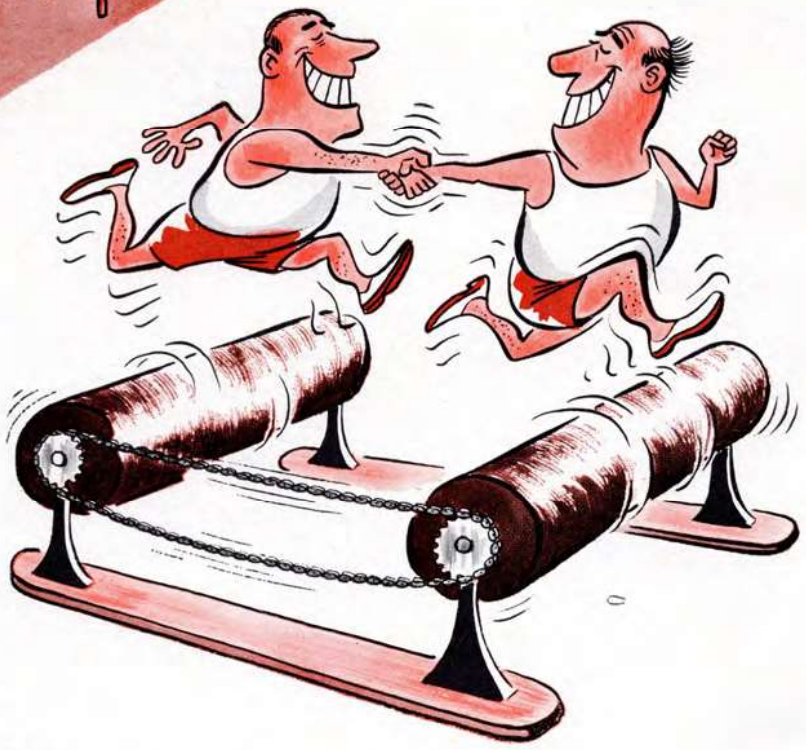


Logrolling

Getting down to grass roots

The record game and fish trophies collected by a world-famous executive fill his penthouse offices

BIG-GAME EXECUTIVE SUITE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR.

Bear, bison and mountain goat look down on the desk of honorary president Francis T. Hunter in his penthouse office atop the New York town house headquarters of "21" Brands. This Hemingway atmosphere, formally called the Ballantine Scotch Trophy

Pride of 62-year-old town house was vaulted Gothic-ceiling of old dining room, now office of board chairman Charles Berns.

Huge elephant tusks (112 and 105 pounds) from 1958 Kenya safari frame entrance to terrace where executives often lunch.

Penthouse sanctum of honorary president Hunter is full of rare and record trophies he has gathered during a lifetime of sport.

Collection, has been put together by Hunter from a lifetime of hunting and fishing. Visitors to his office can sit on fur-covered chairs with their feet on bearskins while they admire the North American small and big game trophies (above). The entrance hall, opening onto a terrace garden (left, below), is jammed with African trophies. Hunter says the elephant tusks are his favorites, "because an elephant this large, rare and difficult to find, is a prize. Those tusks recall the thrill of taking the biggest animal that walks the earth."

At the turn of the century, the "21" Brands building was the home of a wealthy family and the penthouse was the laundry. Where clotheslines once hung, executives and their guests now lunch in balmy weather on the terrace. Executive Hunter is a former international tennis star, and the enclosed bar there holds some of his silver tennis awards.

The office of chairman of the board and well-known gourmet, Charles Berns, is in the former dining room (left, above). He has kept the original paneling and the huge fireplace and added modern touches such as the red leather cockfight seats. All the lamps in the house are made from outsize liquor bottles.

In the former butler's pantry (right), president Edgar Adsit gathers his colleagues several times a week for what they maintain is work: tasting sample whisky blends for quality control.

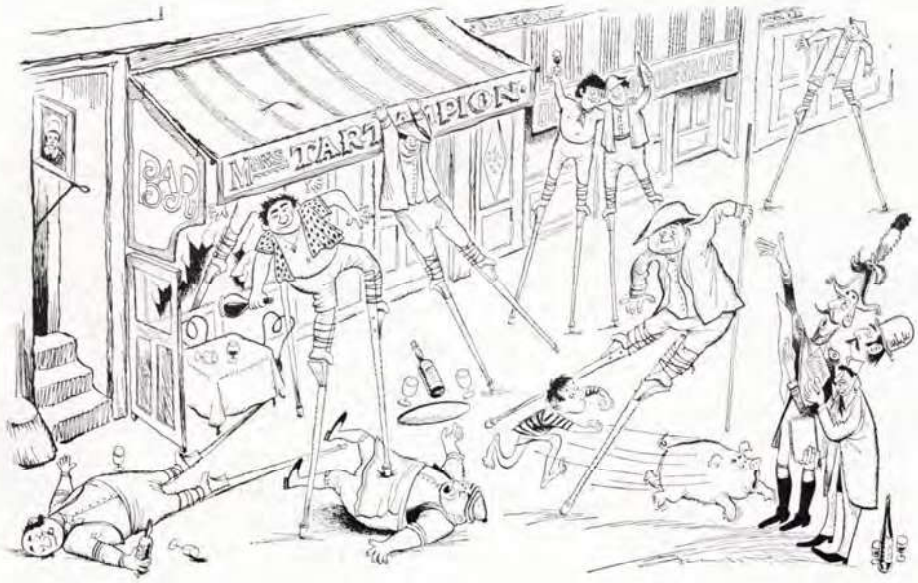
There are secretaries in closets and salesmen in what used to be bedrooms but the old wine cellars have been abandoned since, in its current use, the whole house is a vast wine and liquor cellar. PAT GRAVES

Tennis great Francis T. Hunter

Tasting room, once butler's pantry, is used to test whisky.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



Walking on stilts is an uplifting experience for any boy, but it isn't mere child's play. Men all over the world have used stilts since such early times that nobody knows where or how they originated. Primitive stilts probably were tree branches with fork stubs. They developed into well-made shafts, strapped to the legs, for heightening ritual dancers, for traversing wet ground, or simply for sport. At Namur, a Belgian city regularly river-flooded in the Middle Ages, wading on stilts bred a population of experts. Annually they staged a famed battle in the city square between two elevated armies numbering hundreds who strove to wrestle or bump each other down . . . tripping wasn't allowed. Top stilt-walkers of all time were peasants of the barren Landes district in France who virtually lived on 4-foot stilts, gathering pine resin and herding sheep. In 1891 a Landes man stilted 2,000 miles from Paris to Moscow in 58 days. In 1892 a 273-mile circuit race around Landes drew 81 contestants. It proved rather slow—the winner averaged only 3 mph—because the 22 check points were town cafés, and lavish hospitality sent tipsy stilters on their way feeling particularly high. The 1894 race was better; the winner on 5½-foot stilts, striding 43 inches (soldiers pace 30), took 62½ hours for an average 4.4 mph. Stilt-walking is no longer a way of life around Landes, but possibly the world's longest stilts—15 feet high—are still used in England by men who mend the tall trellises which support hop vines. *By Fred Ingall, St. Paul, Minn.*

Instead of putting ice into drinks, a Dutch inventor's idea of reversing the practice yielded one of the most imaginative and novel objects ever patented: a goblet made of ice. His unique crystalware appeared in 1908 and created an international stir in the refrigeration and beverage-dispensing industries. Produced by freezing water around molds in a special machine, the goblet looked like an ordinary drinking glass 5 inches tall, with sides 3/16th-inch thick and a 3/8th-inch bottom. Surprisingly, while chilling its contents it gave 20 minutes' drinking time before melting. It was sanitary and self-disposable. The user held it in a fitted paper cup. But ironically it wasn't the ice goblet that became popular. The paper cup that held it—cheaper and handier than the goblet itself—helped to prove that paper alone could be a practical container for liquids. Today the paper cup is universal and the ice goblet is forgotten. *By P. L. Wray, Trenton, N. J.*

No animal weeps emotionally, as humans do, though an old fable has long credited a reptile with weeping. The crocodile, it was said, made a hypocritical show of mourning the creatures it gobbled up; hence the modern expression "shedding crocodile tears" for pretended sympathy. Zoo visitors wonder about seals (not sea lions) whose faces have two wet tear-streaks, but these mark normal oozings that keep the water-dwelling seals' eyes from drying when out of the water. Three thousand elephants shed tears, however, after an Indian prince who had owned them lost a war eight centuries ago. It was thought proper that they should exhibit grief; their handlers rubbed herb juice in their eyes, so that as they were paraded past the victor, the poor animals wept piteously.

Eyeglasses are a highly important invention which have certainly advanced civilization. Nevertheless science writers usually overlook what's on their noses and fail to list eyeglasses among recorded inventions, possibly because the origin of glasses is strangely obscure. They appeared suddenly in Italy around 1287. Soon spectacle-makers were selling to a limited clientele costly lenses set in animal horn—true "horn-rims"—with a pivoting nosepiece, like scissor handles. Though crude, they enabled scholars to do something seldom done before: to continue reading after middle age. When printing arrived in the 15th century, better glasses were ready; book-learning widened and, with spectacles, study didn't have to stop when youthful eyesight weakened. Their benefit to literature, art and science was incalculable. Paradoxically, society can't honor the inventor of eyeglasses. Only one mention of him has been found. In a sermon given in 1308 and preserved in manuscript, a Friar Giordano marveled how recent was the making of eyeglasses, "one of the best and most necessary arts the world has. I have seen the man who first invented and created it, and I have talked to him." But the man is not named. Modern researchers believe he was a craftsman who shortsightedly kept his methods a trade secret, before others duplicated his product, and thereby lost eternal fame. *By George Sotheby, St. Louis, Mo.*

A male Carrie Nation became notorious as history's first violent prohibitionist 1,900 years before the lady from Kansas swung her hatchet in American saloons. In imperial Rome, a grim gentleman named Aper considered it his moral duty to free his fellow Romans from the curse of drink. Persuasion failing, he took direct action. He stalked through the great baths where Roman patricians sipped wine while lolling in steam rooms or marble tubs, and knocked the mugs out of their hands. Since everybody was naked and hence weaponless, nobody stuck a knife in him, and fist-fighting was considered vulgar. So Aper survived, an inescapable pest who could be foiled only by hastily finishing one's drink before he got too close. His career as a prohibitionist had a sad ending. A poor man, he inherited wealth. Able at last to afford it, Aper developed a taste for fine wines and became one of Rome's happiest drunkards. *By Stanley Morrison, Rochester, N. Y.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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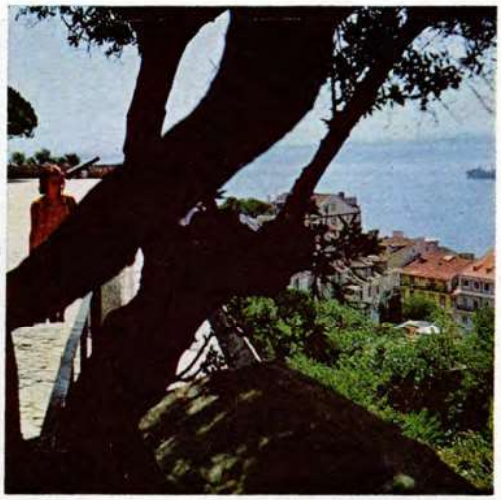


At left, from the "Keys" collection of After Six Formals, is shown a Bocca Red dinner jacket of rayon and acetate. It has self-faced shawl collar, flap pockets and center vent, $39.95. Pleatless formal trousers, $17.95, dress shirt and accessories are also by After Six. Giant plaid, three-button, lightweight wool sports jacket with flap pockets, below, bears the Saint Laurie Ltd. label. It is priced at $59.50.

FASHIONS FOR FUN IN FARAWAY PLACES

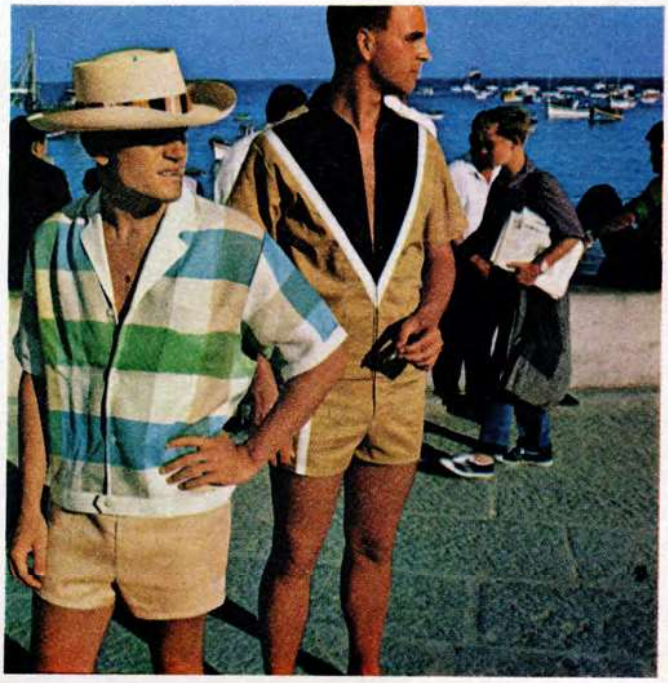
LISBON, PORTUGAL

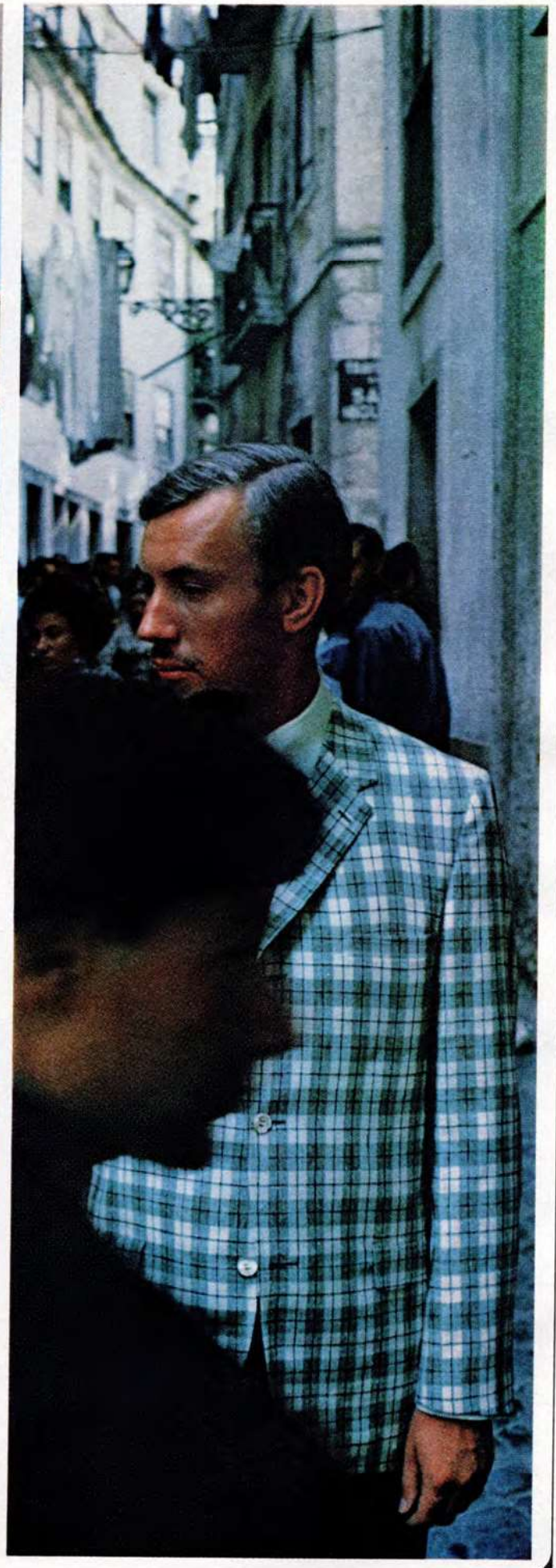
Lisbon is a city of white, bright light that causes velvet shadow to spill across its narrow streets and wide boulevards with the sharpness of a high-keyed black and white photograph. What to wear in this international city of intrigue is no mystery. Here, clothing styles for men reflect the influence of fashion centers all over the world. A traveler's wardrobe should be colorful, varied and versatile to meet the constantly changing moods of this as well as any other cosmopolitan city. The clothing shown on the opposite page was photographed in front of the Tower of Belem (far left), from where Portuguese fleets sailed for the New World hundreds of years ago, and at the Alfama (lower left), oldest section of Lisbon. Above left, the picturesque city is seen from atop the ancient St. George Castle, and in the photograph on this page, Portuguese youngsters prove their bravery as they capture a bull barehanded in the arena—no better way to win a fair damsel's heart on a Sunday afternoon. Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills. Few places in the world offer more in the way of enchanted, history-steeped scenery. The fashion backgrounds on the following pages include more views of the Alfama, the bullring, a TWA jet at busy Lisbon International Airport, and glimpses of the beach resort and fishing village at Cascais, a short drive from the city. And not shown are our many fine memories of corridas a portuguesa, *bullfights on horseback, guitar music in candle-powered night places, sun-splashed shoreline drives, and lobsters cooked in the magic of Madeira wine.*

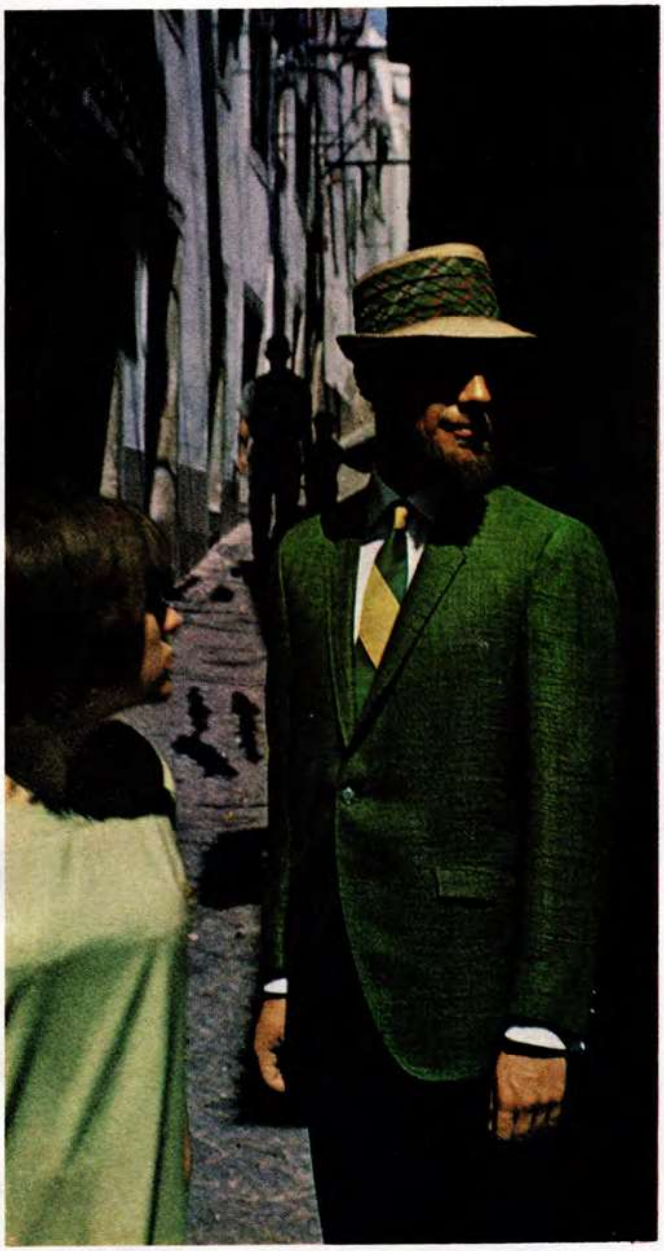
PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

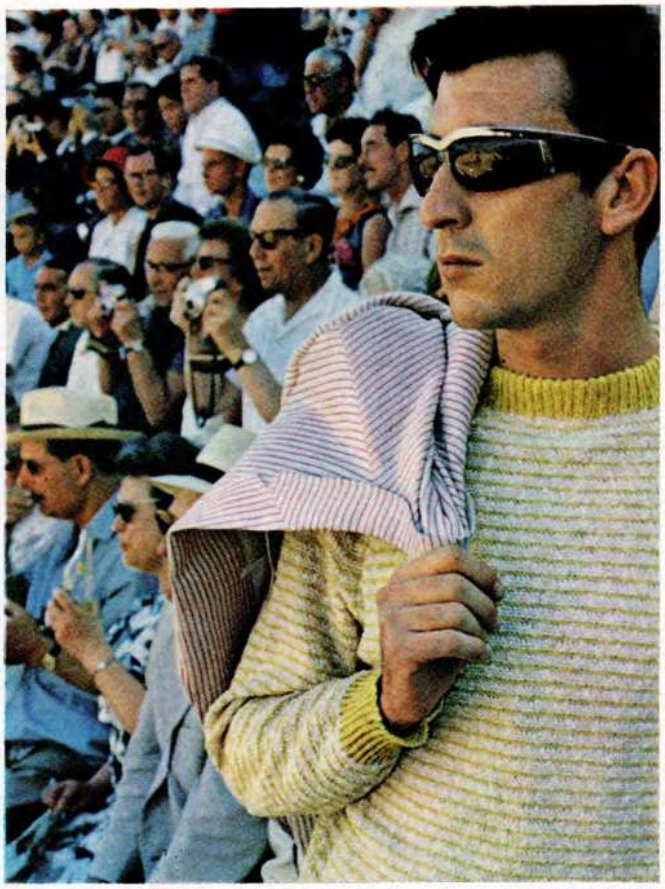
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAN WYNN

Man's second best travel companion, above, is a lightweight pin dot seersucker suit of Dacron and cotton, by Michaels-Stern, $55. Camera is a Kodak Instamatic 500, about $95. Shown at right is an all linen jacket in plaid by Saint Laurie, Ltd., $49.50. In photo below, vacationer at left wears Galway Bay beach jacket, $9.95, and Shannon standard length boxer trunks, $6.95, both by Catalina. Planter's hat, the Dude Rancher, is by Resistol, $16. Companion's stretch beach jacket, is $7.95; matching stretch trunks, $6.95, both products of Jantzen. All ties shown are by Mr. John, $5.









Aficionado's knit pullover shirt, above, is by Ketty Mills for Cezar Ltd., N.Y., $40; Mustang sunglasses are by Renauld of France, $22.50. He is holding a striped jacket of linen-looking rayon by Petrocelli, $45. Petrocelli is also the label on the green jacket with flap pockets at left, $45. Hat is Macora by Resistol, $7.95. Red Melton cloth pullover jacket, shown below with zipper hood, is by Arrow, $14.95. Zip-front water repellent sailing jacket is by Mighty-Mac, $18.50. Hip-Rider trunks, left, $7.95, and Surfside trunks, right, $6.95, by Catalina. Gal's outfit by Young Naturals of Puritan.

CONQUEROR OF THE TROPICS' CURSE

[*Continued from page 29*]

tion of the blood vessels in his head brought on an agonizing headache and every step of his horse was like a hammer pounding in his brain. Tough-minded and proud, Fischer said nothing. He clutched the reins harder and continued on.

But it got worse instead of better. Now he had a feeling of acute depression and mental misery. He couldn't keep up the pretense and he slumped forward in his saddle. Santos came up beside him. One look at his shivering boss was enough for diagnosis. At the first suitable camping place he stopped, spread out the blanket roll and helped Fischer down.

After the uncontrollable shaking and the terrible cold of the chill, came the fever. Now Fischer had a fire inside him. Up, up went his temperature, 100, 102. He lay there soaking in his own sweat, weak, helpless, vulnerable, and uncaring. His head was in agony and all he wanted to do was die. Still the fever rose, 104, 105, and he blacked out completely.

The next thing Fischer knew, he was on a comfortable cot on a porch overlooking a clearing. As he came out of the fog a burly man with a full beard strode up to the cot and looked down on him.

"Welcome back to the living," he said. "I'm Don Beason. I run this lumber camp. You conked out about five miles down the trail and we brought you in. How you feel now?"

"Weak," Fischer managed a sickly grin. Getting the one word out required a major effort but he kept going. "What did you give me, anyway? I thought I was gone."

Beason waved to a brown glass pill bottle sitting by a pitcher of water on the rough, homemade table by the cot. "Quinine," he said. "What else? I jammed it down your throat myself. It's the greatest thing there is."

As Fischer recuperated he began to understand Beason's reverence for quinine. This logging camp was far different from the others he had seen in the Philippines. Instead of the usual native labor drooping about, here healthy, energetic Filipinos scurried around busily felling and stripping the tall mahogany trees. There was an atmosphere of industry about the place. And those white quinine tablets were the secret of the camp.

"Three years ago I couldn't get a crew to come near here," Beason explained. "I offered them more money than they'd ever seen before. I offered to build them a church or a whorehouse or both if they'd come work for me. They turned me down cold. This is malaria country and they knew it. Then I offered them this"—holding aloft the big brown bottle of quinine tablets—"and you've seen the results. You've had your first bout of malaria. Without this stuff, you could look forward to another one every three days. How'd you like that?"

Fischer shuddered. By the time he was strong enough to saddle up his horse for the trek back he had a proper respect for both malaria, mankind's greatest enemy, and quinine, at that time mankind's only protection against it. In the history books Fischer had studied, malaria had been discussed primarily in relationship to warfare, for over the millenniums malaria had felled more warriors than all the opposing armies, even in the American Civil War. Malaria was rampant in the tropics and in the warmer parts of the temperate zone all over the world, including the southern part of the U. S. A., but Fischer, like millions of others from more northern regions, had no real awareness of it. Now, here in the Philippines, thanks to his own personal involvement, Fischer could see and understand the effect of malaria on the civilian population. No wonder the country stood still. It was the curse of the tropics.

Malaria is caused by a microscopic animal called a plasmodium which reproduces itself in two ways, by sexual means in one stage, by dividing, or fission, in another. And the fission of this repulsive protozoan in the bloodstream of mankind has caused more death and despoliation in the human race than all other diseases and catastrophes, including another type of fission known as nuclear, since the dawn of time.

For malaria to spread, any old human will do, but only a certain species of mosquito, the anopheles, and the female at that, is good enough for this little feast. The female anopheles must have blood to ovulate. If she picks a victim with malaria, she may drink in a pair of malarial bugs. The only place in the world they can mate sexually is in her stomach. Their offspring find their way to her salivary glands and if she bites another human the micro-parasites enter his bloodstream. Each one bores its way into a red corpuscle and this is the only place in the world where it can reproduce itself without sex, by fission. It divides into two, into four, then eight, then 16, bursting the red corpuscles. All these new creepy little creatures, or plasmodia, are released into the bloodstream, along with the shattered remains of the corpuscles. In one particularly nasty form of malaria aptly known as blackwater fever, these bits and pieces go straight through the kidneys and into the urine.

When this swarm of plasmodia breaks out into the blood, the body fights back with fever. Apparently the only way we can get hot is to first get cold: the body clamps down the blood vessels to produce a chill and this in turn induces fever. The white corpuscles gobble up the plasmodia. After the first shattering experience most humans build up some degree of resistance. When Fischer joined the club there were some 800 million people with malaria in the world, but only about 5 million died annually of the disease itself. Most malaria victims drag on, getting weaker and weaker, until another disease, particularly pneumonia, finishes them off. A frequent result of malaria is a swollen spleen, so distended that you can break it—and kill the victim—with a thump of the finger.

After his own bout with malaria, Fischer was less intolerant of the Filipinos. He found them to be brave, hardy, alert and ambitious—when they were well. But one person in every four had malaria. And of that number, few could avail themselves of the white pills which had brought Fischer such quick relief. For quinine, which destroys the plasmodia in the bloodstream, was in limited supply, and expensive. A 25-grain treatment cost $1.25, more than most Filipinos—particularly those weakened by malaria—saw in a month. Precious few employers furnished quinine, as did Don Beason. The government certainly did not.

As a forester, Fischer couldn't see why quinine should be so expensive. It came from the bark of the cinchona tree and since when was bark a rare commodity? He was shocked to learn that the price

TRUE

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"Do you have dietary oral contraceptives?"

was deliberately rigged. The entire history of the development of quinine, beginning with its discovery in the Andes by the Spanish conquistadores, was a sordid mess, marked with greed and murder. At first quinine could be obtained only from the Aymara Indians who stripped the bark from trees growing wild in South American jungles. Naturally, financiers of many nations got the idea of cultivating cinchona trees in their own colonies under their own flag. Fortune hunting adventurers and serious botanists alike went into the jungles in search of cinchona seeds. Many of their heads, shrunk to one-third normal size, probably rest on museum shelves today. For the Indians did not welcome intruders.

One species of cinchona, a tall and lovely tree with huge blossoms of white, pink and red, tops all the rest in quinine yield. A package of its tiny seeds was smuggled out of Bolivia and eventually wound up in Java, where plodding Dutch botanists nursed the seeds into trees. Huge cinchona plantations were planted. The bark from these cultivated trees was richer in quinine and much easier to obtain than from the trees in the remote jungles of Bolivia. Dutch chemists perfected means of extracting pure quinine. By the time young Art Fischer arrived in the Philippines the Dutch had a monopoly in quinine.

This monopoly was rigorously and ruthlessly controlled by the Kina Bureau in Amsterdam. Plantations in Java were walled and guarded so that not one seed, one ounce of bark, could be smuggled out. Acres of trees were frequently uprooted and burned in order to curtail supply. And while 800 million people over the world were suffering the agonies of malaria and progress in the tropics stood dead still, Kina kept the supply of quinine low and the price high, and made a fortune. Apparently nobody in the world cared enough to do anything about it.

And then came that combination of idealist and gut-fighter named Arthur Frederick Fischer. Fischer's grandfather had emigrated from Prussia, adopted America and democracy completely, and had somehow managed to instill his fervor in the boy. Art Fischer grew up wanting to be a forester, to be in government service, and to help other peoples of the world be like Americans. The job of forester in the Philippines was the perfect answer. Fischer went off to his new job knowing it would be a year before his bride of two weeks could join him. But though starry-eyed, Fischer was no patsy. Once on a field trip far from civilization, with the food running low, Santos accidentally kicked over the last pot of beans and Fischer went for him with a knife. Santos ducked and Fischer cooled down and apologized, but that was the kind of man he was.

Watching Filipinos die and suffer for want of quinine, butting his head against a stone wall of bureaucratic stinginess in a constant effort to get more quinine for his own rangers, added fuel to Fischer's fury. This one small American determined to take on both malaria and the world-wide monopoly. He worked out a plan to grow his own cinchona trees, make a cheap but effective powder called totaquina, or "poor man's quinine," from the bark, and sell it for pennies through the post office, like stamps. Govennment authorities, however, gave him the brush-off. In the first place, they told him, he'd never get any cinchona seeds out of Java, and in the second there was no money.

Fischer took his anger out in work. He built up a staff of 400 loyal rangers who covered every square mile of the major islands of the archipelago. In 1921 Gen. Leonard Wood, the autocratic military administrator who had just lost the Republican presidential nomination to a more tractable politician named Harding, came in as governor general of the Philippines. Wood respected results, and the 33-year old Fischer had produced them. When Fischer asked the new governor to accompany him on a field trip, Wood went. Fischer particularly wanted Wood to see the excellent work being done by a ranger named Jose Medina at an isolated outpost. They arrived to find Medina lying on a sweat-drenched pallet in the last throes of malignant malaria. The two khaki-clad Americans squatted on their heels in the ranger's cabin in the steaming jungle and watched a good man die.

When it was over they stood up. Wood put a hand on Fischer's shoulder. It was a rare gesture for him. "I know how you feel," he said gently, "but we're doing all we can."

"The hell you are!" Fischer boomed in his big bass voice. He slapped the general's hand away. "Five pesos worth of quinine would have saved that man's life but you're too damn stingy to provide it. It's like sending a cop out without a gun!"

Wood stood there and took it. Instead of sending the brash young man home on the next boat, he listened to his plan for growing cinchona in the Philippines.

"All right," he said. "If you can get those damned Dutch pirates to sell you any cinchona seeds, I'll give you a place to plant 'em."

Fischer sent off a cable to the Kina Bureau and within a month he received a package of seeds. He was so elated that he took them to General Wood to show them to him personally.

But the general was less naive. "Sure as hell there's a catch in it somewhere," he growled. "But okay, I'll take a chance with you. Find a place and it's yours."

Fischer took a large tract high up on the slopes of a mountain on the island of Mindanao, 600 miles and five days journey by steamer from Manila. It in-

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cluded many acres of wild grass enclosed by jungle. Fischer was authorized a staff consisting of Santos Wong and a handful of Rangers, plus a team of carabao to plow the grass under and haul water from the valley below.

First, seedlings had to be raised. Fischer mixed manure from a native village with forest loam to form seedbeds on wooden platforms. Each tiny seed was carefully deposited in the precious earth and gently sprinkled with rainwater. Stooping over in the blistering sun, the driven little man with the bullfrog voice worked for hours on end while his back ached and the sweat soaked his pith helmet. The beds were thoroughly sprinkled daily. Days went by, two weeks, three, four. There was no sign of anything. Fischer swore and kicked one of the beds over. He and Santos got on their hands and knees, searching for seeds.

They found them, rotting and lifeless. The Kina Bureau had sent the seeds, all right—but they'd baked the life out of them first.

Fischer roared like a rutting carabao. "I'll beat those bastards if it's the last thing I do," he swore.

Foresters are a clannish lot, and Fischer had learned from other professionals passing through the Philippines that the planters of Java were unhappy under the heavy arm of the Bureau. He passed along word that he would pay for cinchona seeds with no questions asked. Some weeks later a disgruntled planter furtively approached a U. S. official in Java and offered a quantity of seed for enough money to get himself and family back home to Holland. The price, $2,000. Fischer talked General Wood into taking it out of his special contingency fund.

Some months later a British sea captain found Fischer in his headquarters in Manila. "My instructions are to deliver this to you personally, sir," the captain said, and handed over a malted milk jar. It was full to the brim with cinchona seeds.

Back up in the hills, Fischer began the planting process all over again, putting in weeks of drudgery under the blazing sun. He was in a hurry. Too much time had gone by; it was now 1925. And one morning he let out a bass bellow that boomed off the hillsides. A small green shoot was poking its head up out of the seed bed. Next day there were a hundred more.

"Goddamit, Santos, we did it," Fischer roared.

When the seedlings were a foot high, Fischer set out to transplant them. They were carefully dug out of the seed beds, placed in baskets slung on either side of the carabao and transported to the clearings where holes were dug at six-foot intervals. There were thousands of seedlings and though Fischer brought in additional rangers and help from the villages, he was on the job himself all day, every day. He began in the early morning chill of the high altitude, worked on through the midday heat, and was frequently drenched by the cold afternoon showers. The carabao-cleared strips wound in and out through the jungle, covering miles of territory. Fischer patrolled it all, watching like a hawk, bellowing in rage at the slightest abuse of a seedling. When drought threatened the young shoots, he organized a bucket brigade and set the example himself by working from dawn to dusk, carrying water in gasoline tins up the mountainside, through the dust.

Back in his office in Manila, those first few years after the planting, Fischer drove himself through 18-hour days in order to visit his trees more often. As he walked out among them, stooping over to inspect a leaf here, a bud there, he could almost feel them growing around him. In his mind's eye he saw first trees, then piles of bark, then little mounds of totaquina. He saw a happy prosperous country of healthy, industrious people. He couldn't put this in words, but he'd look at Santos, grin, and get an answering flash of white teeth from his brown-faced sidekick. They understood each other.

But Fischer grinned too soon. Striding through one of the clearings one day, close to the edge of the jungle, he came upon a pack of little green monkeys. There were at least 50 of them and they squealed angrily as they dashed for the forest, tripping over each other, tumbling and somersaulting. They'd been gorging themselves on that new imported delicacy, cinchona leaves. Fischer looked around him in consternation. They'd ruined scores of saplings and he knew they'd come back and get more.

With transplanting over, the bunkhouse was practically empty. Fischer had only Santos and a couple of rangers to patrol the entire plantation. The monkeys quickly learned how to avoid them; they used cover and concealment like well trained guerrillas. The little pests would scurry out of the jungle and eat their fill when the coast was clear, dash back in at the first sign of danger. As the number of ravaged trees increased, Fischer had to face the fact that a bunch of monkeys was getting the best of him.

He was having a lunch of rice and beans with his rangers when he suddenly swore and hit the rough-hewn table with the flat of his hand. "Why didn't I think of it before?" he said. "There's a bird whose official name is the Philippine Monkey-Eating Forest Eagle. Every museum in the world has asked me about this damned eagle. Well, let's find us one."

At that time, 1928, only a few white men had even seen the rare black predator which is found only in forests of the Philippines. But Fischer was in luck. He sent his rangers out to ask the native tribesmen if they knew the location of an eyrie, and one was found that day in the fork of a mahogany tree. Fischer and Santos saddled up and rode into the jungle to see it. It was a conglomeration of sticks big enough to hold a man. As they watched, a monster of a bird with broad head and stubby body soared in.

"We're going to climb that tree tonight and catch that damn eagle," Fischer said.

"But boss," Santos stuttered, "that thing's almost as big as me. Nobody tries to catch a full-grown eagle. You're lucky if you can get one just out of the egg."

"We haven't got any choice," Fischer said grimly. "We've got to have one now. Anyway, we're foresters. We've got the equipment to climb trees, and we know how to use it."

They rode back to the plantation, got leg irons, climbing ropes, two five-cell flashlights, heavy gloves, a heavy bag and stout cord, and returned to the eyrie by nightfall. With leg irons and ropes, climbing the tree was easy. Subduing the eagle was not. Though there were two at home, Fischer wisely chose to settle for one. Blinding it with the powerful flashlights, they slipped the bag over its head and got it partially secured before the big eagle started fighting. Its mate, fortunately, took off. Thanks to brute strength and heavy gloves they managed to truss it up like a rolled roast, lowered it to the ground and carried it back over jungle trails to the plantation.

There, working by lamplight, Fischer hooded the bird and fastened a strong

TRUE

"That's quite a blizzard. We'd better sober up the Saint Bernard."

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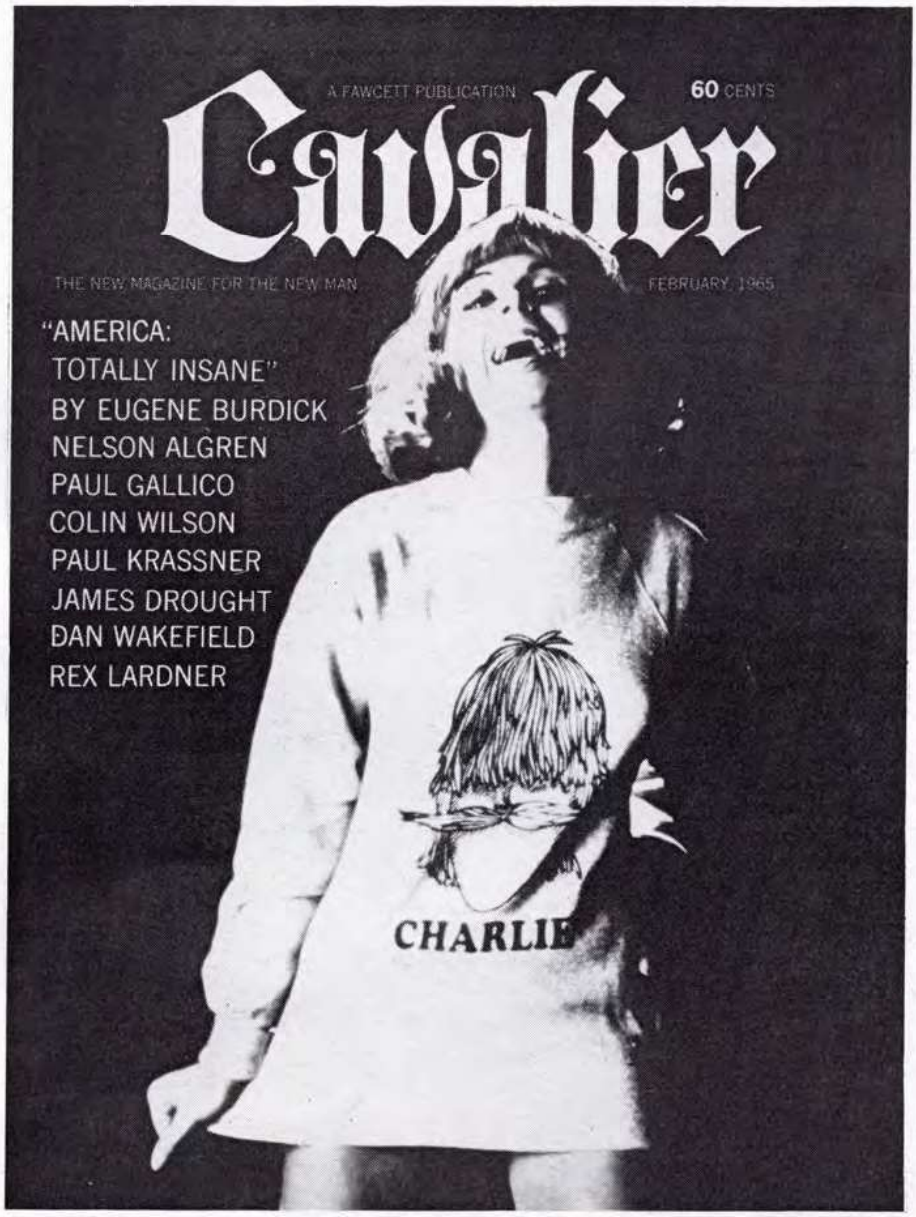

The emperor's clothes (and the lack of them) have strangely enough a great deal to do with the February issue of CAVALIER. To begin with, the picture above is the cover. But more importantly, "The Naked Emperor" is the title of a new monthly column, being written by Paul Krassner, to be found in this issue. Paul Krassner, as every undergraduate knows, is a major spokesman of the college generation. So, in another sense, are Dan Wakefield and James Drought, who, by no coincidence, are in this same issue. And, speaking for all generations, are Nelson Algren, Paul Gallico, Eugene Burdick, and Colin Wilson, not to mention a million or so other words by the best satirists, fiction writers, and commentators. On sale at your newsstand January 10.

but light cord to its leg. Before dawn, with the eagle still hooded, he went to a likely spot at the edge of the jungle and sat down patiently to wait. When day broke Santos and the other rangers noisily patrolled the rest of the plantation perimeter, carefully avoiding the area where Fischer and the eagle waited. The monkeys were fooled completely, and tumbled out into the clearing for their breakfast of cinchona leaves a few yards from where Fischer was hiding.

He felt the eagle tense at the sound of their chattering. He removed the hood from its eyes, holding onto the cord. The eagle flew to the end of the cord, and then it saw the monkeys. It did a double-take in mid-air. It had never seen that many monkeys out in the open before. The eagle let out a squawk and landed in the midst of the pack. Before the monkeys knew what hit them the big bird had disemboweled a half a dozen with its talons and had shaken a couple more to death with its enormous beak. The rest fled in panic from their mortal enemy, leaving the eagle to feast.

Fischer knew that he couldn't keep the eagle in captivity, but he hoped it was smart enough to get the picture. He left the uneaten carcasses where they were, and released the bird. It took off. But the next day Fischer saw not one, but two black spots in the sky over the plantation and when he revisited the site the carcasses were gone. Two days later Santos came in with the exciting news that he'd come upon signs that the eagles had had another monkey feast. After that a glance upward would frequently reveal one, sometimes two, black monsters soaring in the sky, looking for a monkey dinner in the clearing. Though occasionally a monkey might dash out to strip a few leaves from a tree close to the edge of the clearing, the packs—or what was left of them—became wary. The days of wholesale destruction were over, thanks to the silent sentinels in the sky. Fischer returned to Manila.

For weeks the only word from the plantation was that the trees were looking fine. Then came a frantic telegram. The forest mice had discovered cinchona bark, and every mouse on Mindanao was moving in for the feast. Santos and his men were trapping them, clubbing them, shooting them, but they were outnumbered by thousands to one and the mice were multiplying.

Fischer had a sudden idea. The eagle had settled the monkey problem. What is to mice as eagles are to monkeys? Cats! All over the Philippines, Fischer knew, there were gaunt, half-starved cats that would slobber at the mere thought of a fresh, plump, cinchona bark-fed forest mouse. Fischer did not even go to Mindanao to handle the mouse matter, but simply telegraphed instructions to Santos. He and the rangers visited the native villages and the town of Malaybalay with empty bags and a few fish-heads. They transported the yowling felines out to the plantation and turned them loose among the cinchona and the mice. Within a few days the plantation sported the fattest, sassiest cats east of Persia.

"Well, we whipped the monkeys, and

we whipped the mice," Fischer said jubilantly on his next trip. "What's next?"

The answer: *Men.* One morning a couple of days later a ranger came galloping up from the farthest end of the planting, dived off his horse, and ran up to Fischer shouting, *"Caingineros, Caingineros!"*

Fischer didn't have to be told any more. This was the worst yet. *Caingineros* were the gypsies of the Philippines. They'd appear out of nowhere to hack away at virgin timber, plant a crop of yams and corn, then move on. Shiftless and careless, they were responsible for forest fires which destroyed much valuable timber. Fischer's cinchona plantation was just exactly to their liking for the land was already cleared. From a vantage point up the hillside, grating his teeth with frustration and anger, Fischer watched his uninvited guests, a couple of dozen of them, make themselves at home. While an old man squatted on his haunches roasting a monkey over the coals, the rest of the family, men, women and children, milled around, trampling the young cinchona trees into the ground.

"Call the constabulary," one ranger suggested.

"Shoot the bastards," said Santos.

"I've got a better idea," Fischer said. "Are these fellows afraid of the fire tree?"

Santos shot him a quick look. *"Everybody* is afraid of the fire tree, boss," he said.

"Good," Fischer said. "Now listen. I don't care how you do it, but get that bunch as close to the fire tree as you can at dusk tonight."

The fire tree, known to botanists as the strangling fig, grows throughout the Philippines. A wayward seed from a fig finds a home in a crevice of a tree and takes root. The parasite spreads and soon the host tree is completely enveloped in a malignant thicket which is really all one giant plant. The fruit is poisonous to both men and animals, but it has a tremendous appeal to fireflies and the whole thing lights up at nightfall. The natives are scared to death of the fire tree and not without reason for it's usually infested with poisonous snakes.

A big fire tree stood on the mountainside not too far from where the Caingineros had found a home. Santos got them to come to the clearing beneath it, late that day, by promising to pass out cigarettes. By that time Fischer was hiding back in the thicket, rustling around in hopes of frightening the snakes away. He squeezed a handful of figs and rubbed the juice on his helmet. It might work, and it might not. Peering out, he saw the Caingineros arrive and mill about apprehensively, waiting for Santos to pass out the cigarettes. Santos didn't look any too calm himself. Dusk fell swiftly. The fireflies began to light up. Quickly, Fischer peeled off his khaki shirt and trousers, revealing the whiteness of his protected skin. In the fast dwindling tropical twilight, he stepped out of the fire tree.

The Caingineros watched with dread. They'd never seen a white man before. The white-skinned figure emerging from the fire tree with a fire on its head terrified them. Fischer approached, closer and closer, and then he suddenly stopped and threw up one hand to knock the fireflies off his hat. As the sparks burst from his head he boomed out in the native dialect, *"Go! Go! Go!"*

The Caingineros shrieked with fear and took off into the jungle. They weren't seen again near the plantation.

With eagles, cats and white-skinned, fire-breathing demons on patrol, the cinchona trees took on size and stature. When they were four to five feet high, they flowered in great beautiful clusters of red and pink and white. Fischer made a special trip down just to see the blooms. In the still of the night he strolled out in the midst of the blossoms in the moonlight to drink in their beauty. The sweet fragrance was over-powering. It had been a tough fight but now he had it made.

As he stood there something buzzed by his ear. Again, and again. Now the flowers about him seemed to be moving back and forth, though there was no breeze. He looked at one closely in the moonlight. It seemed to have big black splotches on it. He touched a splotch, and it moved. Fischer jumped back as though he had touched something hot. Even after years in the tropics he was still not used to the huge flying cockroaches of the Philippine forests. They were as big as his thumb, and, he realized as he listened to the buzzing in the air, he was surrounded by millions of the things. He struck a match and closely observed the cockroaches on one flower. They were not drinking the nectar as would a bee or butterfly. Instead they were eating the entire bloom. And if all the flowers were destroyed, then there would be no seed.

Fischer ran back to the bunkhouse. "Santos!" he roared. "The damn cucarachas are eating up the blossoms! Get all the men and every light you can find. We're gonna have to pick them off."

The idea of picking the repulsive bugs off by hand was too much even for Fischer and his rangers. He fashioned wooden tweezers out of two sticks. With these, burlap bags to put the bugs in, and coconut-oil lanterns, they went out to combat the cockroaches of central Mindanao. They kept at it night after night. They brought in cockroaches by the squirmy bagsful, dumped them in a hole, threw oil on them, and burned them up.

Thousands of blossoms were saved. The petals faded, blew away, and large, pendant seed pods formed. Just before they were ready to burst, Fischer came down from Manila to collect them. Pods from the hardiest young trees were kept separate from the others. These were the final fruits of victory, for now Fischer had a self-reproducing stand of cinchona. These seeds would be planted to replace all of those trees lost to monkeys, mice, and other predators. Eventually the trees now standing would be harvested and stripped of their bark and these seeds now made it possible to replace them in a never-ending cycle.

By 1932 many of the trees were large enough to yield a harvest of bark. On Java the planters ripped up the whole tree and stripped it clean, but Fischer couldn't afford that luxury. He peeled strips an inch or two wide, several feet

"How do you like progressive school?"

long, from the side of each tree. He covered the wound with wet moss to keep the tree alive. With several hundred pounds of bark now on hand, Fischer dried it, and ground it up in an ordinary corn grinder. In contrast to the pure quinine tablets of the Kina Bureau, Fischer was happy with the cruder totaquina. In 1933, after his first good crop, he took a supply of it to a prison colony. Twenty-four malaria sufferers volunteered—what could they lose?—and Fischer treated 12 with quinine tablets from Amsterdam, twelve with totaquina. All of the human guinea pigs were improved, but several showed particularly speedy recovery and every one of that group had taken not the expensive quinine, but Fischer's totaquina.

Over the years to come, these results were verified again and again. Fischer had done the impossible. His compound was more effective than the Dutch. He designed and built a small plant for the government, and by 1936 he was producing totaquina to retail at 14 cents per treatment. For all government employees —and Fischer's rangers!—it was free. For the first time in history, the poor man could have quinine.

It was no coincidence that the flowering of the Philippines began in the mid-Thirties, with the production of totaquina. Fischer saw it happen. As totaquina freed men from malaria, more men worked harder. More forests were cleared, more farmland became available, more food was grown.

Then, as the Japanese became more belligerent in the Pacific in 1940, Fischer went on active duty as a lieutenant colonel. When the Japanese attacked the Philippines he was in the retreat from Manila to Bataan, a retreat so chaotic that 600 pounds of totaquina, a ton of bark, and his portable extraction plant were left behind. Within weeks the army's supply of quinine was gone and thousands of soldiers began coming down with malaria. Fischer himself had a recurrence of his old trouble and was shaking with fever in a field hospital when Gen. Jonathan Wainwright, commander of the American forces, personally visited him to ask if he could get quinine. Without it the army was doomed.

Fischer volunteered. Thin and shivering, he was flown in a battered old civilian plane to Mindanao. The plantation was still behind the American lines, and Santos Wong and other devoted rangers were still there. As the weakened Fischer tottered around, overseeing the job, the rangers and the local people set about harvesting the bark and processing it. Fischer also collected thousands of the finest seeds to begin a new plantation somewhere in the western hemisphere. By now the Japanese had captured Java, the Germans had taken Amsterdam, and the Axis controlled the world's supply of quinine.

Bataan fell before Fischer could get totaquina to the men dying of malaria there. Then the Japanese closed in on Mindanao. Fischer and his precious seeds were on the last plane to leave.

He reached safety in Australia where he had his special session with MacArthur. The general dispatched him back to Washington with the order that his seeds must be planted without delay. Fischer found a suitable tract in Costa Rica and he started all over, planting his seeds.

Thanks to the further wartime development of the synthetic anti-malarial, atabrine, quinine became less important, and nothing ever came from the Costa Rica operation.

After the war was over, however, Fischer learned what had happened to the tons of bark he had harvested back in Mindanao. It had kept the Filipinos going during the terrible years of the Japanese occupation. They had passed Fischer's bark from hand to hand throughout the islands under the very noses of the Japanese. It had kept the guerrillas fighting, the Filipino leaders in control. And when the war ended, the reliability of the Philippine Republic set an example for all the emerging nations of the world.

Fischer's 50-year battle with malaria came to an end with his death in 1962. He was 74 years old, living in retirement at San Diego, California.

Millions of humans have lived because of him and his fight is being carried on today with new drugs and with new methods for wiping out the mosquito that carries the malaria parasite. When the disease is finally chased from the face of the earth a lot of the credit will have to be given to this dedicated forester who just wouldn't give up.—**Booton Herndon**

THE MURDERED SKELETON IN MY FAMILY CLOSET

[*Continued from page* 33]

today—and besides, it is obvious that Mrs. Barnaby had squirreled away a little money that Mr. Barnaby may not have known about. But "flighty" seems too harsh a word for my great-grandmother. She had been a flamboyantly attractive blonde of 21 when she married the merchant prince. Even now, slowed up by years and paralysis, she was still adventuresome. An inveterate traveler, she thought nothing of this jaunt, difficult in those days, which had brought her around California and into Colorado.

The deadly package had arrived in care of Mrs. Worrell's son Edward, at his Denver brokerage office. Since he forgot to bring it home several days running, his mother and Mrs. Barnaby finally stopped by his office after a day of shopping. "I can't imagine what this is," Mrs. Barnaby said, examining the March 30 Boston postmark. "I don't know anyone in Boston. But I love presents."

She unwrapped it and threw the paper into a wastebasket. Out of the wooden box she took a pint bottle with this handwritten label on it: "Wish you a Happy New Year. Please accept this fine old whisky from your friend in the woods."

She did not stop to think that it was a curious sentiment to be expressed three months after New Year's. "Oh," she said, "it must be from the Bennetts in the Adirondacks."

Ed Bennett, a guide, ran a lakeside hotel where Mrs. Barnaby often stayed, and was one of the three chief beneficiaries of her will.

At that moment Frank Schermerhorn, Worrell's partner, entered the office. He'd only dropped in for a casual chat with Worrell, but in what turned out to be a highly important visit in the final development of the Barnaby Murder Case, he asked to have the stamps from the package for his young son, who had just started a collection, and fished the wrapper out of the wastebasket.

The ladies took the bottle back to the elegant Worrell home. Four days later, after a windy carriage ride, Mrs. Barnaby, who liked her grog, suggested having a nip of the present from the "friend in the woods."

They mixed two tablespoons of the brown liquid with some warm water in each glass. Mrs. Barnaby raised her toddy glass and smiled at Mrs. Worrell.

"Here's health."

Mrs. Worrell, who had recently learned that she was also to be a beneficiary of Mrs. Barnaby's will, smiled back. Later Mrs. Worrell was to report:

"I drank some and as soon as I had swallowed it I said, 'The vile stuff!' Mrs. Barnaby never said a word. She just sat there sipping the liquor. In a little while she said, 'I must say that it is *not* very good whisky."

Then they were both taken violently ill. A doctor was called, and he quickly realized the gravity of the situation. Three days later Mrs. Worrell was out of danger and well on her way to recovery. But Mrs. Barnaby was worse, her body racked by wrenching convulsions. She suffered a burning thirst, and her skin was cold and purplish.

According to Mrs. Worrell, on the fifth day of agony Mrs. Barnaby gasped, "Someone has been seeking my life."

"Have you any enemies?" she was asked.

"I don't know." Mrs. Barnaby breathed weakly. "Maybe—maybe Sallie Hanley—the terrible last maid I had. . . . She threatened me. . . ."

According to the doctor, in one of her conscious moments she said she didn't think the Bennetts had sent the whisky. On the sixth day she muttered incredulously, "I wonder—I wonder if it could be possible that Dr. Graves would do such a thing."

Dr. Thomas Thatcher Graves was Mrs. Barnaby's personal physician, business administrator, and mentor. He lived in Providence, and at the moment she died he was preparing to board a train for the trip across the continent to her bedside.

He was quite a fellow, T. Thatcher Graves—a man to watch. Almost too handsome, he was tall and sideburned, with a winning smile and courtly manners. Although most men didn't like him, women found him irresistible. Well trav-

eled and glib, he was a favorite lecturer at the women's clubs around Providence.

He had been a Union officer in the Civil War, and had personally known both Lincoln and, after the war, Robert E. Lee. In 1871 he had graduated from Harvard Medical School, first in his class. After practicing in many branches of medicine, he chose nervous disorders as his specialty. He had lived in Zanzibar for a while, and traveled extensively in the Orient, but had finally settled in Providence with his attractive wife. Now he claimed to have a practice of at least $5,000 a year, a good income in those virtually taxless times.

One day Mrs. Barnaby, who lived with her husband in their mansion nearby, dropped into his home office to use the telephone. Graves was charming, and his wife so cordial that Mrs. Barnaby stayed to chat. The doctor commented on the slight paralysis of her right arm, said he had recently cured a person with a similar affliction, and thought he might be able to help her. He started with private massage sessions, daily treatments, and exotic medicines of his own patents. She seemed to get better immediately.

Thus began an extraordinary relationship. Mrs. Barnaby was dazzled by the fascinating doctor; he was so attentive, compared to her husband, who was much too busy with his stores, his politics, and his horses to pay heed to her. If there was a sexual relationship between Mrs. Barnaby and the doctor it was never proved, yet not only did she give him complete confidence as her physician, but when her husband died three years later, she made him her business manager, putting him in absolute charge of her finances with power of attorney. For these services he received a yearly salary of $2,400 from her, plus medical fees—and was shortly mentioned well in her will.

Therefore, when the first effect of the poisoned whisky on Mrs. Barnaby became apparent, Edward Worrell, knowing of her faith in Dr. Graves, wired him in Rhode Island to come to Denver at once. Graves wired back for her to "keep up good courage," that he was coming to her as fast as possible.

Though he received the first telegram on April 17, and trains ran almost as fast then as they do now, he did not arrive until April 24, five days after her death. When he finally reached the home of Mrs. Worrell's son, Graves explained that he had been unavoidably delayed. Suave as ever, he yet seemed genuinely undone at the loss of his friend and patient. He had heard of her death, he said distraughtly. Worrell's second telegram having arrived the day he left. But now he was informed that she had been poisoned, that the autopsy showed five grains of arsenic in her kidneys alone, not to mention the amount in brain, liver and viscera (two grains are enough to kill a person).

"I am shocked, I am shocked," Graves murmured over and over. Taking Mrs. Worrell's hands, he protested, "I have lost a good friend—she was one of my best friends in all this world. Who could have done this terrible thing?"

The evening of Dr. Graves' arrival, the embalmed remains of Mrs. Barnaby were put on the train. There on the platform Dr. Graves met Mrs. Barnaby's pretty daughter, Mrs. John H. Conrad—my grandmother—who had arrived from her home in Helena, Montana, to accompany the body back to Providence for the funeral.

Dr. Graves seemed very moved when he was introduced. "You look so much like her," he stammered.

By the time the funeral party had reached Providence, the image of the grieving doctor was beginning to tarnish. Newspapers across the land had run out of straight news about the sensational murder and were now guessing at the most likely suspects in the case. Several papers hinted that Dr. Graves himself was not to be overlooked as a prime candidate. These speculations, plus the fact that his wife had been "tormented" by reporters, put the doctor into a state of fury. A heated interview was given by him to one of the newspapermen, a reporter with the Dickensian name of Henry G. Trickey. This interview was later denied categorically by Dr. Graves, but Trickey was to testify under oath at the trial that this is what was said:

"He opened the interview with a voluntary statement that he was surprised to learn upon his arrival in Providence that in the minds of certain persons he was suspected of being the cause of Mrs. Barnaby's death."

Trickey then led him on to the subject of the will. Graves said he didn't know its contents except for the fact that he had been remembered. As Trickey recalled:

"He didn't know whether it was $10 or $100,000. He said he had no motive for the crime, as he was in receipt of a liberal salary from her. And he said he felt sure that this salary was in excess of the income he might derive from whatever sum she had left him in the will."

And now Graves suddenly evidenced a startling change of heart. Instead of describing Mrs. Barnaby as "a wonderful woman and best friend," he went on to tell Trickey: "She had been a vile woman and had had vile lovers; he knew of the strained relations between husband and wife. He was sorry he ever met her and that she was not a woman he would admit into his family circle. When in the Adirondacks he saw Mrs. Barnaby and Mr. Bennett drunk together in an ice house on the place of the Bennetts. . . . Looking through a crack in an old ice house he saw the two lying drunk on the floor, with all the indications of a previous revolting transaction."

The next day, after the funeral, Graves scoffed at the interview, denied most of it, and dramatically advised the reporters to "look to the Adirondacks for your murderer!" He wrote a note to Mrs. Barnaby's daughter, Mrs. Conrad, apologizing for the dreadful interview and the scandalous remarks attributed to him. "Your mother," he said, "was a dear friend of mine and a noble woman." Mrs. Conrad was already well aware of just how dear a friend Dr. Graves had been.

When John Conrad, Mrs. Barnaby's son-in-law—and my grandfather—arrived in Providence from Montana for the funeral, he immediately changed the casual manner in which the case had been treated. It had now been two weeks since the victim died, with no police action at

"We're strictly a one car family. I'm not going to take the chance of being on the same road as my wife."

all. There had been lots of newspaper coverage, lots of speculation, and lots of theories, but no one was doing anything.

My grandfather was then 36 years old, strong, tanned and bushy browed, and my father was a boy of 4. John Howard Conrad originally came from a Virginia family and had gone to Montana determined to make his fortune, which he did in the approved style of the day. A rugged, efficient and creative businessman, he soon became a power in the merchandising, banking, mining, oil, cattle, and political worlds of the state. He was running for governor, thinking of running for the United States Senate, and in the midst of a paralyzing mine strike, but he put aside everything to take over the solving of this murder case.

It had been Conrad who had ordered an autopsy of Mrs. Barnaby in Denver, otherwise murder might not even have been established. Now his first action was to call on Dr. Graves, whom he had not met. The doctor, still living near the Barnaby mansion where Conrad was staying, greeted him at the door of his home.

"It was very decent of you to send that note," Conrad said, with a smile. He had a way of grinning like Teddy Roosevelt, so that one was more impressed by the force of the man's determination than beguiled by any sense of humor. "My wife's been damned upset about the whole thing, and that interview was the final straw. I think it might cheer her up if you came back over to the house with me and talked things over."

"Certainly, my dear fellow," replied Dr. Graves.

No two men could have been more different—the suave, sophisticated doctor and the rugged, blunt Westerner—but they talked amiably enough as they drove back in the carriage to the Barnaby place. Mabel Conrad received them in the ornate living room, and the doctor took her hand. Looking deep into her eyes, he said with feeling, "Dear lady, I would die rather than cause you any further upset than you've already had."

Mabel thanked him, and listened uneasily for half an hour while the doctor discussed what a fine woman her mother had been and how much her loss had meant to him. She then excused herself, and Conrad led Dr. Graves into the paneled library, where a tall, gray, pipe-smoking gentleman was reading.

"This is my brother Charles," Conrad announced, "up for the funeral from the college in Virginia where he teaches."

Graves said hello, then frowned and added, "Strange—I never heard Mrs. Barnaby mention your brother."

Conrad got out the whisky, and the talk soon drifted to the murder. Conrad was later to testify at the trial that the conversation went like this:

"I asked him if he had any theory as to who murdered Mrs. Barnaby. He said he didn't know unless it was the Bennetts, and he mentioned a redheaded Irishman who had blackmailed Mrs. Barnaby out of money . . . and that the Worrells knew a great deal more about it than they cared to tell. He stated Mrs. Barnaby had made a will and, while he had never seen it, his lawyer and friend Ballou had drawn it up and given it to him sealed, and he was satisfied that the greater portion of the fortune was left to my children.

"The doctor then added: 'But I hear there has been another will made.' I said, 'Yes, there is another will; she made a will at Chester, Pennsylvania,' and he asked me if I knew the contents of it. I said I knew that he was left $25,000 under this will, and was appointed sole executor. He said, 'Well, that won't do . . . Your children will be left out of it, and the first will is the will that ought to stand.' "

Conrad and Graves, parting amicably, agreed to meet again to talk over Mrs. Barnaby's business affairs.

Being cordial to Graves was not easy for Conrad—he hated the doctor's guts. He was convinced that Graves had duped, bilked, and murdered his mother-in-law. He now dedicated his ferocious energy to bringing the murderer to justice. Conrad was used to direct action to get results, but poisoning old ladies wasn't part of the code.

After Graves had left, Conrad talked the matter over with his "brother." Calling O. M. Hanscom "Brother Charles" was a convenient way to drag in the head of the Boston Pinkerton Detective Agency. Conrad had hired Hanscom two days before, and they had decided the detective could operate much better if he masqueraded as a member of the family. Hanscom was not as convinced of Graves' guilt as Conrad. Hanscom reminded Conrad that the latter was a little prejudiced, since his wife and her sister had lost $120,000 because of Graves at the time of the death of their father.

Conrad was startled that Hanscom had already ferreted out the fact that when Jerothumel Barnaby died three years before, he had left the bulk of his large estate to his daughters and only $2,500 a year to Mrs. Barnaby.

"Why?" asked Hanscom. "She didn't have so much money of her own. Had the old boy grown suspicious of his wife and Dr. Graves? Had he caught them—had she confessed?"

"I don't know about that," said Conrad. "But it was Graves who stirred her up to sue us."

He then told Hanscom how Dr. Graves had persuaded Mrs. Barnaby of the injustice of the will and had convinced her to sue her own daughters for her rightful due. Graves had aroused Mrs. Barnaby's indignation particularly by informing the widow that her late husband had left $100,000 to his mistress—a fact that Graves alone seemed to know. Conrad, because of his political ambitions, was anxious to avoid any kind of a trial, and he advised his wife and her sister to return $120,000 to Mrs. Barnaby outright, as a settlement.

"I can't see why Graves would want to kill her," mused the detective. "He was paid well for his medical attentions to her, plus the $2,400 a year for running her estate. Why kill the goose that was so willingly laying the golden egg?"

"For $50,000!" said Conrad. "That's what he was in for according to her first will—and he's lying about not knowing what was in it. The lawyer who drew it up was his boyhood friend—the same lawyer who got the big settlement from my wife and her sister. You know damned well, sealed will or not, the lawyer told him what he was in for. Graves thought he was killing her for $50,000. He was shocked tonight when I told him it was only $25,000."

The next day Dr. Graves obligingly furnished a properly sealed copy of the old will, and in private Hanscom and Conrad compared the two. In the new will, besides the $25,000 to Dr. Graves, $5,000 was left to each of Mrs. Barnaby's two daughters, and $5,000 to each of her three grandchildren.

"Now here's something interesting," said the detective. "Two legatees have been added that weren't mentioned in the first will: Edward Worrell, Sr., of Chester, Pennsylvania, and Ed Bennett of Blue Mountain Lake, New York. Both are in for $10,000. Why would she suddenly put two new people in her will, and for twice as much money as she left your wife or children? What about the Worrells? Was it just a coincidence that Mrs. Worrell drank the same whisky but didn't die?" The detective stood up. "I'd better get right down to Chester and have a talk with Edward Worrell, Sr. You see what more you can find out about Graves."

The next day, Hanscom, trying to look like a college professor, went to Chester. Mrs. Worrell was still in Denver with her son, but her husband was there. Introducing himself as Charles Conrad, Hanscom asked Worrell if he knew about the will.

"I certainly do," said Worrell. "I took Mrs. Barnaby to my lawyer at her request to draw up a new will. She said she no longer trusted the lawyer Dr. Graves had picked out for her. She told me at the time she was leaving us $10,000, for friendship's sake."

The detective then subtly inquired about Worrell's movements around the time the fatal package was mailed from Boston, and Worrell claimed he had not been out of Chester in over a year. Worrell appeared straightforward—and rich enough not to involve himself and his wife in murder for $10,000. Reasonably well satisfied, Hanscom departed for the Adirondacks to interview a more likely suspect.

Ed Bennett was a rough diamond, a hard-drinking, hard-working outdoorsman. He seemed surprised and very pleased at his bequest. "She's been coming up here to my resort off and on for nine years. I'll miss her." He grew indignant when Dr. Graves' insinuations

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

were mentioned. In fact, he had a few charges of his own. "Last summer she was all set to buy some property up here from me—then that chippy Sallie Hanley lets the doctor know. Right away, the doctor writes Mrs. Barnaby a letter threatening that if she buys it he'll have a guardianship put over her. Like she was crazy. Mrs. Barnaby cried for two days."

"I've heard that property was worthless," Hanscom lied. "That's why Graves didn't want her to buy it."

"The hell it was! I offered it to her for $3,000 because I liked her. When she didn't take it—when she wasn't *allowed* to take it—I turned around and sold it for $5,000. Here are the papers to prove it."

"Why wouldn't Graves want her to buy property here?"

"Because he had better ideas of how to spend her money . . . on himself."

"And what about this Sallie Hanley?"

Bennett snorted: "She was Mrs. Barnaby's traveling companion and maid. She was young and good looking and big chested. You should have seen the way she rode a horse here—half naked, racing around, breasts bouncing all over. She fell off the horse once, and every man on the place was rushin' in trying to get a look before she got her skirt back down."

"What did Mrs. Barnaby think of all this?"

"Disgusted. Maybe she was jealous—about the way Dr. Graves used to look at Sallie. Yeh, he was up here for two-three weeks. If I get my hands on him, I'll break his teeth in. A fine woman, Mrs. Barnaby, no matter what that doctor might say. She fired Sallie, you know. I heard she got a threatening letter from Sallie afterwards."

"Did Sallie send that whisky to Mrs. Barnaby?"

"I don't know. All I know is, I didn't. I haven't been to Boston for years, and I can prove it. Also, would I be stupid like that, living in the woods, to write on the bottle, 'from your friend in the woods'?"

Hanscom returned to Providence and conferred with Conrad. How did Sallie Hanley fit in—what was her angle?

With considerable difficulty, they tracked down the comely blonde and found her working in a Providence dentist's office. At first she was surly, declining to talk about Mrs. Barnaby. But when she was told that the old lady had been murdered, she gasped. She said she hadn't read the papers, and expressed willingness to cooperate.

Dr. Graves had hired her. She was supposed to keep Mrs. Barnaby traveling, keep her away from Providence, and to report her every movement to Dr. Graves, though Sallie didn't know why. Then Mrs. Barnaby had caught her spying and fired her. Disappointed at losing her job, she wrote a letter demanding she be paid three months' advance salary. If she didn't receive it, she threatened to help Dr. Graves testify against Mrs. Barnaby in any guardianship case that might come up.

"I was furious with her, calling me a hussy and everything. But not mad enough to kill her. I'm not that sort."

"Watch it! Another complaint about the shih kabob!"

Hanscom and Conrad were inclined to believe her. They turned once again to Dr. Graves. Conrad was even more convinced that Graves had committed the murder. But how to get the clever doctor to trip himself up?

Conrad began to invite Graves over for what appeared to be cordial evenings of drinks and reminiscences about the dear departed. After several such strange sessions, Hanscom agreed that the doctor was definitely their man. Little by little, Graves was coming apart at the emotional seams. Here is Conrad's testimony of what was said at the third meeting:

"Hanscom and myself both advanced the theory that there might have been a bottle of honest whisky sent, and it was possible someone drank the whisky and refilled the bottle with the poisoned brew. Dr. Graves took very kindly to this theory, and said it hadn't occurred to him before, but it was quite probable that was the way it happened. I told him that the newspapers were now also advancing this theory, and they were of the opinion this death was caused by accident."

In order to substantiate this ruse, Conrad had taken the precaution of bribing certain newspaper reporters to print several theories he thought might encourage Graves to incriminate himself.

The next night, on his own volition, Graves came to the Barnaby mansion as though drawn to it compulsively. Conrad poured him a good belt of liquor, and they started on the murder again. As Conrad was to testify:

"I said, 'Doctor, the papers are still advancing the theory that there had been a bottle of pure whisky sent and that this death was caused by accident.' About this point Mr. Hanscom went out of the room. Dr. Graves sat beside me and said. 'Now, Mr. Conrad, take your wife, who is crazy to see her babies, and go home tonight on the 12:30 train, and say that Dr. Graves sent this bottle of whisky, and when he sent it, it was pure whisky. I will never deny it as long as I live. I will, so help me God, keep my mouth sealed.' . . . I said I wanted to call my brother in and hear this statement. He said, 'I will not tell your brother, I would rather take a six-shooter and blow my brains out before telling any living soul. I will die first.' "

When Graves had gone, Hanscom came into the room and said, "He did it, all right. But how to prove he actually mailed that bottle? If we only had the wrapping paper for a lead, at least."

"I know," Conrad said. "I've wired Ed Worrell on the off chance he could track it down. But they said it was thrown away."

The next night the two got together again with their quarry in the elegant library of the house. After the drinks were poured, Hanscom again left the room. Conrad was later to swear:

"Dr. Graves then got up, moved the sofa out into the middle of the room and looked under it; then he opened the shutters of the three windows, and raised the curtains and tapped on the windows——each of the three windows—to see none were opened, and said, 'I am afraid of these Pinkerton detectives, and I want to satisfy myself that none of them are here. Now, I did send a bottle of pure whisky to Mrs. Barnaby' . . . I said, let me call my brother in here and I will explain it all to him. He said, 'Bring him in and I will tell him the truth. I did send that whisky, and I might as well go to hell one way as another.'

"I called Mr. Hanscom in, and Dr. Graves said, 'Will you promise me on the honor of a Conrad you will never tell this against me in a court of justice?' Mr. Hanscom said he would. Graves said. 'I sent that bottle, but it had good whisky in it when I sent it.' Mr. Hanscom pressed him for details, how he got the whisky and where he sent it and how, and he said, 'No, no, my head is in a whirl. I won't tell you tonight, but sometime I will make a statement . . . just how it was done.'

"Dr. Graves then asked for a drink. I went out in the dining room for the decanter of whisky. When I came back in the room Mr. Hanscom said, 'Dr. Graves says that it is all a damned lie he has been telling here.' I said, 'What?' He (Graves) said, 'Oh, no, that is the truth just as I told it; we understand each other.' "

Although both Hanscom and Conrad were now certain that Graves was the murderer, how could they ever link this vacillating neurotic in court with the act of sending the poisoned bottle?

Then an extraordinary break occurred in the case: a letter from young Worrell out in Denver. Worrell had suddenly

remembered that his partner had torn off the stamps for his boy; the boy had saved the stamps and Worrell was enclosing them.

That day Hanscom went to Boston to check the remote possibility that some clerk in the post office might remember the package and the sender. He didn't achieve that end, but a clerk studied the 15-cent stamps with interest. They were canceled "Boston," and he declared, "The package was mailed here, all right, but the stamps couldn't have been bought here on March 30. We've had none of these orange 15-cent Daniel Websters in stock since last year. They changed the orange Websters to blue Henry Clays last February 22. Special commemorative issue."

The detective tried several other post offices in different cities, but none had had the orange Websters since the previous year. Then, on a hunch, Hanscom dropped in on the Providence post office. The clerks there still were using the orange Websters! They had had so little call for 15-cent denomination stamps that they still held a large supply of the old Websters.

This meant to Hanscom and Conrad that Dr. Graves had bought his stamps in Providence, but had mailed the package in Boston to avoid attracting attention to Providence. Simultaneously with Hanscom's mailing probe, Conrad had been investigating Dr. Graves' manipulation of the $120,000 which Mrs. Barnaby had received from the settlement over the will. It was clearly apparent that Graves had appropriated $40,000 for his own use.

Conrad and Hanscom had now uncovered a monumental collection of separate pieces of evidence that could be fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle to make a blueprint for murder. Graves had embezzled $40,000; if this embezzlement were discovered by Mrs. Barnaby—and she was obviously getting suspicious—she would demand repayment, and possibly expose him as a thief and have him jailed. There would go his career, his wife, everything.

The only way to stop this catastrophe was for the doctor to put her out of the way before she could come back from her trip—that happy solution would not only cover his past misdemeanors, it would bring the $50,000 reward from her will. So Graves mixed up his lethal potion and sent it across the continent, while he sat back smugly in Providence to await the lucrative results.

The evidence was all circumstantial, but Hanscom and Conrad were now convinced that if they could bring Graves to trial they could convict him.

But how to get him to Denver where he must be tried? If the doctor knew he was to be charged with the murder, he would fight extradition all the way, and perhaps escape to Canada or Mexico. He had to be tricked. Conrad and Hanscom contacted the Pinkerton office in Denver, and, alerting the police, arranged for the following phony wire to be sent to Conrad:

EVIDENCE CERTAIN POISON INTRODUCED INTO WHISKY BOTTLE AFTER ARRIVAL IN DENVER. INDICTMENT OF EDWARD WORRELL, JR. IN PREPARATION. NEED TESTIMONY OF DR. GRAVES CONCERNING PHYSICAL CONDITION OF MRS. BARNABY PRIOR TO DEATH. PLEASE ASK HIM IF HE WILL COME TO DENVER TO GIVE DEPOSITION.

This trumped-up message was shown to Graves, and Conrad commented, "You see, Doctor, it wasn't the Bennetts after all."

The doctor read the telegram twice, holding it with trembling hands. Then his former jauntiness seemed to return. "Well, I guess I must aid justice, gentlemen—I'll go to Denver."

"We all might as well go together," said Conrad casually.

Four days later, as Graves stepped off the train in Denver with Conrad and Hanscom, two police officers strode forward and grabbed him. The doctor protested indignantly when one of the officers said, in the classic style, "Dr. Graves, you're under arrest for murder."

The long trial began November 24, with District Attorney Stevens's opening address: "May it please your honor, the crime which is the subject of inquiry in this trial has no precedent or parallel in the history of the world. It is unique, original, cowardly, dastardly and infamous . . . the mails of the national government have carried destruction and death. . . ."

Graves pleaded not guilty. He denied sending the poison; denied admitting sending good whisky to Mrs. Barnaby, denied knowing the contents of her will, denied misappropriating her funds. Nevertheless, a score of witnesses and a carload of evidence showed that he had, indeed, spent her funds and exercised a Svengali-like hold over her. His big mistake came when he wrote her a letter threatening to have her declared mentally unstable if she bought the Bennett property. She resolved then to get the doctor out of her life and have him investigated. Fear of that, plus the temptation of what he thought was to be a $50,000 legacy, caused him to determine to kill her before she returned from her trip.

Several doctors testified that only a person trained in pharmacy could have concocted the arsenite of potassium cocktail which Mrs. Barnaby drank, and the final damning evidence was that of four handwriting experts, who swore that the writing on the bottle, though disguised, was Dr. Graves'. This caused Graves, for the first and only time during the trial, to rise in furious indignation from his chair and scream, "I did not write that message—I swear it!"

On January 2 the jury took only an hour and a half to decide that Graves was guilty and should hang. Conrad at last had his murderer, and his months of effort, plus $35,000 in expenses, had paid off. He could get back to his work, his home and his family. But then the disappointing news came that the verdict was being appealed on the basis of an error in the instruction of the court, and because of the admission of certain of Mrs. Barnaby's deathbed statements. A new trial was ordered for September.

Conrad saw all his efforts go up in smoke. Quite conceivably, Graves could hire better lawyers and get himself acquitted this time.

To forestall this possibility, Conrad saw to it that all the information about the case reached every newspaper in the areas concerned, in the hopes of turning up new information. His move paid off in a startling manner on May 15.

A young man named Joseph Breslyn, from Canton, Massachusetts, wrote to the Denver district attorney to say that he had written the note on the bottle. The year before, he had been in the Boston railway station when a man fitting Dr. Graves' description had approached him, asked if he could write, and offered him a quarter to write the message. He had dashed it off, although he had thought it so curious that such a distinguished-looking and obviously educated man did not know how to write that he had told his roommate about the incident. Recently the roommate had seen a reproduction of the label in the newspapers and recognized Breslyn's writing. Conrad and the D. A. immediately went East to check the story out. Breslyn had an outstanding background and he identified photos of Graves positively. Furthermore, several new handwriting experts stated that the writing on the bottle was definitely Breslyn's, not Graves'. No wonder Graves had screamed about the handwriting testimony! Then two police officers stated that Dr. Graves had confessed to the crime and later recanted. But shortly before these three witnesses could confront the doctor in court, T. Thatcher Graves prescribed some of his own medicine for himself. Evidently the ordeal of another trial was too much to face, so he took poison and was found dead in his cell on September 3. A last note said:

"Please don't hold any autopsy on my remains. The cause of death may be rendered as follows: Died of persecution; worn out; exhausted. Yours respectfully,

T. Thatcher Graves, M. D."

I can't help but feel a little sorry for Dr. Graves; I wouldn't like to have had my determined grandfather come after *me* regardless of the crime he might suspect me of, regardless of my guilt or innocence. Certainly his approach to justice was both high-handed and somewhat questionable ethically, though apparently justified in light of the apathetic and limited police machinery of that time. And after one reads the transcript of the trial there can remain no doubt of Dr. Graves's guilt.

The facts I uncovered, however, and the case in general, while less glamorous than the version that had been my schoolboy impression, were far less sinister than the unbreakable family silence had led me to fear. Among other things, I was pleased to learn that none of my family turned out to be a murderer, at least in that particular generation.

Perhaps it was not the brightest chapter in my family's history, but I do have the satisfaction of knowing that when I went to the family closet and opened it, I found only a few bones, not the full-fledged, articulated, phosphorescent skeleton that I had feared—and, somehow, grown to expect. **—Barnaby Conrad**

SLAUGHTER OF THE MULTITUDES

[*Continued from page* 45]

At that same moment there were other flocks crushing down the forests in Carolina, Pennsylvania, the Northwest Territory, Ontario. There is no reason to suppose that, of these other flocks, some might not have been larger than the one witnessed by Wilson.

It doesn't seem that we would be sticking our necks out to say that, of the estimated 3 billion persons alive on this planet today, the passenger pigeons didn't outnumber us a dozen times. There were more passenger pigeons during the years of their numbers and substance, slicing the air and weighting the trees of America, than there have been humans born since the dawn of time.

To carry numbers into something more readily recognizable, I've looked up the amount of square acreage in the land surface of Ohio. I selected Ohio because that's where Martha went to her quiet old-aged death. Land surface of Ohio measures about 26,073,600 acres. The flock which made the howl of its passing above Alexander Wilson's head could have put down 85 birds on every acre in Ohio.

The passenger pigeon was not only a big bird, it was a gorgeous bird. In length it was half again the size of the largest mourning dove seen today—about three times the size of the little ground dove of our southernmost states. That made it nearly as lengthy as a crow: but all resemblance stopped there.

If you fancy pastels instead of the sharper colors, the passenger pigeon was the most gorgeous thing we ever had around. Its back was slatish blue, its breast like ripening pale fruit. The iridescence of its neck remains alive on the old skins today . . . tarnish of a hundred years cannot remove its brilliance.

I remember examining a study collection at the Smithsonian, holding in my hands the stiff skins of many passenger pigeons. These had been put away carefully in drawers, locked in darkness with the odor of preservatives about them. They had been treasured well. But their shimmer was alive: an oily beauty, purple and green, the changeable satin allure of women's rustling taffeta.

Presently I went out into the street again, and standing there on Constitution Avenue, wondering about the long-dead birds I had been studying, I looked down at my feet and the live pigeons of modern Washington waddling about the steps and over the curbstone. Iridescence of the live birds was not so persuasive as that of their dried cousins in the halls behind me.

When they were not high in the air and bulleting at 60 mph (that's John James Audubon's guess; others reckoned as much as *100* mph) the pigeons fed across the surface of the earth. They churned through fields, pastures, swamps, forests. They disordered the growth like a monstrous colorful wheel. They trotted, cooing and burbling, seizing anything edible in their beaks, leaving the planet whitened behind them.

In every minute there was bound to become a new rear rank as multiple masses grazed their way forward. The best beech mast, tastiest acorns, fattest nuts and seeds—all these lay ahead and in profusion . . . the flock wallowed toward them. Birds in the rear rank did not wish to remain there, they did not desire to eat at second table. The instant they found themselves in the rear, they leaped into the air, whirled their way over treetops and among branches, and settled ahead of the voracious throngs.

But stay, there was now another rear rank, those individuals who had been next to the rear before. . . . *What? Remain here? Waddle in the wake of the herd? There'll be nothing to eat—the ones ahead will have eaten it all! Let us take to the air at once. Let* us *be the first rank!*

So it happened with the next clan, the next layer, the next files. Always and always there were slate-blue-and-peach bodies rising as if sucked by winds, billowing forward, easing down. First they were the first rank, then they were the middle rank, then they were at the rear again. They flew once more.

A British naturalist named John Bradbury roved up the Missouri River in 1811. He recalled that near the mouth of the Nodaway River he personally shot 271 pigeons, as fast as he could load and fire. "The birds," he wrote, "are so close to each other that the ground can scarcely be seen. . . . It is evident that the foremost ranks must be the most successful, and nothing will remain for the hindermost. . . . They succeed each other with so much rapidity that . . . a side view of them exhibits the appearance of the segment of a large circle, moving through the woods."

The whirl of that forward-moving feathered wheel served an extra purpose. Pigeons flying overhead would, by sheer weight and force of numbers, loosen quantities of the trees' fruit: nuts and seeds tumbled in a persistent shower. This worked an advantage for young birds that were running with the flock but could not yet fly.

Constantly it was observed that the youthful birds when in good feeding ground looked like two-headed monsters —their crops so stuffed, their long bodies so distorted.

They ate everything. Every acorn of the oak, every nut of the beech and other smaller nut trees; every nut of the hazel bush which they could find. Winged seeds of the ash and maple, wild grain, wild fruit, hackberries, elderberries, mulberries; hips of the wild rose; huckleberries, gooseberries, anything, anything. If denied other food, they would gobble young green shoots of any sort of vegetation. Not entirely herbivorous, they were found (when dissected and examined by scientifically-minded folk) to have also eaten all the grasshoppers, worms, grubs and caterpillars which they came across.

Audubon observed an enormous flock, then speculated on how much food it might require. His estimate: 8,712,000 *bushels per day.*

They were a curse to any advance of agrarian civilization. Plodding through native forests, they had left a mark of temporary destruction in the way of excreta: pungent burning of their manure made a blight on the growth. Still, this was repaired easily by rains and time.

But farmers were beginning to claim land all over the eastern and central United States. A farmer could go into his field and spend days sowing wheat or oats, either by hand or with the crude drills of the period; and then he might see every kernel plucked from the earth by a quick incursion of pigeon swarms.

TRUE

"I'm the one doctor out of ten who doesn't recommend aspirin."

Often the pioneers had to plant their ground three or four times in a spring. Many were wiped out; they could no longer afford to buy seed even on credit.

Was young corn sprouting when the birds came? Tender sprouts vanished under tapping beaks, and in minutes. Swelling cotyledons were pulled up and swallowed; soon the earth lay unimpregnated again. There was nothing to be seen or smelled except acrid manure of the beautiful bubbling scourge which had destroyed man's labor and hope.

Meanwhile, other farmers far ahead had just planted. When they heard the clamor of the "passage pigeons," as pioneers called them, they ran for their shotguns. They sent children dancing around the fields with cowbells, sent them banging on dishpans. Frantic wives shrieked, they flagged with their aprons. Birds settled down, a thousand, maybe a hundred thousand, with their awful fluid sound. They ignored this clownish intrusion upon their perpetual lunch. Guns banged, the threnody of hoots and hollering kept up. Then the rear rank rose, flew ahead; the second rank became the rear rank. They rose, flew. All harvest was gone, months before ever it was a harvest. The year's crop was gone when it had scarcely become a planting. . . .

The passenger pigeons were unpredictable, there was nothing like them in the ornithological realm. They flew when and where they would, often they disregarded the seasons, sometimes they were seen going north at the approach of cold weather, going south at the approach of warm. But as a general rule they appeared to observe a seasonal migration.

"They would fly like greased lightning. . . ." I told about this long ago. "And then a hawk would descend upon them, to wrench his meal from somewhere in the delicate pack. And then the pack would dive. They would go down like a wide blue streamer, and up again when they were safe once more—and on and on, into the north. The hawk would be gone one mile, or two; he would be gone to his dead limb among the pines, and perhaps he would feast on other birds; but all day long the wide, racing torrent would plunge downward at that identical point—down until they were all quite safe—and up again and toward the north. A million birds would dive. . . ."

They bred and nested quickly, sporadically. Commonly the females laid two eggs, but sometimes one, sometimes three. There were several nestings, several broods during the course of a year.

Nests were crude, much like the nests of other doves surviving today: rough thatched saucers, shallow, seeming to fall apart even as they were built. Male and female shared the labor of brooding, down to the split second. Weather caused a variance in the period of incubation. Eggs were never cold; but they hatched as early as the eleventh or twelfth day, and as late as the twenty-fourth.

"Passage pigeons" were messy, voracious, destructive, overwhelming. Beautiful they were, but dumb. Observers are unanimous in declaring them the most witless birds ever encountered.

A man might ride on horseback through the woods for 40 miles, and all in the same attenuated nesting . . . same burbling cries around him, same slobbery squabs tumbling from the nests to be crushed beneath hoofs on the ground . . . same stench of droppings, same masses of adult birds floundering home at dusk to populate branches of the trees with a weight almost past belief. Pioneer families were awakened again and again in the night by the cannon stroke of oak limbs broken under the impress of pigeons.

Audubon remarked that he saw trees over two feet in diameter broken off close to the ground, all by the birds. E. D. Nauman, writing of his boyhood in Iowa, describes a red oak tree adjacent to his father's farmhouse: a towering majestic plant which when its stump was examined eventually was found to be over 400 years old. Many of the largest limbs of this tree were shattered under tonnages of roosting pigeons.

Approach of the flocks, whether in whirling feeding fashion upon the ground, or 500 feet in the air, racing in horizon-to-horizon waves which took away the sunlight—the sound of their coming was likened to almost every great orchestral sound in creation. They were the howl of a gale whipping through torn rigging of a ship at sea; they were bells, they were artillery, they were a groan that came as if from below the circular sky, and frightened the babies who heard it.

They were good to eat. So everyone ate them. When explorers began to move among Indian villages of Canada and the eastern seaboard and, later, the old Northwest Territory east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio, they were stricken with wonder at quantities of pigeon fat and pigeon oil which the Indians had rendered. There might be a gallon of such grease ready at hand for every inhabitant of a village. The stuff served as lard and butter.

Boiled, baked, fried, put into pies, stewed, broiled, minced and poached; they were dainty fare any way you chose. All contemporary accounts speak of the delicious flavor and substance, so much more palatable than that of domestic pigeons.

Squabs were the real prize and they were easily come by. Stuffed in initial stages with pigeon milk secreted by their parents, and later with predigested food forced into their craws, they grew and swelled like bird creampuffs, immense and flavorable. No wonder that hordes of hunters specialized in squabs, and that thousands of families scorned the adult birds as meat.

You couldn't possibly waste the passenger pigeons, you see. If you saved only the breasts you could feed the rest to the hogs; whole counties full of people did just that. And family dogs had to eat as well; they doted on pigeons.

It wasn't hard to take the critters. Children scarcely able to walk could catch them, and often did. Children were dragged from their beds at night to accompany parents when they went raiding the pigeon roosts. Birds were terrified by sight of torches and bonfires, their stupid brains were addled. They fluttered helplessly, hopelessly. They were battered to the ground with clubs and then had their necks wrung.

They were dragged about in nets, and that wasn't on roosts alone—that was in daytime, in open fields which had been baited to attract them. A single operation of a large net could bring in as many as 250 *dozen* at a time.

"The settlers got them out of the groves," my grandmother told me. "They put up high boards on the sides of their lumber wagons—the big bang-boards that they used when picking corn. Then they'd have those wagon boxes filled right up to the top with pigeons. They'd drive across prairie to the railroad station, to try to ship the birds to market."

She said, "If they couldn't sell them all, and there was danger of the birds' spoiling, folks said they were real good for fertilizer."

Obviously the extension of rail lines and other forms of transportation throughout the Midwest and lower Canada was a contributing factor to the pigeons' doom. Big-city markets were screaming for their flesh throughout the sixth, seventh and eighth decades of the 19th century. City dwellers didn't get to see much of the birds in their wild state. Oh yes, there was that flight which went over Washington, D.C. in 1858, so immense as to darken the sun. And one time a flock settled down on the roof of the New York Custom House. But usually city dwellers only saw the pigeons after they were ready to be eaten.

Eaten they were. Forbush says that the New York market alone could absorb 100 barrels a day without change in price. But still there was often a glut. A man counted 40 boats rubbing their gunwales in the North River, and each of those boats—sloops or whatever they were—was loaded with a buff-and-blue cargo of pigeons. The birds were offered at 1¢ apiece; sometimes they went begging even at that price. Then . . . the hogs again. Or rich bodies going into the earth to make it richer.

Margaret H. Mitchell, accomplished Canadian ornithologist, published a magnificent work in 1936; a contribution of the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology. It was called *The Passenger Pigeon in Ontario,* and could be said to rank in importance above the excellent works by W. B. Mershon and John C. French, who were, as described by themselves, but "interested and enthusiastic laymen."

The charm, the mystery and puzzle of the species is discussed revealingly in Miss Mitchell's book.

She says: "At one time there were said to be 5,000 professional pigeoners operating in the United States, and it was possible for the individual to make from $10 to $40 a day in the height of the season which was during breeding."

Imagine that, in 1850, 1860 or 1870: $10 to $40 *a day.* Ordinary farmhands were often glad to get $5 a week and found. Forty dollars per *month* was a wage paid to men with excellent technical skill. . . .

For several generations people have tried to make a complex riddle out of

the disappearance and extinction of the passenger pigeons. It is really not necessary to do that.

There was talk of whole flights whirled into the Great Lakes by violent storms, or lost in the ocean as they sped along the Atlantic Coast. Indeed, a French sea captain arrived in Philadelphia in March, 1740, and told of observing a sea covered with dead pigeons for miles on end.

But, mind you, that was a hundred years and more *before* huge nestings were counted in Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan. No calamity of nature did away with the pigeons; the great calamity which they had to face was man. Man killed the young and, before long, there ceased to be any young. There were no young left to grow up and breed and carry on the race.

Forever it is the fashion to blame the sports gunner for a reduction in numbers of any wild creature sought popularly as game. But sportsmen had little or nothing to do with the extermination of our great wild doves. To be sure, every old muzzleloader was primed for pigeons whenever they came into a neighborhood. One man reports dropping 71 birds with one double-barreled blast; undoubtedly this slaughter was exceeded on many occasions when firing into thick-packed flocks.

Also the birds were live-trapped, and then parceled out to clubs for use as live targets. . . . "Messrs. Parrish and Williams, of the Seneca Gun Club, Seneca Falls, have contracted with Frank Chaffey for the immediate delivery of 12,000 wild pigeons to be used at the coming tournament." So reports *Forest and Stream*, under date of April 15, 1880.

According to Margaret Mitchell, the destruction of Chaffey's birds by gay gunners of Seneca Falls "created a storm of protest." Seriously, the shooting of live-trapped birds was never regarded in the United States with the light-hearted jollity prevailing in certain European countries. Somehow the spectacle of releasing a frightened pretty prisoner and then banging it to kingdom come "in its first ecstasy of freedom" went *agin' the grain* with Yankees and Canadians alike.

I began my study of the passenger pigeon back in 1934, and since then have read about every word on the subject which I could find. I estimate that the ordinary sportsman, shotgun in hand and lunch in pocket and hunting song in heart, accounted for about 1 percent of the pigeons' final attrition.

The professional pigeoners, the market hunters—these were the characters who turned the trick.

Market hunters, especially the squab hunters, used train and telegraph. Train and telegraph were available and they were bound to use them and thus earn their $40 per day.

It is a hideous story. A flock of billions nested in Missouri in the spring—April, to be exact—and there the majority of the squabs were killed by hunters. The flock arose, flew to Michigan. The same executioners followed them there, and they destroyed the next hatching of squabs. Desperately the pigeons flew northeast, in this case to New York. They nested "near the upper Beaverkill in the Catskills, in the lower part of Ulster County."

"I question nobody's religion, Miss Quigley."

Men used 15 tons of ice to pack the fresh shipment of squabs sent down to New York City from Ulster County.

All of a sudden there weren't any multitudes roaring through the skies. Half-witted mankind wondered why, and made up queer stories about it. Hurricanes, lightning, natural catastrophes. . . .

(One wonders idly what the progeny of the squab hunters are doing now—those intrepid professional slayers who followed the flocks from nesting to nesting, and did away with the fat helpless young by the million. I think I saw such a lineal descendant the other day. He had bulldozers, draglines and hydraulic barges. He was filling in one of our mangrove bays here in Florida, in order to make land where he could put up a shopping center complete with supermarkets.)

At last the end approached . . . a little flock here, a little flock there. Someone saw 200 birds up in the Michigan woods in 1898. In that same year other stragglers were shot near Detroit and in New York state. A female was killed at Bar Harbor in 1904, and a man named Hamilton thought that he had seen passenger pigeons circling above the Econfina River in 1907. A man named Anderson told of 25 passenger pigeons hunting forlornly across northern Florida in 1912. Ornithologists have thought that perhaps he made a mistake; those might have been doves of another variety.

A few attempts were made to breed the creatures in captivity, none successful.

My novel, published in 1938, told of a man who offered a fortune for a pair of passenger pigeons and finally acquired them. He wished to restore the race.

I remember discussing this with Dr. E. N. Bressman of the U.S. Department of Agriculture; with Joseph H. Riley, associate curator of birds at the Smithsonian; and with Dr. Harry C. Oberholser of the U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey. Also there was the contribution of an old friend of my Des Moines days, the Hon. Henry A. Wallace, then Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Wallace knows his genetics.

The consensus was that the original passenger pigeon race could never be restored, even if you came into possession of a healthy male and female of the species. They needed space, they needed vast numbers. Some creatures find it impossible to exist in numbers below a certain level. Either they refuse to breed or else they grow sterile.

Artificially, perhaps, it might have been managed. That would have been by crossing the native passenger pigeon with birds of allied species—say mourning doves or the common domestic pigeon—restoring thus their fecundity; and then slowly breeding out all acquired characteristics, until one had left seemingly a new race of passenger pigeons identical with the old. . . .

But such is an exercise of theory and speculation, even on the part of natural scientists. Likely there would have been a gimmick to interfere somewhere along the line.

Man stands red-handed when his relations with birds and beasts are reviewed. Especially does the native American stand with blood dripping. But we never made another slaughter like this. We could not have done so had we wished and tried, for there were never any other birds like these.

We look up at the empty air above those scraps of forest which remain to us now, and we wonder how it was when the skies were full and booming.

—MacKinlay Kantor

BEATNIKS FOR KICKS, MURDER FOR MONEY

[*Continued from page* 42]

beats. Vaunted Fire Island in New York is a human zoo. The beats have ruined Hydra, the most spectacular of all the Greek islands. But it was to Ibiza that they gave the supreme accolade, the accolade of murder.

Although the people in its cafes come in all ages and nationalities, and every known variety of sex, they are united, curiously, by a common facial expression. It is as though they had never tried to hold their faces to the mirror of nature with any expectation of seeing returned such images as achievement, success, or even effort. They look at each other in comfort, because they are merely looking at themselves.

There is a reason why so many of them chose Ibiza rather than, say, Capri. Spain is one of the last countries in the world where it is truly cheap to live, thus eliminating the money balance that keeps most of us erect on our social and moral keels. And Spain is also great for narcotics. Heroin is not easy, although plenty is smuggled in, but one can have all the *khif*—a kind of marijuana—one wants for about 20 cents a reefer.

The first members of the to-be-homicidal party to make their pad on Ibiza were Jim Johnston of Bluejacket, Oklahoma, and his Spanish girl friend, Maria del Pilar Alfaro. There was nothing particularly wrong with Johnston. He was 28, and described himself as an English-language teacher. This, to the trained observer of Americans-in-Europe, is a dead giveaway, a polite euphemism, the way a prostitute describes herself as a "model." In Europe, any American who calls himself broadly an English-language teacher is a bum. In many countries of Europe, most notoriously in Switzerland, any American on the skids, whatever his education, can get a job as an English teacher in one of the private schools for children whose parents are too rich to care.

A gentle fellow, Johnston was well liked by his fellow beats. Maria—a little older, small, scarcely 5 feet tall, and pretty, with limpid brown eyes—was a girl of no training or talent, but she made enough money as a domestic to keep her and her boy friend in *khif*. That was enough.

This soft, nondescript couple was joined by another—two very different specimens of humanity, Jack and Nancy Hand, of Southfield, Michigan. Although they bore the same name they were not married—to each other. Nancy was Jack's sister-in-law, married to his brother, and Jack was keeping her warm while his brother sweated out a narcotics rap in a French jail. Hand was a jazz musician, deeply addicted to narcotics but a smoothie and a charmer, with a good line of talk; and although he was nearly 40 and going bald, he was irresistible to women. As a musician he was said to be talented, although no one ever heard him play. Nancy was beautiful, 27, utterly amoral, and as tough as Jack Hand himself.

These four became regulars at the Ciosca Bar, smoking together, drinking together, idling away the days and weeks and months under the Mediterranean sun, content as long as the money held out.

Then, in the summer of 1962, they were joined by yet two others, vastly different still—so much so that even today it is hard to imagine Joan Bryden mixed up in the story at all. Joan was a Scottish girl, just 20, and only recently fallen from grace. The daughter of well-to-do-parents, she had worked as a librarian and Sunday-school teacher, but a juvenile revolt against respectability drove her away to Chelsea, the Greenwich Village of London. There she wrote a novel about Bohemian life called *Search For Unity*, which achieved nothing but a rich variety of rejection-slip stationery.

Joan had put all her young love into the novel, and its failure had a traumatic effect on her. She answered a want ad offering berths for an all-girl crew under a New Zealand skipper, Martin Brent, which was to sail round the world.

Her parents received the news with a terrible uproar. Brent, they learned, was an adventurer with a long police record, but Joan was determined to go.

COMING . . .

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KING OF THE STAND-UP COMICS

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

She accompanied him to his yacht, the *Amalia*, and, as things turned out, she provided the entire complement of crew, galley staff and mistress.

They made it as far as Ibiza, and as the boat glided in, the beauty of the island's appearance, with its dazzling white fishermen's cottages against the cobalt skies, filled Joan's poetic soul with joy. She did not know what the word "beat" meant, or what *khif* was. Corruption had not penetrated very far into the girl. For her, Ibiza was the place she had read about in travel magazines—populated through history by Chaldeans, Egyptians, Phoenicians, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs and finally the Spanish, each people leaving their mark and even a name for the island—a mellifluous roll of romance: Aivis, Ebusus, Ibosim, Yebisah, and, in the end, Ibiza, which the Spaniards pronounce "Ibeetha." Truly an island paradise—until one meets the beats.

Brent and Joan tied up the yacht and walked hand in hand along the dock of the town of Ibiza to the car-rental office. Joan wore a pastel bolero and shorts. England, home, and Sunday school were an eternity away.

They hired a Dauphine and made a tour of exploration of the magic island to quaint little villages like San Antonio and San Agustin. In front of them lizards scuttled from before the car wheels, and the sun-whitened dust flailed behind them like the wake of a speedboat. At a bus stop a man and a girl hailed them with their thumbs, and the dust caught up and engulfed them all as Brent brought the car to a halt with a rattle of loose stones and pebbles.

"Can you give us a lift back to Ibiza?" the man asked in English. He was forty-ish and good-looking, with a confident, friendly smile.

"Hop in, sport," said Brent. He introduced himself and Joan.

"Jack Hand," said the man. "This is my sister-in-law, Nancy Hand. Are you an Australian?"

"New Zealand. Same accent. Almost. Different country."

"I'm Scottish," said Joan. "You are obviously Americans. United Nations."

The foursome drove together to the main town, and had a drink, inevitably, at the Ciosca. For Joan, her euphoria was complete. She was with her lover, talking to two charming, sophisticated American strangers, drinking sherry, looking out over a Mediterranean waterfront unchanged in centuries—except for the sleek contemporary lines of Chris-Crafts, Rivas, Baglíettos and Christinas swaying in the harbor, their masts meshing and unmeshing, the property of energetic tourists. The rest of the world could wait. Joan was in love—with an island.

In this fashion the new friends idled away a week or two, Brent and Joan sleeping in the *Amalia*, the Hands in a room at their boarding house. But then Brent received a telegram which snapped him sharply out of his lethargy. What it said he revealed to none of the others, but it effectively removed him from the story. He said hastily to Hand, "Jack, sport, I have to do a bunk, and I can't take Joanie along. Can you look after her for a while?"

There were tears in Joan's eyes. She was tall and tanned, her hair bleached by the sun, unshakeably naive—so far. Hand looked at her. "I'll do my best," he said, "sport."

And so, as Lowell Thomas used to say in his travelogues, Brent bade a reluctant farewell to fair Ibiza. The reluctance must have turned to deep relief when, weeks later, wherever he was, he read of the horrendous fate of his old friends.

For Hand, and for the amoral Nancy, there began first the delectable task of corrupting Joan Bryden. To a man of Hand's experience and charm, the seduction bit was easy. Soon the three of them shared the same bed. Then came what the French delicately call *partouses*, or mass orgies. Finally came the *khif*, to close the last door behind Joan's progress to ruin. Within a few weeks she was an addict.

Now they were a fivesome, with Jim Johnston, the charming, soft-spoken English-language teacher, and Maria. The cast of killers was almost—but not quite—complete. They met every mail-time at the Ciosca, drank absinthe at less

than a nickel a glass, and smoked their reefers. Joan opened her letters only to see whether there was money inside. The urgent pleas from her parents begging her to come home she tore up unread.

But the deadbeat life is not so simple and carefree as it looks. On the contrary, it is vastly more complicated than that of the breadwinner and wage-earner, because such things as drug addiction, drink, money, sex are all extremely complex entities, especially when indulged in together.

Jack Hand was involved in them all. However much he shunned the thought, he just had to take a job. Nancy Hand was pregnant, a condition which promised to make Hand uncle and father to the same child. There was no work to be had on Ibiza. He packed his few belongings and his two mistresses, said good-by to Johnston and Maria, and flew to Barcelona, where he took a job managing a sleazy club called the Jamboree.

Located just off the Ramblas, the dock quarter of Barcelona, the Jamboree catered to prostitutes and merchant sailors. Hand installed Nancy and Joan as *entraineuses,* girls who encourage customers to buy champagne—and get a cut of the profits.

So the exclusive little club on Ibiza dwindled, with Hand, Nancy and Joan gone, Brent disappeared. Only Johnston and Maria were left. But not for long. The key figure in the conspiracy was about to make his appearance.

Jim Wagner was 21, and came from Union Beach, New Jersey. He was a dark-haired, blue-eyed, clean-cut American boy, or so he seemed. Inevitably he met his fellow American, Johnston, with the other drifters. Such is the moral flaccidity of beat life on Ibiza that nobody seemed surprised when he revealed quite calmly that he was a deserter from the American Army, and had hitchhiked all the way from Germany. They soon found out why. "Where do I get the junk?" he asked.

Buying drugs could not have been easier, as long as he had the money. But then came the problem that had earlier driven Hand and his girls to the big city.

"If only we could rob someone," said Wagner one day over brandy, swatting the flies on the table.

Johnston sneered. "Who can you rob on Ibiza? The society families are too well protected by the Guardia Civil. As for the rest, they're in the same straits as us."

"We could pull off a job in Seville, maybe, and fly back here."

"These things have to be planned," said Johnston. "They take time." In the gloomy silence, brains as sluggish as cotton waste moved slowly, in circles.

Then Maria snapped her fingers. "I have idea. Rovirosa."

"Who?"

"Rovirosa." Maria spoke excitedly in her imperfect English. "He my boy friend one time. Maybe two times. He has big shop in Barcelona. Always a lot of money in his pockets. People, anybody, go to Rovirosa, say, 'Francisco, lend me money.' He lends money, never asks for it back."

Wagner thought about it. "We'll get more if we hit him over the head than if we just hold our hands out."

Who was Rovirosa? Only Maria knew. And she did not care. For beats, smoking their reefers, drinking their brandy at a nickel a shot, the idea of robbing Rovirosa was a heady thought. Having nothing else to ponder, they made discussion of how to pull the job off become almost a way of life. Day followed day in the drawing up of plans. But for every great undertaking there comes a moment of truth. All things are easy to map out for next month, next week, tomorrow. The moment of truth comes when one decides that the time is *now*. And when that moment came, the English teacher turned chicken.

"I don't think I can go through with it, Jim," Johnston said. "I'm just not the violent type."

Wagner flew into a hysterical junkie's rage, and Johnston listened to his curses with bowed shoulders.

"I can't pull this off by myself," Wagner yelled. "I need a lookout man."

Johnston spoke up eagerly, seeing his chance to get off the hook. "I know just the fellow. His name is Jack Hand. I'll give you a letter of introduction."

Contemptuously, Wagner agreed. Next day he took the morning flight from Ibiza to Barcelona and made his way to the Ramblas. There he found the Jamboree, which, with chairs piled high on the tables, had opened its doors early as usual for the cleaning women. Though the hour for business had not arrived, Hand, Nancy and Joan were already at work, cleaning glasses.

Wagner showed his letter, and they removed themselves to a quiet corner, where he explained his scheme.

Hand said, "When do we pull it off?"

"Now."

Hand blinked. "How?"

Wagner spelled out the details. "We need a weapon to threaten him with. You'll keep a lookout on the street, while I do the job. I'm used to this kind of thing"—he threw the line out casually—"I've done it before."

Hand was impressed. Wagner *looked* like a Hollywood tough guy. Even his name, Jim Wagner, sounded like the handle a Hollywood script writer might invent for a movie tough guy. He obviously knew what he was doing.

"I'll rough him up just enough," Wagner decided, "to delay his giving the alarm, and then we'll take separate taxis outside and meet at your boarding house. You better write down where it is because I don't speak any Spanish."

Hand scrawled the address. In this way a pact was sealed between strangers against another stranger, a plot as barren and dry as the earth of Ibiza itself.

"The next question," said Wagner, "is the weapon. Do you have a gun?"

Hand shook his head.

"What have we got," Wagner mused, "that could frighten this guy?"

Nobody knew. They combed the club until, in the kitchen, Nancy found a butcher's mallet used for tenderizing meat. "It will have to do," said Wagner, without enthusiasm.

Leaving the girls behind, Wagner and Hand emerged from the dusk of the club into the brilliant sunlight. Hand was in his shirtsleeves, Wagner in a windbreaker and jeans. They hailed a taxi and gave Rovirosa's address.

Wagner asked his confederate, "How do you say in Spanish, 'I want all your money'?"

Hand's Spanish was scarcely better than Wagner's. Junkies have other things to think about than learning the language of the country that offers them a home. *"Quiero todo dinero,"* he said uncertainly.

It was approaching 1 o'clock, the time Spaniards begin to think of leaving their offices and having a few sherries before lunch, which they rarely start until 3. No doubt Rovirosa, too, was looking forward to his first apéritif of the day. All the way to the rendezvous, Wagner kept repeating to himself, *"Todo dinero. Todo dinero. Todo dinero."*

They found the Rovirosa furniture store on a quiet street in the residential section of Barcelona. Both men were trembling with tension. Hand, at the last moment terrified, nonetheless took his stand at the corner outside, and saw Wagner disappear into the store. There was an agonizing interval of perhaps a minute and then. . . . Hand heard shouts, the sounds of a struggle, furniture overturning, curses in English and Spanish. He looked wildly around for a taxi, mercifully found one passing, and leaped into it. As he gave the cabdriver his address, he saw Wagner running out of the store with face as gray as clay, his clothes splashed in bright blood. Wagner turned in the opposite direction and disappeared round a corner.

Rovirosa lay crumpled in the silent store, dead. His head was smashed in. Blood was everywhere, over the contemporary display furniture, over the floor, over the counter. A bloody hand had reached into the cash register and emptied it. In his eulogy it could be said of Rovirosa that he died a man without enemies. But that did not help his widow and children.

At the boarding house door, Hand was shaking too hard to fit the key in the lock. He banged on the panel and stumbled inside as Nancy opened up. "I don't know what happened," he gasped. "Something went wrong."

A few seconds later—not more—the door banged again, and as the two jumped, they heard Wagner's muffled voice: "Let me in."

Nancy pulled the door wide, and screamed. Wagner rushed in, his windbreaker and jeans dripping red. Although he was shaking, too, he was more in control of himself than Hand, and as he stripped off his clothes, he talked.

"He fought. He was a big guy, and he wasn't scared. He wouldn't give in. I had to hit him over the head. I think I killed him. I grabbed all the money I could and ran."

He pulled from his pockets handfuls of peseta bills, but when Hand and Nancy saw the color, their hearts sank. They were all of small denominations.

"How much?" Wagner asked anxiously.

Hand and Nancy counted the pile. "Two thousand pesetas," said Hand. "Or in our money, about $33."

The three conspirators looked at each other aghast. The full horror of what they had perpetrated dawned on them. The flimsy carapace of *khif* which covered their brains was cracked and splintered. They, Americans, had committed murder in a fierce, foreign country—for what was little more than a round-trip air fare between Barcelona and Ibiza.

From now on they thought only of escape, and their behavior was panic-stricken, irrational. Nancy sat down in front of her mirror and dyed her blond hair red. Hand wrapped the bloody garments of Wagner in a towel. At this moment Joan arrived by taxi, and Hand thrust the parcel roughly into her arms.

Joan shrank back, terrified and hysterical. "I don't want to know what's inside," she cried. "I don't want to know what happened. I don't want to know."

Hand shook her by the shoulders until she was calmer, then picked up some pesetas from the table. "Tonight," he said, "you will take the boat back to Ibiza. When you are well out to sea, throw this bundle into the water. In Ibiza, lie low with Jim Johnston and Maria until I send for you."

Joan was still completely under Hand's domination. She nodded and left. The plotters split up. Joan caught the boat, but she did not throw the parcel into the sea. She hung onto it until she met Johnston, and they burned it together.

All these evasive actions, of course, were the inflamed product of terror. It was the most moronic, botched-up, amateurish murder imaginable. Within a few hours of the discovery of the body, all the conspirators were in jail—Wagner, Hand, Nancy, Joan, Johnston and Maria. There, thanks to the snaillike progress of Spanish law, they languished for the next 16 months. Life in a Spanish jail proved to be a most unpleasant experience. Nancy Hand was roughly delivered of her child in the prison hospital. Joan, purged of all ideas of the joys of Bohemianism, became just an ordinary Scottish girl again, but she shared a communal cell with gypsies and prostitutes who jeered at her when she tried to read her Bible. Hand lost 20 pounds and came to look like something out of a concentration camp.

All this time the Spanish newspapers fanned the fury of public opinion. By any standards it was as repelling a crime as can possibly be imagined. That a perfectly innocent—and, moreover, courrageous—citizen could be ruthlessly clubbed to death by a band of drug-sodden foreigners taking advantage of the nation's hospitality, was something any country would regard as intolerable, and Spaniards burn with the fiercest heat on earth. Paradoxically, their bitterest anger was directed not against the foreigners, but against Maria, who seemed in a way to have soiled the name of Spain by her association with such renegades.

The atmosphere in Barcelona when the case finally came to trial last March was so tense that police reinforcements had to be called from other towns. The vans taking the girls from the jail to the court were spat at and pelted with rotten eggs, and they ran a gantlet of insults. "Death! Death!" the Spaniards cried to their faces.

Death, in this case, promised to be especially disagreeable. The Spanish form of execution is the garrote. The condemned criminal is seated on a stool. A metal collar, projecting from a vertical post behind the execution seat, is fastened round his neck, and a screw is tightened until he is dead. The Spaniards say it is all very quick and humane, that the neck snaps instantly at the top of the spinal column. But Spaniards have been known to say that the bulls don't hurt the horses. One is entitled to have doubts, particularly when one remembers that the Spanish Inquisition gave condemned people the choice of garroting or burning at the stake.

Within the court, the atmosphere reminded reporters of a bullfight, but a bullfight from which any element of sport or mystic uplift had been burned away. The thousand spectators packed into the great, stifling room wanted blood and pain.

The impact of this wave of hate was felt like the screw itself on the necks of the defendants, as they sat before the five capped judges. All three girls wore dark glasses to hide their emotion, and wept frequently, Joan almost incessantly. Among the spectators, her parents sat, elderly, well dressed, in dumb misery.

But now, unexpectedly, the sordid story of the Ibiza beats took on itself just a shred of decency. The prosecutor had stated sardonically that "just how it happened, only James Wagner and God know." Wagner picked up this gauntlet and waved it. He took full responsibility for the murder. No, he said, Hand did not know they were going to Rovirosa to rob or murder him. He thought they were going to ask for a loan. No, Joan Bryden had no idea of what was in the parcel. Johnston, he said, had nothing to do with the crime at all.

But the evidence contradicted him: the letter of introduction, Nancy's search for a mallet, Joan's presence among the killers holding a parcel of bloody clothes. The court ignored Wagner.

The judges, after one of the longest trials in Spanish history, handed down their verdict: guilty. Wagner was sentenced to prison for 30 years, the longest term ever given in Spain to an American. Hand and Johnston both received 21 years. Nancy Hand got 12 years, Joan Bryden six. Maria del Pilar Alfaro was given 23 years, a punishment that aroused the spectators in court to pandemonium and renewed shouts of "Death! Death!" The idea of Maria's being throttled slowly had been giving them considerable vicarious pleasure.

All three girls burst into a wail of tears after the judges had spoken. Wagner, too, bowed his head and wept. Johnston looked with sunken, horrified eyes into space. Jack Hand managed a wry smile.

The trial was over and the prisoners were taken away. Only Joan Bryden has anything to look forward to. Her 16 months in jail waiting to know her fate count against her sentence. She will probably be released in a year or so. For the rest, their lives are over. They have made their exit from humanity into the endless night of a Spanish prison.

I went back to Ibiza after the trial. The sun poured down in blinding waves, and the place was endlessly eerie. Ibiza is almost waterless, so that flowers grow without perfume, and the smells are of cheap gasoline, drains, goats and *khif*.

In the cafes the beats huddled over mail from home, dark glasses hiding reality from their washed-out eyes. The mail told them nothing they did not know already. Their bank accounts were red. Their wives wanted alimony. Their sexy addiction-novels had been rejected. They talked about the murder eagerly, but apprehensively, in a kind of fear of "there but . . . go I." I think the moral has sunk into their soft, *khif*-poisoned brains. If this is so, society may count itself slightly safer. —**Geoffrey Bocca**

HOW TO GET RICH IN WASHINGTON

[*Continued from page* 49]

Robert Latham Owen. Owen, a part-Cherokee Indian getting along in years but still keen of eye, had served three six-year terms as a United States senator from Oklahoma, then remained in Washington to practice law. A vain man who ate, drank and slept money, Owen told Roll that he had hit the multi-million-dollar jackpot early in life by representing the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Western Cherokees of Oklahoma in their monetary skirmishes with Uncle Sam. Owen had founded the First National Bank of Muskogee and, during his 18 years in the Senate, had for a time been chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency.

"I understand you've come to town on a certain mission involving hydroelectric power," Owen said, with a wink. "Here's my card. Whenever you're in need of any legal advice you'll know who to call on."

The ex-senator was a man who enjoyed a finger or four of booze and, noticing that Roll was sticking to ginger ale, asked him if he had ulcers. "No," answered Roll, "it's simply that I promised my mother when she was on her death bed that I would always continue to respect laws of all kinds. I shall never touch a drop of drink until prohibition is repealed out of respect for my dear mother. God rest her soul." By the time he was through with his no-booze explanation, Roll, who appeared to be an emotional man, was practically in tears.

Next morning, Owen was telling a legal associate about Roll and how it had been so refreshing to run into somebody who had such respect for the statutes.

"Roll, Roll," Owen's associate said. "Where'd you say this man comes from, Senator?"

"Never did ask him," replied Owen. "Why do you ask?"

"I've seen that name in a report of some kind not so long ago. Can't place where at the moment but maybe I'll think of it."

Owen could think of little else but laying his hands on a chunk of Ford's loot. He hired a man to keep tabs on Roll. About a week later, his Sherlock turned up a piece of information that made Roll sound like the real thing. Roll went into the Senate Office Building one day and who did he come out with but Senator Dwight W. Morrow of New Jersey. As Roll and the senator walked toward their limousines, they were chatting and gesticulating in such a way as to indicate that they were lifelong companions.

Roll's association with Morrow made sense. Morrow was known to be a close friend of Henry Ford and he was a partner in the J. P. Morgan bank in New York where Ford's $88 million would be lying. Moreover, a man of Morrow's prestige would be an important factor when the time came to whip the Senate into line to approve a Muscle Shoals lease. Everything about this looked good enough to be true.

The next day Owen got a call from Roll asking him if he could drop over to the Shoreham immediately, and Owen was practically there before he hung up the phone. Roll was on the phone, beneath a big oil painting of Henry Ford, when Owen arrived. "Okay, Sir Henry," Owen heard Roll say. "I'll talk to you again later in the week." Roll smiled at Owen. "That Sir Henry business is a little joke I have with Mr. Ford," he explained. "He gets quite a kick out of it."

Roll thanked Owen for coming to the Shoreham so promptly. They chatted idly for a few moments; then the telephone rang. This time, apparently, it was Morrow. "That man I spoke to you about is here right now, Senator," Roll said. "I'll phone you back after we have had our discussion."

Roll went to a desk and opened a dispatch case stuffed with documents having red, blue and gold ribbons fluttering from wax seals. He picked out one document for Owen. It was a letter on the stationery of

HENRY FORD
Dearborn, Michigan

Dated the previous November 24, and signed "Henry Ford," it read in part as follows:

My Dear Mr. Roll:

After receiving your good letter of the 20th I called our mutual friend Dwight W. Morrow . . . and after he had said so many nice and complimentary things about you, I feel sure that you are the man to handle the Muscle Shoals situation and I am very glad to have you with me in this undertaking.

I also have letters from two of the banks you gave me as references and both are exceptionally strong letters.

. . . I am willing to pay eighty-eight million dollars . . . to acquire a ninety-nine year lease on a royalty basis. I am willing to pay you the eighty-eight million and you to pay the Government as little as you get the property for. The difference between the cost price and the eighty-eight million shall be your fee for services. . . . In the event that no deal materializes you are to receive a flat fee of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for your services.

"My God," said Owen, handing the letter back to Roll. "If you put this deal through for say $80 million, that would be a cut of $8 million just for you."

"Yes," said Roll. "It would be a darned nice sum, wouldn't it."

Now Roll got down to the details. He had, he said, had Owen investigated since they met at Mrs. McLean's, and found him to be of the impeccable character that he and Ford demanded of the man who would head their Washington legal corps.

"You mean," asked Owen, "you've picked me to head things?"

Roll smiled briskly and nodded.

Now Owen, who couldn't wait, asked Roll: "What will the salary be?"

"A hundred," said Roll.

"A hundred?" repeated Owen. "A hundred what, Mr. Roll?"

"One hundred thousand dollars a year," answered Roll. "And from now on, Senator, just call me Dave."

Since Ford had to personally okay anybody who was getting a hundred grand or more a year in the Muscle Shoals project, Roll said, it would be necessary for Owen to accompany him to Detroit to meet Henry. Owen agreed.

On the train ride West, Owen, for the first time, asked Roll a few idle questions about his background. Roll said he had been born in England of American missionary parents and educated at Oxford on a scholarship. He went on to say that he had made one fortune on coffee in Brazil, another on pineapples in Hawaii and a third on peanuts in Virginia. "And

TRUE

"You were kind enough to give me a reference when you fired me, so I took it to Personnel and was re-hired."

now," he said, "I'm tied up in gold in Mexico."

Arriving in Detroit in the early morning, the two men checked into diggings in the Book-Cadillac where they were to stand by for a phone call from Henry. Roll unpacked, then said he thought he'd go out for his daily walk, Owen to hold the fort.

Shortly after Roll departed, the phone rang. "This is Mr. Ford," were the querulous words that came through the receiver to Owen. "Lemme talk to Mr. Roll."

"Mr. Roll isn't here at the moment, Mr. Ford," said Owen. "Shall I have him call you immediately when he returns, sir?"

The man on the wire answered the question with one of his own: "Who is this I'm talkin' to, Senator Owen?"

"Yes, Mr. Ford."

"I've been hearin' some mighty fine things about you from Dave," came the words. "I'm awful sorry, but some problems have come up with them damned Chevrolet people and I won't be able to see you. But why can't we have our talk right now on the phone?"

By the time Owen had answered 15 minutes of questions about himself, he heard the enchanting news: "You've passed your test right over the phone, Senator. Tell Dave I said to start gettin' your contract made up." Thus, the "deal" was made, and Roll and Owen left Detroit on the same day they arrived.

On the train going back to Washington, Owen was elated, but Roll was strangely depressed. He showed Owen a deed for a 93,000-acre gold mine in Sonora, Mexico. Then he flashed a letter from Dwight Morrow on J. P. Morgan stationery making him a standing offer of $11 million for the property.

Owen couldn't quite understand how anybody with 11 million clams at his disposal could possibly be depressed. Roll explained that he had just made a $2-million cash settlement on his wife in a separation proceeding but was $57,000 short in settling up a $200,000 legal fee. Owen couldn't see much of a problem in that, turning his gaze to the $11-million offer.

"That gold mine is my problem, Senator," said Roll. "Outside of that $11 million, I'm absolutely broke and if I borrowed so much as a hundred dollars on that mine the Morgan people would find some way of reducing their offer by a million or more."

Owen, with long experience as a fiscal arm twister, not only saw Roll's plight but a golden opportunity to get farther into the man's good graces. "Let me lend you that $57,000, Dave," he said. Owen had quite a struggle convincing Roll it would be perfectly ethical for him to lend the money, but by the time the train pulled into Union Station he had won out.

By now scores of lawyers in Washington, through the grapevine, had gotten wind of Roll and the Muscle Shoals deal and, realizing that an extensive legal staff would be required, were battering down the door of Roll's suite to make a pitch for some of the loot. There were problems in the air for the other lawyers, though. While Owen was standing by for a big Detroit law firm to draw up his Ford contract, which could take months, Roll had acquired a secretary and right-hand man—a meek little guy who looked almost as honest as Roll. He was down on the Shoreham register simply as J. Jones, Chicago, Illinois. The barristers who were seeking audience with Roll found a stumbling block in the form of Jones.

One mouthpiece, stalled by Jones time after time when he tried to contact Roll, sniffed a rodent. "I think," this lawyer said to Jones, "you have your hand out."

"Maybe," smirked Jones.

"How the hell are you working it?"

"Mr. Roll is too busy a man to do the checking on applicants for all the legal jobs he's going to have, so I do it. He'll take my word on anything. I've been with him for years."

"What's your price?"

"If I get you a one-year contract at $100,000 my price is $17,500 cash in advance."

"Suppose," said the lawyer, "I got word to Mr. Roll about what you're up to."

"He wouldn't believe you. He thinks I'm as honest as he is."

The lawyer, agreeing to the deal if he got a contract, was ushered in to see the great man. He found Roll just finishing a chapter in the Bible. "Greatest book ever written," Roll said to the mouthpiece. "We'd have more honesty in the world if people would do more Bible reading."

Questioning the visitor about his qualifications to board the Muscle Shoals legal ship, Roll was particularly searching when it came to the man's private life. He didn't mind a cigarette smoker, he said, though both he and Mr. Ford were strongly opposed to nicotine. Drinking, though, even a snifter, was strictly out. So, naturally, were babes.

"I don't mind telling you I like your face," Roll said as he put an arm around the lawyer and ushered him to the door. "Jones will look into your qualifications and you'll be hearing from us." Less than a week later, the lawyer got the glad tidings from Jones. "Your contract will be coming through from Detroit in due course," Jones told him. "So now I'll take mine—in cash."

The march of the mouthpieces was under way. The contracts that were promised to them were for varying amounts and Jones was grabbing whatever the traffic would bear. All of the suckers were sworn to secrecy about the fact that they had been signed up for Henry Ford. Word had come through from Dearborn, it seemed, that Henry wanted as little talk as possible about the Muscle Shoals project until more had been accomplished quietly by Dwight Morrow.

Owen, anxious to lay hands on the first of his money, kept after Roll for the contract. "Keep your shirt on, Senator," said Roll. "It's taking a little more time than we figured on because there's a big surprise in it for you."

"What kind of a surprise?"

"Money. You made a wonderful impression on Mr. Ford over the phone that day so I thought I'd take advantage of it for you and ask for more money. Anyway, there's going to be a lot more legal problems to Muscle Shoals than I first figured on."

It wasn't until one day in August that Roll phoned Owen to say that the first draft of the contract had arrived. Owen hustled right over. He saw, in the middle of 30-odd pages of legal mumbo-jumbo on the stationery of a prominent Detroit law firm, a clause that made his eyes bug. Instead of being paid a lousy hundred grand he was to receive, after the months that would be consumed in comma changing, a quarter of a million.

The ex-senator let out an involuntary whoop. "This is great!" he shouted. "How can I thank you, Dave?"

Roll cleared his throat and replied that, since Owen had asked the question, he had the answer. He needed another 25 grand, in cash for odds and ends, until he started collecting on either Muscle Shoals money or on his gold mine. Owen, rereading that big raise in the draft, never flinched.

Then one day in October, more than eight months after Roll had met the senator at Mrs. McLean's, Dwight Morrow suddenly died at his estate in Englewood, New Jersey. Roll was devastated at the sudden passing of his dear friend and Owen dropped over to his hotel quarters with a bottle of rye. He had to convince Roll that the whisky was prescription stuff from a drug store and that it would thus be legal for him to partake of it. Within an hour, the two men were properly anesthetized.

Returning to Washington, Roll got some bad news—or so he said. His man Jones had folded his tent in the night and decamped. A few days afterward, one of the attorneys who had forked over money to Jones when Jones said a contract was being made up, dropped in on Roll and asked him what was happening to the contract.

"What contract?" asked Roll.

"Why, the one Jones said you'd okayed."

"I never okayed any contract for you, my good fellow. My report on you was very good but I hadn't gotten around to you yet."

"But Jones said you had."

Roll began to cross-examine the lawyer and wasn't long in getting the man's story: he had paid a big chunk of graft to Jones to get things going.

The lawyer began to threaten. "Hold on," said Roll. "You are a prominent lawyer, aren't you? Well, suppose the word got out that you had paid graft to a petty thief to get a contract for yourself. How do you think that would look to the public and to the people you do business with?"

That closed the mouth of the mouthpiece. It was the tack that Roll was to use when the other lawyers who had been bilked came forward. But Roll held out hope to all of them. He would see to it, when the Muscle Shoals project began to roll, that they got contracts that would more than make up for the graft they had paid to the vanished Jones. Not a single one of the lawyers, and there were about a dozen, so much as suspected that Jones had been working in cahoots with Roll.

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Roll, swearing all of the taken attorneys to secrecy under threat of no future contracts, succeeded in keeping the Jones story from Owen. Not that Owen was thinking very much about anybody but himself. He was in Roll's suite one day a couple of months after the death of Morrow and Roll was in the bathroom when the phone rang. "See who that is, will you, Senator?" Roll called through the bathroom door.

When Owen answered, it was a long-distance operator from Dearborn for Mr. Roll. Roll took the call and listened to the man on the other end; he narrowed his eyes and occasionally cast them toward Owen. "I agree with you, Sir Henry," Roll was saying. "He's just the man to replace Dwight because he knows practically everybody in the Senate by his first name. Of course we'll have to adjust that quarter-of-a-million business with this new turn things are taking."

The news Owen got when Roll hung up was that he was to take Morrow's place as liaison with the Upper House, in addition to his other duties. The Detroit lawyers were now going to junk that quarter-million contract and start work on one calling for a larger and yet-to-be determined sum. Owen had yet to feel so much as a sawbuck of the Ford loot but, since delay meant more in the end, he never whimpered. All the while, with so much money in the air, Roll continued hitting Owen for five, 10 or 25 grand according to his estimate of what the traffic would bear.

All this time, of course, Owen hadn't done a lick of work since Roll thought labor would be unethical before money changed hands. Then, in July, 1932, a year and a half after Roll had come to Washington, he showed Owen a new contract he had just received from Ford. The new document continued his old one for two years with one big change: If no Muscle Shoals deal materialized, Roll was to receive $1 million a year for his services instead of the quarter of a million called for in the first contract.

"Whatever became of the quarter of a million you got for your first year's work, Dave?" Owen asked casually.

"Legal services on the Mexican property," said Roll, adding that he didn't think he would sell to Morgan because it now appeared to be worth more than $11 million.

Owen had only a canceled check for his first loan to Roll, the rest—about another hundred thousand—having been in cash. So he decided to protect himself. Hustling Roll over to his office, Owen dictated an agreement to a steno, had it typed then shoved it to Roll to sign. It was an agreement cutting Owen in for exactly half of that $2 million in return for the money he'd already lent Roll. "Golly, Senator," said Roll, "these are pretty stiff terms."

"Business is business," Owen said coldly. Roll signed.

One day in September of 1932, with the election fight between President Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt two months off, Owen picked up Roll's phone to take a call while Roll was taking a shower. It was the White House on the wire. The President of the United States wishes to see Mr. Roll at once.

Roll took Owen over to the White House with him but told him to wait in the car while he went in to see the President. Roll went in a side door and was gone for about half an hour. When he came out he was beaming. "Great news," he told Owen. "The President is going to instruct the Secretary of the Interior to accept $78 million for Muscle Shoals."

"Golly," said Owen, "that'll give you a profit of $10 million. When will the President issue his instructions?"

Roll cleared his throat. "That's just the trouble," he said. "It won't be until after he's elected again and sworn in next year. There's a reason for his delay that he didn't go into."

When Hoover was defeated in the November election, Owen's patience deserted him at last—almost two years and two hundred grand too late. Roll kept stalling him with the tale that they would get busy on Roosevelt after he was inaugurated the following March.

It was after F.D.R.'s inauguration, with the wires still coming through from Henry but nothing happening in Washington, that Owen really got vulgar and demanded some money from Roll. Roll kept stalling. Then came the word that the Roosevelt Administration was going to create the Tennessee Valley Authority which was designed to embrace, among other things, the development of Muscle Shoals by Uncle Sam.

Robert Latham Owen, in one black flash, saw the awful truth. The Indian hadn't scalped the white man. The white man had scalped the Indian. Everything now looked as false as it had once looked genuine: the phone calls, the telegrams, the documents, even the White House trip; Roll, getting in with faked newspaper credentials, had never talked to Hoover. And he had, with that charming way of his, simply walked out of the Senate Office Building with Dwight Morrow on that day almost two years earlier, and struck up converse with the little man. The secretary Jones had been a confederate who had played his part, including making all the phony phone calls.

Saying nothing, Owen made another trip to Detroit. This time he saw Ford personally at the plant in Dearborn. The 70-year-old creator of the Tin Lizzie sat listening to the ex-senator's tale about Roll without saying a word. Then, when Owen was finished, Ford stood up and said: "I never heard of anybody by the name of David Morton Roll." He added that he now wouldn't take Muscle Shoals if they gave him the damned place.

Back in Washington, Owen dropped in to the FBI and had a talk with J. Edgar Hoover. Hoover listened to the incredible tale, then pressed a button and asked that some papers be brought in. Roll, it turned out, had finished a five-to-seven-year stretch in the Colorado State penitentiary for a Denver stock swindle not long before arriving in Washington. He had not even bothered to change his name.

Details of Roll's past were sketchy because the man had never been in official trouble before the stock swindle. Born in Denver, sparsely educated, he opened a brokerage office while in his 30's. He had married twice, divorced once, and had a wife who wasn't in Washington during the period of the con. Although putting on a righteous front in Denver, using his Bible class pitch, he had, the FBI data showed, been a heavy secret drinker and quite a woman chaser.

Roll, on the basis of the Owen swindle and several lesser ones, was plucked out of the Shoreham dining room one evening in November, 1933, just as he was about to tackle a broiled sirloin with mushrooms. He was indicted by a Federal grand jury for obtaining money under false pretenses and clapped in the cooler. Although the FBI suspected that Roll had bilked quite a few more victims than the ones who had come forward to lend their names to the indictment—for a total take of at least a quarter of a million dollars and perhaps as much as half a million—Roll said he couldn't raise $25,000 bail.

Most of Roll's victims, the FBI thinks to this day, ran for cover when they heard that Roll was pinched as a con man. They took the position that their money was gone so why let themselves in for the possible loss of business, plus great embarrassment that could result if their gullibility got into the public records?

Roll, awaiting trial, didn't exactly sweat it out in the cooler. He had food and booze brought in. He was obviously not without resources, but the lawmen could never locate any of it.

The FBI tried to unravel his complex swindle. Roll gave them not the slightest help. Nobody was ever to know, except Roll, who Jones had been. Roll's trial was set for the fall term of Federal court in 1934. On June 12 of that year, his bail was reduced to $7,500. Roll scraped up the money somewhere and departed for a vacation in Atlantic City, where he rented one of the best suites at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

He spent money like water, but on the Fourth of July, he suddenly was stricken with internal pains and rushed to a hospital.

David Morton Roll had the last laugh on everybody. He died on the operating table. The former chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency outlived Roll by 13 years. He always had one lingering satisfaction, though. Dave's fatal illness had been gallstones.

—Alan Hynd

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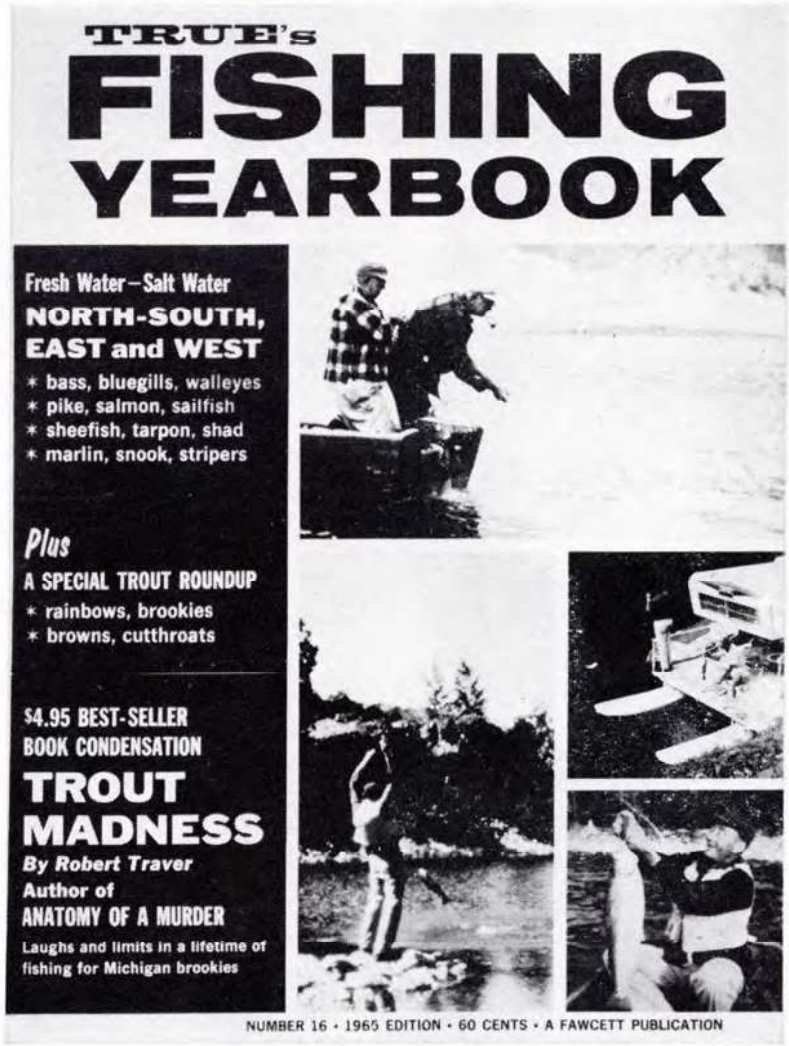

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MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Did whole regiments of Confederate troops serve in the Union Army, fighting under northern commanders, against their former comrades? The contention of a northern friend that they did has raised the hackles of TRUE reader Jim Lacey of Atlanta, Georgia, who wants us to do some historical digging and set his mind at rest with the assurance that this is just a dastardly Yankee canard.

It's true that regiments of Confederate soldiers did serve in the Union Army. However, we hasten to assure Jim Lacey that they did not fight against their former comrades.

In 1864, the Union was having tough going on the western plains. Indians were knocking off wagon trains, cutting telegraph lines, and killing off settlers. Yet with the demand for men in the eastern operations so great, the western commands were all undermanned. At Fort Kearney on the Oregon Trail, there were only 125 men, one-fourth the number needed.

The desperate western commanders decided to go along with a suggestion which had been made earlier by Abraham Lincoln. Why not recruit Confederate prisoners for service on the western frontier?

In all, six regiments of what were called the U.S. Volunteers were organized. Altogether, these "galvanized Yankees" or "white-washed Yankees" comprised some 6,000 former Confederate soldiers. Officers were Union men, with one exception. John T. Shanks, a Texan, who had been a Confederate captain, was made captain of Company I, of the 6th Volunteers.

The 1st Volunteers, recruited at Ft. Lookout, Maryland, a Yankee "horror prison," served in Minnesota fighting the Sioux. The other regiments, as they came into service in late '64 and '65, restored stage service between the Missouri River and California, guarded telegraph stations, and on occasion even carried the mails. Every regiment engaged in active warfare in 1865, "the bloody year on the plains."

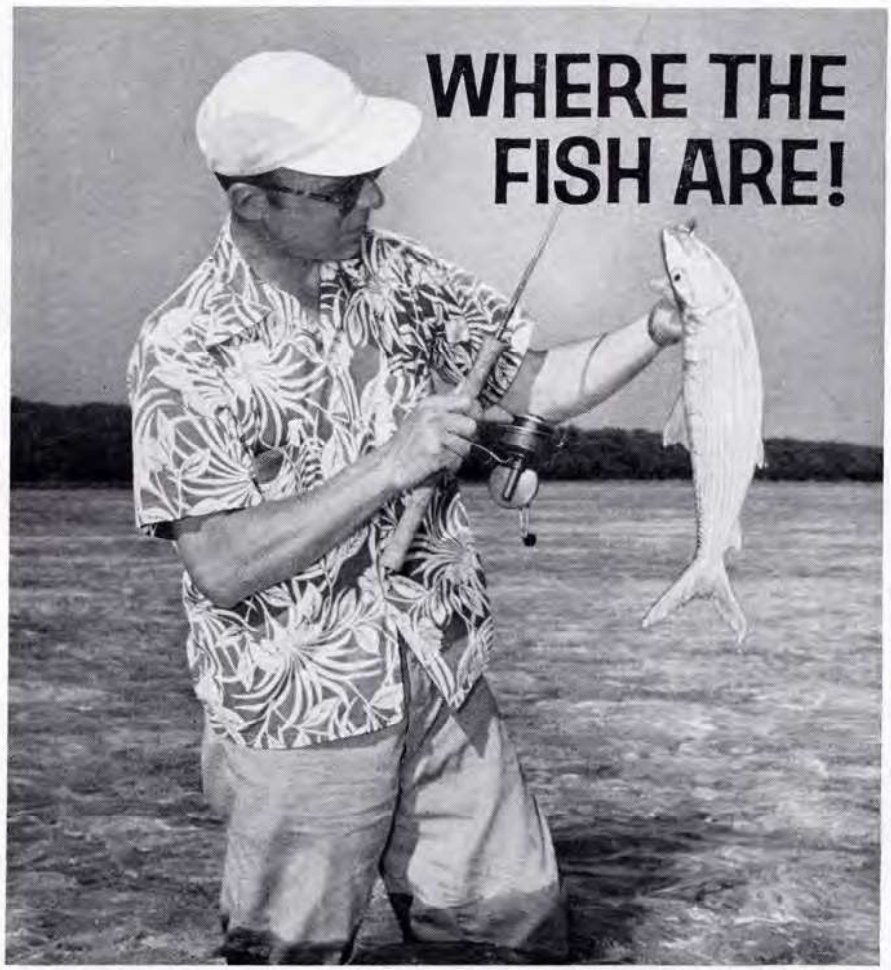
The 1st Volunteers stayed in action for 22 months, and the last of the Volunteers were not mustered out and "provided with transportation to their respective homes in the Southern states" until November, 1866. By that time any northern skepticism about their service had vanished. The desertion rate had been little higher than that of other regular regiments. Field officers were enthusiastic in their praise.

One wrote that the Southerners were "brave even to recklessness. I have met with no troops whose deportment . . . was more gentlemanly, who exhibited such neatness in their personal appearance, none who discharged their duties with greater cheerfulness and alacrity."

Just to keep the record straight, it's also true that in 1864 some Union soldiers in Confederate prisons were permitted to volunteer. An estimated 1,000 to 2,000 of them joined up, being placed in regular Confederate Army units. There, unlike Southerners with the U.S. Volunteers, they actually saw combat against the army to which they had originally belonged.

Q: Does the Olympic Marathon race commemorate any actual event in history? *David L. Swaab, Dallas, Texas.*

A: Yes. It commemorates the feat of Pheidippides, a famous Athenian runner who was ordered to carry the news of victory to the worried city fathers of Athens after a major battle between the Greeks and the Persians in 490 B.C. at a place "where the mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea." The runner sped 22 miles to deliver the message, "Rejoice; we conquer!" Then he fell to the ground and died.



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Q: What state in the United States has the highest percentage of illiteracy per capita? ***Paul S. Heusser, Anchorage, Alaska.***

A: Louisiana, with 6.3 percent. The most recent Bureau of Census report, 1960, reported the national rate of illiteracy in people 14 years old and over as 2.4 percent.

Q: What exactly is the Blarney Stone and why do people kiss it? ***William S. Huebler, Escanaba, Mich.***

A: According to legend, a person who has the faculty of pleasing and influencing others by fancy speech and flattery is said to have kissed the Blarney Stone. The stone referred to is a triangular piece of limestone in Blarney Castle in the Village of Blarney, several miles north of Cork, Ireland. The stone is set in the castle's tower above the top window about 20 feet from the rampart and more than a hundred feet from the ground. Although it is difficult to reach, every year hundreds of tourists, prompted by the legend and a spirit of fun, kiss it. To do so, they must suspend from an opening in the parapet formerly used by the castle's defenders to hurl stones upon assailants below.

Q: Why is rice thrown at bridal couples? ***Joan Hafford, Tucson, Ariz.***

A: Whether rice or kernels of wheat are thrown, the origin of the custom is the same. Grain has almost always been part of the wedding celebration, ever since the days of the ancients who worshipped the goddess Ceres. It is the symbol of fertility.

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SECRET WORLD OF THE HUNTER

[*Continued from page 37*]

ME: Isn't the art in knowing which shots to try, rather than in firing at every bird you see no matter how far off?

DEVILS: Yes, but——

ME: Isn't it true that a damn-fool long-range shot may cripple a bird imperceptibly, so the shooter doesn't even know he hit?

DEVILS: Ummm.

ME: The typical use for a long-range shell would be in pass-shooting at waterfowl, would it not? What percent of the shots during normal hunting days are like that? About one percent?

DEVILS: Two! Two! At least two!

ME: So hunters are induced to carry 100 percent of the shells useful in two percent of the hunting situations? What about these Big Bertha shells on the short-range shots? Isn't it true that a heavily charged shell causes misses, going out the barrel of a full-choked gun in a clump about the size of a billiard ball for the first 20 yards?

If the devils had known I was on this case, they'd never have shown up in court. I finish loading up the left pocket, my second-shot pocket. Because it's cold this morning—the sun is just now coming out—and windy, I put brush loads in the first-shot pocket, on the right. Translation and explanation, devils concurring this time: Brush loads spread most quickly of all. Pheasants ought to lie tight on a morning like this, letting us get right up on them before they fly.

I trot happily downstairs, Moon crowding me all the way; back to the kitchen, smile at the good pheasant weather out the window, give my good old wife a kiss, and my good old 4-year-old boy a pat, and am out the door—to serve a prejudice builds confidence. Now there's a charge that does need increasing. Low-brass shells make the high-brass hunter.

8:45 I never have to tell Moon to get in the car. He's on his hind legs, with his paws on the window, before I reach it. As I get in, start the car, and warm it up, an image comes into my mind of a certain hayfield. It's nice the way this happens; no reasoning, no weighing of one place to start against another. As if the image were projected directly by the precise feel of a certain temperature, a certain wind strength—from sensation to picture without intervening thought. As we drive, I can see just how much the hay should be waving in the wind, just how the shorter grass along the highway will look, going from white to wet as the frost melts off—for suddenly the sun's bright.

8:55 I stop, and look at the hayfield, and if sensation projected an image of it into my mind, now it's as if my mind could project the same image, expanded, onto a landscape. The hay *is* waving, just that much. The frost *is* starting to melt.

"Whoa, Moon. Stay."

I have three more minutes to think it over. Pheasant hunting starts at 9.

"Moonie. Quiet, boy."

He is quivering, whining, throwing his weight against the door.

I think they'll be in the hay itself—tall grass, really, not a seeded crop; anyway, not in this shorter stuff that grows in the first hundred yards or so along the road. Right?

What time?

8:58 Well. Yeah. Whoa.

The season's made its turn at last. Heavy frost every morning now. No more mosquitoes, flies. Cold enough so that it feels good to move, not so cold that I'll need gloves: perfect. No more grasshoppers, either. A sacrifice, in a way—pheasants that feed on hoppers, in open fields, are wilder and taste better than the ones that hang around corn.

The season's made its turn in another sense—the long progression of openings is over: Rabbits, squirrels, September 15. Geese, October 5. Ducks, snipe, October 27. Quail, November 3. Pheasant, November 10. That was 10 days ago. Finally, everything that's ever legal may be hunted. The closings haven't started yet. Amplitude. Best time of the year. Whoa.

8:59 Whoa! Now it's me quivering, whining, but I needn't throw my weight against the door—open it. I step out, making Moon stay. I uncase the gun, look at it with love, throw the case in the car; load. Breathe cold air. Good. Look around. Fine.

"Come on, Moonie. Nine o'clock."

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

9:00 I start on the most direct line through the short grass, toward the tall, not paying much attention to Moon, who must relieve himself. I think this is as much a matter of nervous tension as it is of regularity.

"Come on, Moon," I call, keeping to my line. "This way, boy."

He thinks he's got a scent back here, in the short grass; barely enough for a pheasant to hide in, and much too thin for cold-day cover.

"Come, Moon. Hyeahp."

It must be an old scent. But he disregards me. His stub of a tail begins to go as he angles off, about 30 yards from where I am; his body lowers just a little and he's moving quickly. I am ignorant in many things about hunting, but there's one thing I know after eight years with this dog: if you bother to hunt with a dog at all, believe what he tells you. Go where he says the bird is, not where you think it ought to be.

I move that way, going pretty quickly myself, still convinced it's an old foot-trail he's following, and he stops in a half-point, his head sinking down while his nose stays up, so that the gray neck is almost in a shallow S-curve.

"He's not there any more, Moonie," I say, still advancing, cautiously, and *WHIRRR*. Clap go the wings. *CUKCUK-CUK-CUK-CUK*.

A cock, going straight up, high, high, high. My gun goes up with him and is firm against my shoulder as he reaches the top of his leap. He seems to hang there as I fire, and he drops perfectly, two or three yards from where Moon waits.

"Good dog. Good boy, Moon," I say as he picks the heavy bird up in his mouth and brings it to me. "Moonie, that was perfect." The bird is thoroughly dead, but I open my pocketknife, press the blade into the roof of its mouth so that it will bleed properly. Check the spurs—they're stubby and almost rounded at the tip. This year's pheasant, probably. Young. Tender. Simply perfect.

Like a book pheasant, I think, and how seldom it happens. In the books, pheasants are said to rise straight up as this one did, going for altitude first, then pausing in the air to swing downwind. The books are quite wrong; most pheasants I see take straight off, without a jump, low and skimming, curving if they rise much, and never hanging at all. I wonder about evolution: among pheasant generations in this open country, did the ones who went towering into the air and hung like kites get killed off disproportionately? While the skulkers and skimmers and curvers survived, to transmit crafty genes?

"Old-fashioned pheasant, are you? You just set a record for me. I never dreamed I'd have a bird so early in the day." I check my watch.

9:03 Got a new device today ("Whoa, Moon. Wait, boy. Stay"), which may solve an old problem: how do you carry a pheasant?

They're big, chicken-size birds, with 10 to 20-inch tails. In the game pocket of a hunting jacket the tail feathers break and the body plumage gets matted and unattractive; same goes for game bags. And I like to hang pheasants for a day or two on the screened back porch at home, as much to see them as to let them get high (I lack the courage to let a bird get very high)—anyway, this boy's for the freezer, to join the Christmas collection, young and plump as he is. And for the freezer, I don't hang them at all. In fact it would be best and easiest to pluck and draw him right now, in the field. But then I should have no pleasure at all of looking at him with my wife and children, something we all enjoy ritually:

"Get any, Daddy?" they will yell, running out of the house.

I have, almost every time I've gone out this year—generally no more than one—but there's still excitement. I will hold him up for them.

"Oh, isn't he beautiful."

"May I have the tail feathers? It's my turn."

Perhaps, I think as Moon and I reach the long grass, there'll be two sets of tail feathers today. Three? A limit? Limits are scarce this year, but perhaps, starting so well, so early. . . .

9:15 The device I was so hopeful of is not working out too well. It is a leather holder which slides onto the belt, and has a set of rawhide loops. As I was supposed to, I have hooked the pheasant's legs into a loop, but he swings against my own leg at the knee. Maybe the thing was meant for taller men.

"Moon. This way. Come around, boy." I feel pretty strongly that we should hunt the edge.

The dangling bird is brushing grass tops. Maybe next time I should bring my trout creel, which is oversized, having been made by optimistic Italians. No half-dozen trout would much more than cover the bottom, but three cock pheasants might lie nicely in the willow, their tails extending backward through the crack between lid and body, the rigidity of the thing protecting them as a game bag doesn't.

"Moon. Come back here. Come around." He hasn't settled down for the day. Old as he is, he still takes a wild run, first thing.

I'm pretty well settled, myself (it's that bird bumping against my leg). Now Moon does come back into the area I want him in, the edge between high grass and low; there's a distinction between following your dog when he's got something and trusting him to weigh odds. I know odds better, and here is one of those things that will be a cliche of hunting in a few years, since the game-management men are telling it to one another now and it's started filtering into outdoor magazines: the odds are that most game will be near the edge of cover, not in the center of it. The jargon phrase for this is "edge factor."

"Haven't you heard of the edge factor?" I yell at Moon. "Get out along the edge here, boy." And in a few steps he has a scent again. When he's got the tail factor going, the odds change, and I follow him, almost trotting to keep up, as he works from edge to center, back toward edge, after what must be a running bird. He slows a little, but doesn't stop; the scent is hot, but apparently the bird is still moving. Moon stops, points, holds. I walk as fast as I can, am in range—and Moon starts again. He is in a crouch now, creeping forward in his point. The unseen bird must be shifting; he is starting to run again, for Moon moves out of the point and starts to lope; I move, fast as I can and still stay collected enough to shoot—gun held in both hands out in front of me—exhilarated to see the wonderful mixture of exuberance and certainty with which Moon goes. To make such big happy moves, and none of them a false one, is something only the most extraordinary human athletes can do, after years of training—it comes naturally to almost any dog. And that pheasant out there in front of us—how he can go! Turn and twist through the tangle of stems, never showing himself, moving away from Moon's speed and my calculations. But we've got him—I think we do—Moon slows, points. Sometimes we win in a run down—usually not—usually the pheasant picks the right time, well out and away, to flush out of range—but this one stopped. Yes. Moon's holding again. I'm in range. I move up, beside the rigid dog.

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Past him. WHIRR-PT. The gun rises, checks itself, and I yell at Moon, who is ready to bound forward:

"Hen!"

Away she goes, and away goes Moon, and I yell: "Whoa. Hen, hen," but it doesn't stop him. He's pursuing, as if he could get up enough speed to rise into the air after her. "Whoa." It doesn't stop him. WHIRRUPFT. That stops him. Stops me too. A second hen. WHIRRUPFT. WHIRRUPFT. Two more. And another, that makes five who were sitting tight. And then, way out, far from this little group, through which he must have passed, and far from us, I see the cock, which is almost certainly the bird we were chasing (hens don't run like that), fly up silently, without a cackle, and glide away, across the road and out of sight.

9:30 "There's got to be another," I say to Moon. A man I know informed me quite vehemently a week ago that one ought never to talk to a dog in the field except to give commands; distracts him, the man said, keeps him too close. Tell you what, man: you run your dogs your way, and I'll run my dog mine. Okay?

We approach a fence, where the hayfield ends; the ground is clear for 20 feet before the fence line. Critical place. If birds have been moving ahead of us, and are reluctant to fly, this is where they'll hide. They won't run into the open. And just as I put this card in the calculator, one goes up, CUK CUK CUK, bursting past Moon full speed and low, putting the dog between me and him so that, while my gun is ready, I can't shoot immediately; he rises only enough to clear the fence, sweeping left between two bushes as I fire, and I see the pellets agitate the leaves of the right-hand bush, and know I shot behind him.

Moon, in the immemorial way of bird dogs, looks back at me with what bird hunters who miss have immemorially taken for reproach.

We turn along the edge paralleling the fence. He may not have been the only one we chased down here—Moon is hunting, working from fence to edge, very deliberate. Me too. I wouldn't like to miss again. Moon swerves to the fence row, tries some brush. Nope. Lopes back to the edge, lopes along it. Point. Very stiff. Very sudden. Ten yards, straight ahead.

This is a beautifully awkward point. Moon's body curved into it, shoulders down, rear up, head almost looking back at me; this one really caught him. As now we'll catch the pheasant? So close. Dog so steady. I have the impression Moon's looking a bird straight in the eye. I move slowly. No need for speed, no reason to risk being off balance. Let's be so deliberate, so cool, so easy. The gun is ready to come up—I never have the feeling that I myself bring it up. Don't be off balance. He'll go now. Now. Nope—when he does, I try to tell myself, don't shoot too fast, let the bird get out a little, but I'm not really that good and confident in my shooting. Thanks be for brush loads. Ought to have them in both barrels for this situation. Will I have to kick the pheasant out? I am within two steps of Moon, who hasn't stirred except for the twitching of his shoulder and haunch muscles, when the creature bolts. Out he comes, under Moon's nose, and virtually between my legs if I didn't jump aside—a rabbit, tearing for the fence row. I could recover and shoot, it's an easy shot, but not today; I smile, relax, and sweat flows. I am not that desperate for game yet.

I yell "Whoa" at Moon, and for some dog's reason he obeys this time. I should punish him, now; for pointing fur? But it's my fault—sometimes, being a one-dog man, I shoot fur over him, though I recognize it as a genuine error in bird-dog handling. But with the long bond of hunting and mutual training between us (for Moon trained me no less than I did him), my taking a rabbit over him from time to time—or a mongoose, or a kangaroo—is not going to change things between us.

In any case, my wife's never especially pleased to see me bring a rabbit home, though the kids and I like to eat them.

I pat Moon, who whoaed for the rabbit. "Whoa, big babe," I say softly. "Whoasie-posner, whoa-daboodle-dog, big sweet posner baby dog . . ." I am rubbing his back. Not talk to your dog, for Christ-sake?

10:20 We are driving away from the hayfield. Three pheasants seen, two shot at, one hit. That's a good first hour. Damn good first hour. (But I should have had the other bird.)

10:25 Now I think as we drive: I spent a little more time there than I should have. Pacing is critical in bird hunting, much as it is in trout fishing: don't be hasty as long as there are good chances left, don't delay when the only chances left are poor ones. I always fish too slow, and never cover as much stream as I ought to.

10:35 Another place has come to mind, a popcorn field on government land. I turn left, still following the same kind of fence which is characteristic of this area—three feet of hog wire at the bottom, and three stands of barbed wire above it.

There are two ways to approach the popcorn field. I pause at the country schoolhouse, where I could go straight or turn left, and decide that the place I should start hunting, to take advantage of wind direction, will be more quickly reached if I go straight. The day has brightened up a lot, and the wind is a little calmer. The high corn still waves, but its rustling is soft now, unlike the sighing and cracking that the stalks were making in the cornfield across from where I started. Decision made, I start again.

Moon knows landmarks, I'm convinced, even before we get to a place. He sees that we are not far, now, from the place where we left the car to hunt the popcorn field two days ago, and he begins pacing back and forth on the back seat, as caged hunting animals do in zoos.

"I'm thinking about you, Moon," I say.

10:40 Step out of the car, look around, work it out: the birds slept late this morning, because of the wind and frost, and may therefore be feeding late. If so, they're in the field itself, which lies beyond two fallow fields. They roost here in this heavy cover, fly out to the corn—early on nice mornings; later, if I'm correct, on a day like this. When they're done feeding, they go to what game experts call loafing cover—relatively thin cover, near the feeding place, and stay in it till the second feeding in the afternoon; after which they'll be back here where they started, to roost again.

The wind is on my left cheek, as Moon and I go through the roosting cover, so I angle right. This will bring us to where we can turn and cross the popcorn field, walking straight into the wind. This will not only be better for Moon, for obvious reasons, but will also be better for shooting; birds in open rows, hearing us coming, can sail away out of range very fast with the wind behind them. If it blows toward me, they'll either be lifted high, going into the wind, or curve off to one side or the other.

Am I actually rehearsing all this bookish stuff, so consciously? Yes, I observe, watching myself rehearse bookish stuff, as I follow easily along after Moon, who is hunting easily; we're in our all-day stride, now, a fast enough pace but not tiring, settled but strong—it takes a week or two of daily hunting before I can move like this. The bookish stuff leaves my head gradually, as we go along, not in a straight line—checking a little piece of cover here, trying the fence row for a way. Finally the rhythm of the walking, the weight of the gun, the continuous, rapid yet strangely minute scanning of the ground in front and to the sides, makes what I am doing as completely physical—non-mental—as what Moon does as he lopes, letting his nose tell him where to turn. I could not explain, if someone were with me, why I leave the good-looking fence row which Moon still follows, and cut left out of my general line of walking—and I wouldn't want to pause to justify it. It's simply that I know, gradually, where a pheasant is.

Moon knows, too. I've barely made my first step when he swerves off his line, and takes a parallel to the way I'm going now—toward a small draw that I'd never noticed before in this field, a place that may be just a little swampy when it's rainy, a place with a stand of giant ragweed growing in it.

There's no need to control the dog; the harmony with which we hunt together when we're working right is all established for today, though I couldn't say just when it started being so. He won't waste my steps or his own—what is it they say of 35-year-old infielders? He can still cover the position but he doesn't take the extra step any longer? Something like that; but in dog terms, Moon is still playing second base in his 50's.

The ragweed, as we come up close to it and Moon pauses before choosing a spot at which to plunge in, is eight feet high—thick, dry, brittle, gray-stemmed stuff which pops and crackles as he breaks into it. I move a few feet along the edge of the draw, shifting my position as I hear him working through, to stay as well in range of where he is as possible. I am calmly certain there's a bird in there.

even that it's a cock. I think he moved in ahead of us as we were coming up the field, felt safe when he saw us apparently about to pass by, and doesn't want to leave the dense overhead protection now.

But he must. Moon will send him up in a moment, perhaps out the far side where the range will be extreme. It will be a long shot, if that happens, and Moon is now at the far edge, is turning along it, when I hear the cackle of the cock rising. For a moment I don't know where, can't see him, and by the time I do he's going out to my right, almost back toward me, having doubled away from the dog. Out he comes, already in full flight and low, with the wind behind him for speed. And yet I was so well set for this, for anything, that it all seems easy—to pivot, mounting the gun as I do, find it against my cheek and the bird big and solid at the end of the barrel, swing, taking my time, and shoot. The bird checks, fights air, and tumbles, and in my sense of perfection I make an error: I am so sure he's perfectly hit that I do not take the second shot, before he falls in some waist-high weeds.

I mark the place by keeping my eye on a particular weed, a little taller than the others, and walk slowly, straight toward it, not letting my eye move away, confident he'll be lying right by it. Moon, working the ragweed, would neither see the rise nor mark the fall and he comes bounding out to me now, coming to the sound of the shot. I reach the spot first, so very carefully marked, and there's no bird there. I feel a small, familiar panic. I put an empty shell case over the top of the particular weed on which I was holding my eye, as Moon comes to the place, snuffles excitedly, proving that the bird did land exactly here. And then, of course, the pheasant must have run.

Hunters make errors; dogs correct them. While I am still standing there, irritated with myself for not having shot twice, Moon is circling me, casting, inhaling those great snuffs, finding the ground scent. He begins to work a straight line, checks as I follow him, starts again in a slightly different direction; I must trust him, absolutely, and I do. I remind myself that once he trailed a crippled bird more than half a mile in the direction opposite from that in which I had actually seen the bird start off. I kept trying to get him to go the other way, but he wouldn't; and he found the pheasant. It was by the edge of a dirt road, so that Max Morgan and I could clock the distance afterward by car speedometer.

Our present bird is no such problem. Forty feet from where the empty shell waves gently back and forth on top of the weed, Moon hesitates, points. Then, and I do not know how he knows that this particular immobile pheasant will not fly (unless it's the smell of fresh blood), Moon lunges. His head darts into matted weeds, fights spurs for a moment, tosses the big bird once so that he can take it by the back, lifts it; and he comes to me proudly, trotting, head as high as he can hold it.

I accept the bird, grasping the legs; kill it with my knife and look at the spurs. They are like locust thorns, but tougher—sharp, well over an inch long.

"He took it with him."

"You weren't where you were supposed to be, were you?" I say to dead bird. "The books said you wouldn't be here near the roost. You were supposed to be feeding or loafing or something." I decide that the cold weather must have brought him back to heavy cover after his morning feed.

11:00 Iowa hunters are obsessed with corn. If there are no birds in the cornfields, they consider the situation hopeless. This may come from the fact that most of them hunt in drives—a number of men spread out in line, going along abreast through standing corn, with others blocking the end of the field. My experience, for I avoid that kind of hunt every chance I get, is quite different: I rarely find pheasants in cornfields, except along the edges. More than half of those I shoot, I find away from corn, in wild cover, and sometimes the crops show that the bird has not been eating grain at all but getting along on wilder seeds.

But as I start to hunt the popcorn field, something happens that shows why driving often works out. We start into the wind, as planned, moving down the field the long way, and way down at the other end a farm dog sees us. He starts toward us, intending to investigate Moon, I suppose. I see him come toward the field: I see him enter it, trotting our way, and the wind carries the sound of his barking. And then I see—the length of a football field away, reacting to the farm dog—pheasants go up; not two or three, but a flock, 12 or 14, and another and another and another, cocks and hens, flying off in all directions, sailing downwind and out of sight. Drivers and blockers would have had fast shooting with that bunch—but suppose I'd got up? Well, this gun only shoots twice. And, well again, boy. Three's the limit, dunghead. And you've got two already.

11:30 Two birds before lunch? I ought to limit out, I ought to limit out soon. And stop looking for pheasants, spend the afternoon on something else. Take Moon home to rest, maybe, and know that the wind's going down and the sun's getting hot, go into the woods for squirrels, something I like but never get around to.

Let's get the other one. Where?

We are walking back to the car, the shortest way, no reason to go through the popcorn field after what happened. Where? And I think of a pretty place, not far away.

11:45 Yes, it's pretty. Got a bird here last year, missed a couple, too, why haven't I been here this season? It's a puzzle, and the solution, as I stop the car once more, is a pleasure: I know a lot of pretty places near home, 20 or 30 of them, all quite distinct, and have got or missed birds at all of them, one season or another.

This place I enter just as I did a year ago, finding a special contentment in the way the land has waited for me to come back, without changing. I go in along a little creek, with a soybean field at one side—someone's corn lies on the other side, but that land is private. I remember an old tree, lying across the stream, where I jumped a wood duck unexpectedly last year, and would hardly be surprised if the same duck jumped again. Behind the soybean field, and still along the creek, lies a swampy meadow which is where the three pheasants were, the ones I missed and the one I hit. As I come into the meadow, I think the young soft maples are a little taller, the swampy part a little drier. But the birds I missed were both along the edges of the swampy ground, in thick marsh grass. Moon starts around it clockwise, and almost superstitiuously, I call him back to circle it the other way, just as we did last year.

There are no pheasants this time, only signs of pheasant; roosting places, full of droppings. Some fresh enough so that they were dropped this morning. A place for the next windy morning; I put that

idea in a safe place, and move back, after Moon—he's pretty excited with all the bird scent, but not violently; it's not that fresh—toward the fence along the soybean field. We turn from the creek, and go along the fence line, 20 or 30 feet out, toward an eight-acre patch of woods where I have often seen deer, and if I were a real reasoner or a real instinct man, not something in between, what happens would not find me unprepared. Moon goes into a majestically rigid point, foreleg raised, tail out straight, aimed at low bushes in the fence row. I hardly ever see him point so rigidly without first showing the signs he gives while the quarry is still shifting. I move in rather casually, suspecting a hen, but if it's a cock rather confident, after my last great shot, and there suddenly comes at me, buzzing angrily, a swarm of—pheasants? Too small—hornets? Sparrows? Quail! Drilling right at me, the air full of them, whirring, swerving to both sides.

Much too late, surprised, confused—abashed, for this is classic quail cover—I flounder around, face back the way I came, and pop off a pair of harmless shots, more in valediction than in hope of hitting. Turn back to look at Moon, and up comes a straggler, whirring all by himself, also past me. There are no easy shots on quail, but I could have him, I think, if both barrels weren't empty. He's so close that I can see the white on neck and face, and know him for a male. Jock though I am, at least I mark him down, relieved that he doesn't cross the creek.

And neither, so shows an image unremarked at the time of shooting but now readily enough recalled, did the main bunch. Hell, I think, they didn't fly far. This covey hasn't been hunted—they're scattered out, right in front of us between here and the creek, and I've got one marked to start on. Moon, as a matter of fact, has already started on him, started casting for singles, and I almost forget to reload in my eagerness to get over to him. But I stop and make myself be deliberate: brush loads in both barrels, walk carefully, stay alert. How many times a season must I remind myself that there is one first law of hunting: always be ready to shoot?

Moon, working with cautious excitement out ahead, has already made the decision I'd have hesitated over—go right in after a covey rises, or let them settle? I've been with experienced quail hunters who did both; well, I could call Moon back—he *might* come. (If it were a marked-down pheasant, my own experience would tell me what to do: since he'd land running, the best chance of finding him would be to circle way beyond the landing place, hoping he'd have had cause to stop, and then hunt back toward it—otherwise I'd never overcome his lead.) Okay. Let Moon decide this one.

Moon works straight to the spot where I marked the straggler, and sure enough he flushes, not giving the dog a chance to point, flushes high and I snap-shoot and he falls. Moon bounds after him and stops on the way, almost pitching forward, like a car when its brakes lock. Another bird. Ready. I hope I have my down bird marked. Careful. *Whirr*—I damn near stepped on him, and back he goes behind me. I swing 180 degrees, and as he angles away have him over the end of the barrel. As I fire, it seems almost accidental that I should be on him so readily, but it's not of course—it's the one kind of shot that never misses, the unplanned, reflexive shot, when conditioning has already operated before self-consciousness could start up. This quail falls in the soft maple seedlings, in a place I won't forget, but the first one may be hard.

He's not. I find him without difficulty, seeing him on the ground at just about the same time that Moon finds him too. Happy to have him, I bring Moon back to the soft maple seedlings, but we do not find the second bird.

We hunt and hunt. After five or 10 minutes, there is not enough scent left to keep Moon interested, and I suppose the bird dead long enough now so that the body heat—and the scent with it?—is mostly gone. I comb through the maple seedlings for 20 minutes more. It seems to me terrible to lose a bird. I walk back to where I stood to make the shot, and look down again. I walk directly back to where I have just spent half an hour hunting—Moon is off digging in some soft earth—and there, where I must have

looked a dozen times, lies my second quail.

"It's good to see you," I say, enormously relieved.

When I was a child I never paid much attention to conventional superstitions; I was always too busy making up my own as I went along. I revert to this, rather gravely informing myself that, since I have exceeded my luck in finding this lost bird, I am not to hunt the other singles.

I call Moon, and we walk back to the car. It was a small covey anyway; quail are scarce after the bitter winter last year. Let the tribe increase.

12:30 Lunch is black coffee in the Thermos, an apple and an orange, and the sight of two quail and two pheasants, lying in a neat row on the car floor. I had planned to go home for lunch; and it wouldn't take so very much time; but I would talk with my family, of course, and whatever it is this noon that they're concerned with, I would be concerned with. And that would break the spell, as an apple and an orange will not.

12:45 Also

1:45 and, I'm afraid,

2:45 these hours repeat one another, and at the end of them I have: two pheasants, as before; two quail; and an afterthought.

The afterthought shouldn't have run through my mind, in the irritable state that it was in.

During each hour I hunted hard, through good pheasant cover: first, a couple of acres of smartweed, crisscrossing it thoroughly, where two hens were. Then an abandoned lane, grassy and promising, between two cornfields and out into the meadow past the lane, where no birds were at all. And finally, a cornfield belonging to a man from whom I have general permission. This looked magnificent. Half the corn was picked, so that blocks of stubble 12 rows wide alternated with blocks of standing corn the same width. No pheasants.

The only shots I took were at domestic pigeons, going by fast and far up, considered a nuisance around here; I missed both times. But what made me irritable were all the mourning doves.

There are doves all over the place in Iowa, in every covert that I hunt—according to the last Audubon Society spring census at Des Moines, doves were more common even than robins and meadowlarks. In my three hard hours of barren pheasant hunting, I could have had shots at 20 or 25 doves (a game bird in 30 states, a game bird throughout the history of the world), and may not try them. Shooting doves is against the law in Iowa. The harvesting of our enormous surplus (for nine out of 10 will die before they're a year old anyway) is left to cats and owls and—because the dove ranges get so crowded—germs.

Leaving the half-picked cornfield, I jump yet another pair of doves, throw up my gun and track them making a pretended double, though I doubt that it would work.

Three hours of seeing doves, and no pheasants, has made me pettish, and perhaps I am beginning to tire.

Pettishly I think about company for dinner tomorrow: we can't serve the two pheasants I have together, for one is big and mature and should be stewed. It would be indecent to do anything but roast or broil the other—anyway, I need him for the Christmas collection.

A rabbit jumps out behind the dog, unseen by Moon but not by me. At first I assume that I want to let him go, as I did the earlier one; then he becomes the afterthought: company, dinner—so you won't let me shoot doves, eh rabbit? He's dead before he can reach cover.

Moon checks, comes back; I race him to the rabbit, and wrestle him for it. Moon has to let me win the tug of war so he sits, like a little dog doing a trick, and watches while I field-dress the animal, skinning and drawing. Moon is fairly sure that, when I get to them, I will give him fresh heart and bloody liver—damn dog licks his lips. Actually, I lick mine, too: there's a jointed squirrel still left in the freezer. Squirrel and jointed rabbit and the big pheasant, browned and then stewed together slowly in a casserole; onion and tomato and parsley and garlic and carrots in the stock; shelled corn and lima beans added in the final minutes so they won't overcook.

"When do you put the wine in?" I asked my wife once.

"Some at first to flavor the stock," she said. "Some at the end to flavor the stew, and the rest on the table to flavor the guests."

3:00 Now I have only an hour left to get my final bird, for pheasant hunting ends at 4. This is a symbolic bird: a good hunter gets his limit. At noon it seemed almost sure I would; suddenly it's doubtful.

I sit in the car, one hand on Moon who is lying on the seat beside me. We've reached the time of the day when he rests when he can.

There are a couple of likely places near here, farm land where I could probably get permission if I asked, but I hate asking permission. It's not being refused—people know me around here so that I seldom am—nor will I go on private land without it. But the asking, as Henry Akers once said, is too much like going up and ringing a stranger's bell and trying to sell insurance. Generally, too, the farmer himself isn't around. (A man will almost always say okay.) You look hopefully around the barn, but he's not in sight. A dog barks or growls as you go into the yard. If you can get by him, and reach the doorbell, odds are there's no one home to answer. If there is, it's generally the farm wife. And she is perfectly pleasant, but she doesn't really know if it's all right or not—it's her husband's function to give permission to hunt, not hers.

Once, going out with the volunteer fire department from town, I helped put out a hoghouse fire on a farm near here, and have often driven past it since and noticed how good the cover looks. They might not remember me from the fire, but if I reminded them, then surely . . . ? I haven't the stomach for it. I think of my great luck in having so much open land to hunt; I know elsewhere in the country such freedom grows more and more uncommon. Signs are going up. Farms posted, or subdivided. Commercial shooting places taking over, where hunting is by fee, with planted birds. I can't imagine where the pleasure is in that. Then, if we move to such an area, must I give up hunting?

(No. I shall buy my own acres—I give myself this out as I start the car again, turn around, and head away down the road to a place I have thought of. And I shall put up a fence 12 feet high. And signs, saying:

KEEP THE HELL AWAY FROM HERE, BOY.

KILLER DOGS

IMPORTED CROCODILES

RADIATION

BEWARE THE VICIOUS BASTARD, ME

in letters tall enough to be read from two miles off.)

3:10 On my way to someplace else, I suddenly brake the car.

"Hey, did you see that?" I am talking to Moon again. He has a paw over his nose, and of course saw nothing. I look over him, eagerly, out the window and down into a big marsh we were about to pass by. We were on our way to the place I'd thought of, an old windbreak of evergreens near an abandoned farmhouse site, surrounded by overgrown pasture, and not too far from corn. It's an ace-in-the-hole kind of place for evening shooting, for the pheasants come in there early to roost; I've used it sparingly, shown it to no one.

Going there would be our best chance to fill out, I think, but look: "Damn, Moon, snipe. Snipe, boy, I'm sure of it."

On the big marsh, shore birds are rising up and setting down, not in little squadrons like kildeer—which are shore birds about the same size, and very common—but a bird here, a bird there. Becoming instantly invisible when they land, too, and so not among the wading shore birds. I get out the glasses and step out of the car, telling Moon to stay. I catch one of the birds in the lenses, and the silhouette is unmistakable—the long, comic beak, the swept-back wings.

"You are snipe," I say, addressing—well, them, I suppose. "Where've you boys been?"

Two more whiz in and out of the image, too quickly to follow, two more of my favorite of all game birds. Habitat changes around here so much from year to year, with the great fluctuations in water level from the dam, that this marsh, which was full of snipe three years ago, has shown none at all so far this year. What snipe hunting I've found has been in temporarily puddled fields, after rains, and in a smaller marsh.

"I thought you'd never come," I say. "Moon!" I open the car door. "Moon, let's go." My heartiness is a little false, for snipe are my favorite bird, not Moon's. He'll flush them, if he must, but apparently they're distasteful to him, and when I manage to shoot one, he generally refuses even to pick it up, much less retrieve it for me.

Manage to shoot one? Last year, on the first day I hunted snipe, I shot 16 shells before I hit my first. That third pheasant can wait there in the hole with the other aces.

Remembering the 16 straight misses, I stuff my pockets with shells—brush loads

still for the first shot but, with splendid consistency, high-brass 7½'s for the second, full-choke shot. I won't use them on a big bird, like a pheasant; I will on a tiny bird, like a snipe. The snipe goes fast, and by the second shot you need all the range you can get.

I should have hip boots now. Go back home and get them? Nuts. Get muddy.

Down we go, Moon with a certain silly enthusiasm for the muskrats he smells and may suppose are now to be our quarry. I see that the marsh water is shallow, but the mud under it is always deep—thigh-deep in some places; the only way to go into it is from hummock to hummock of marsh grass. Actually, I will stay out of it if I can, and so I turn along the edge, Moon hunting out in front. A snipe rises over the marsh at my right, too far to shoot at, scolding us anyway: *scaip, scaip.* Then two more, which let the dog get by them, going up between me and Moon—a chance for a double, in a highly theoretical way. I shoot and miss at the one on the left as he twists low along the edge. He rises, just after the shot, going up in a tight turn, and I shoot again, swinging up with him, and miss again. And grin. This is snipe hunting.

At my first shot, the other snipe—the one I didn't shoot at—dived, as if hit. But I know he wasn't; I've seen the trick before. I know about where he went in and I decide not to bother with Moon, who is chasing around in the mud trying to convince himself that I knocked down a pheasant or something decent like that.

I wade in myself, mud to ankles, mud to calves, mud to the tops of the low boots I'm wearing; no bird? What the hell, mud over the boot tops, and I finally climb a hummock. This puts up my diving snipe, 10 yards farther out and scolding, but the hummocks are spaced too far apart in this part of the swamp so there's no point shooting. I couldn't recover him and I doubt that Moon would. I let him rise, twist, swoop upward, and I stand as still as I can, balanced on the little mound of grass; I know a trick myself. It works; at the top of his climb the snipe turns and comes streaking back, 40 yards up, directly overhead. I throw up the gun for the fast overhead shot, and miss. Grin—yes, I do. Missing snipe doesn't depress me, as missing any other kind of bird does. There are two reasons: everybody misses snipe. And if you've found them at all, you've generally found a fair-sized group of them and will be shooting for a while.

I splash back to the edge and muck along. A snipe goes up, almost at my feet, and his first swerve coincides with my snap shot—a kind of luck that almost seems like skill. Moon, bounding back, has seen the bird fall and runs to it—smells it, curls his lip and slinks away. He turns his head to watch me bend to pick it up, and as I do, leaps back and tries to take it from me.

"Moondog," I say, addressing him severely by his full name. "I'm not your child to punish. I like this bird. Now stop it."

We start along again, come to the corner where the marsh dries out, and turn. Moon stops, sight-pointing in a half-hearted way, and a snipe goes up in front of him. This one curves toward some high weeds; I fire and miss, but stay on him as he suddenly straightens and goes winging straight out, rising very little. He is a good 40 yards away by now but he tumbles when I fire, and falls on open ground. It takes very little to kill a snipe. I pace the distance, going to him, and watch Moon, for Moon picks this one up. Then, when I call to him to bring it, he gradually, perhaps sulkily, lowers his head and spits it out again. He strolls off as if there were nothing there. I scold him as I come up, but not very hard; he looks abashed, and makes a small show of hunting dead in a bare spot about 10 yards from where we both know the snipe is lying. I pick up the bird, and tell Moon that he is probably the worst dog that ever lived, but not in an unkind voice for I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings.

This is a pleasanter area we are crossing now: firm mud, patches of swamp weeds, frequent puddles. Moon, loping around aimlessly, blunders into a group of five or six snipe at the far side of a puddle, and I put trying to get a double out of my mind; I try to take my time, pick out an individual, follow him as he glides toward some high reeds and drop him. I wonder if I ever hit two snipe on consecutive shots before.

Now we go along toward the back of the marsh, shooting and missing, hitting just twice. One shot in particular pleases me: a snipe quite high, in full flight coming toward me. I shoot, remembering a phrase I once read: "A shotgun is a paint brush." I paint the snipe blue, to match the sky, starting my brush stroke just behind him, painting evenly along his body, completing the stroke about three lengths in front where I fire, and follow through. This is a classic shot, a memorable one, so much so that there are just two others I can put with it—one on a faraway pheasant last year, one on a high teal in Chile. The sky is all blue now, for the snipe is painted out of it and falls, almost into my hand.

I have five, and with them a stirring of aspiration. It never seemed possible before that I might someday shoot a limit of snipe, yet a limit is only eight—just three more. They are pretty well gone from the marsh, except for the end where the mud would be too much for me. I turn and hunt my way out of the marsh, then go along a shallow watercourse, into a wet field. A snipe goes up from just beside the water, and just out of range. Moon must stay in close; now where is he?

"Moon? Moon?"

The dog is over to the left, unmoving—on point! For a snipe? Silently, slowly, almost majestically, a cock pheasant rises from the thick dry grass, without a cackle. The gun is with him, infinitely deliberate—he is too easy, almost, for an eye speeded up to the verve and size of snipe. I hold on him forever, shoot with a certain tenderness, and it seems that even his fall is as slow as it is certain.

It is just 3:55.

There is magic in this. The end of the legal pheasant hunting day is 4 o'clock.

4:00 Just after the pheasant, I kill another snipe, the sixth. He is along the stream, too, and so I follow it, awed at the thought that I might even get a limit of these. But on the next chance, not a hard one, I think too hard and miss the first shot as he twists, and the rising one as well.

We continue to hunt through the wet field and Moon puts up a small duck, a goodwall I think, but it's in the setting sun and might as easily be a small hen mallard. In easy range, but I'm not hunting ducks this year—look, look at her:

TRUE

"You have my word for it, dear, I am not in some crummy bar."

Only one duck in a place like this, this perfect habitat?

We leave the watercourse for a tiny marsh, go back to it (or a branch) through government fields I've never crossed before, by strange potholes and unfamiliar willow stands. We flush a woodcock, cousin to the snipe, but shooting him is not permitted here. We turn away in a new direction—snipe and woodcock favor different sorts of cover. And sometime along in there, I walk up two snipe, shoot one very fast, and miss a perplexing but not impossible shot at the other, as he spirals up.

"There he goes," I think. "My limit bird." He flies into the east, where the sky is getting dark; clouds have come to the western horizon and the sun is gone for the day, behind them.

4:55 Ten minutes now till sunset, when snipe must be left to rest, and I go carefully, hoping for one more. Five ducks overhead, wood ducks going to roost; but there should be swarms.

5:03 In this remnant of perfect habitat, the sky is empty. It is five minutes till sunset, but it is dusk already when my last snipe does go up. I hear him before I see him. I crouch down close to the ground, trying to expand the area of light against which he will show up, and he appears now, winging for the upper sky; but I cannot decide to shoot, shouldering my gun in that awkward position. And in another second it is too late, really too late, and I feel as if the last hunter in the world has let the last snipe go without a try.

I straighten up reluctantly, unload my gun, and wonder where I am. Suddenly I am tired, melancholy, and very hungry. I know about which way to go, and start along, calling Moon, only half lost, dragging a little. The hunting is over and home an hour away.

I think of quail hunting in Louisiana, when we crouched, straining for shots at the final covey, as I did just now for the final snipe.

I hear a roosting pheasant call.

There is a place a century away in time, called Koehler Prairie, 60 or 80 acres of this Iowa land that was never plowed or grazed. Prairie grasses still grow there, prairie flowers bloom, as they did when the buffalo passed back and forth and the Indians after them. Koehler Prairie is a park, and will be preserved.

I heard the pheasants call, hunting there one evening, not long before dark, with a group of men and three dogs spread out in front of us. It moved me a good deal, I think it moved us all; it is the sort of place where there is so much evocation that personalities are absorbed and muted in one's consciousness of history and time past. Were they pheasants coming into roost or creatures long extinct, heath hens? Were we the men we were (me, Culross, Ben, and the Commissioner), or were we plainsmen?

There are two or three such prairie preserves out here; see one when you come through Iowa. You hardly need a gun—they are rare places, where it is almost better to be a fantasist than a hunter.

I find a little road I recognize, start on it the wrong way, correct myself and turn back along it. A touch of late sun shows now through a rift, enough to cast a pale shadow in front of me—man with gun—on the sand road.

We were on an evening march, in some loose company formation, outside of training camp. We were boys. I watched our shadows along the tall clay bank at the side of the road. We were too tired to talk, even garrulous Bobby Hirt, who went AWOL later and spent two years, so we heard, in military prison. He was a boy. We all were. But the helmeted shadows, with packs and guns in silhouette, were the shadows of soldiers—faceless, menacing, expendable. No one shadow different from the others. I could not tell you, for after training we dispersed, going out as infantry replacements, which of those boys, whose misery and defiance and occasional good times I shared for 17 unforgotten weeks, actually were expended. Several, of course, since statistics show what they do of infantry replacements. Statistics are the representation of shadows by numbers.

My shadow on the sand road is of a different kind. I have come a little way in 19 years, whatever the world has done. I am alone, in a solitary place, as I wish to be, accountable only as I am willing to be held so, therefore no man's statistic. Melancholy for the moment, but only because I am weary, and coming to the end of this day which, full of remembering, will be itself remembered.

Moon is beside me, tired now too, throwing his own pale dog-shadow ahead. And the hunter-shadow with him, the pheasant hanging from the hunter's belt, snipe bulging in the jacket—the image teases me. It is not the soldiers, but some other memory. An image, failing because the sun is failing, the rift closing very slowly. An image of. A hunter like. A dream? Not a dream, but the ghost of a dream, my old, hunter-and-his-dog-at-dusk dream. And the sun goes down, and the ghost with it, and the car is in sight which will carry us home.

—Vance Bourjaily

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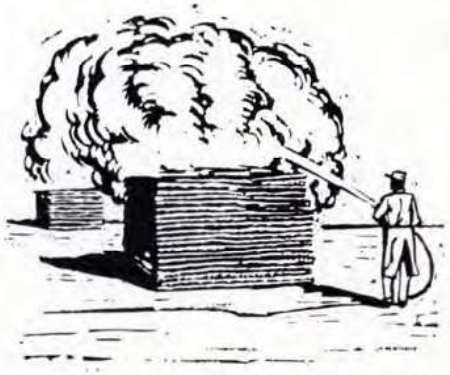

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HOW TO HOUSEBREAK A RATTLER

[*Continued from page* 31]

could dance around me in her birthday suit and I would only stifle a yawn, but any mention of a fast buck brings out the beast in me. By shrewd questioning, I extracted the information that one Robert Bates of Analomink, Pennsylvania, is a recognized authority on catching rattlesnakes. As soon as I could get to a phone, I called Bates and asked if I could go along on one of his hunts.

Like all other recreations, rattlesnake hunting has definite seasons—spring and autumn. The only time you can find rattlesnakes in any numbers is when they are either just leaving the dens or returning to them in the fall. During the summer, the snakes spread out through the woods, sleeping by day and hunting at night. In winter, they hibernate below the frost level in dens where no one can get at them. It was April when I called Bates and he said the rattlers wouldn't be out until May. "But the first warm weekend, I'll give you a ring," he promised. "You have to hit it at just the right time for they don't stay around the den more than a few days once it gets warm."

The first warm weekend turned out to include Mother's Day and Bates refused to go rattlesnaking, arguing with charming sentiment that even a rattler may be somebody's mother. But the following weekend was even warmer so my son, Danny, and I drove north to Marshall Creek where we were to meet Bates who turned out to be a quiet man in his 70's. When he isn't rattlesnaking he operates a lumber mill. He had two friends with him whom he introduced as Wayne Metzgar, a local machinist, and Herbert Kramer, a tool and die maker. Although much younger than Bob Bates, they were all expert outdoorsmen and went hunting together every winter for deer and bear. We all piled in the Bates truck and started out for the dens.

"Should 'a been last week," Bates told me sadly as we headed down a back-country road. "A party got 70 snakes at one den. Now they'll be spread all over and picking them up won't be so easy. I hope you aren't a nervous type like the last fellow I took out. He went stumbling around without looking where he was going and every time a snake struck at him, he'd fall down. Can't catch snakes behaving like that."

I assured my host I had every intention of looking where I was going. I also suggested that as he and his friends were experienced snake hunters, I'd let them go first, following well behind.

"It's plenty spunky of you to suggest that," said Bates, throwing me an approving look. "That's what we call 'dead man's place.' Snakes are pretty sluggish this time of year and often they won't strike the first two or three men who go past them. It's the last guy who always seems to get it. I just hope you get a good, clean bite and the snake doesn't get hung up in you the way one did last week with that poor fellow from Leighton."

"What happened to him?" asked Danny.

"Frankly, I think you'd be happier if you didn't know. But I'll say this much. When a snake plunges its fangs in you, it only discharges enough venom to give you a lesson. Snakes can control exactly how much venom they discharge and they don't like to waste it. Then it pulls out its fangs and goes back into coil. But sometimes the fangs get caught and it can't get them loose. That annoys the rattler and it keeps pumping venom into you while it's trying to get free. That's what happened to the Leighton man. We all went to the funeral."

I began to wonder if rattlesnake hunting was as easy a way to make money as I supposed. I asked if Bob Bates had ever been bitten. "No, or I wouldn't be here. We never carry snake-bite outfits or antivenin or anything like that. Seems unsportsmanlike, somehow. Our motto is, 'Give the snakes a fighting chance.' "

Meanwhile we had left the paved road and turned off on a dirt track that I would have thought not even a jeep could have navigated. But Bates' old truck inched along in first gear over rocks, potholes and high centers while the trail writhed between columns of tall trees like a snake with colic.

We went on for hours, seldom reaching a speed of more than a mile or so. Several times we came to where trees, unable to bear their winter burdens of snow, had crashed down across the track but the snake hunters had brought not only axes but even a power saw and soon cleared the way. Finally we came to where a broad stream had carried so much sediment across the road that not even the indomitable truck could continue. "From here on, we walk," Bates explained.

From the back of the truck, the men took a pile of sticks with snubby forks on the ends. Dan and I were each given one and everyone took a bag. Thus equipped, we started out, our boots crunching on the dried leaves as though we were walking on popcorn. After a couple of miles, Bates pointed through the trees with his stick. "The den is on that ridge ahead," he explained. "But the snakes will probably be spread all over the slope below it. We'll spread out here and start looking."

Everyone started out on his own. It was 11 o'clock, still a little early in the day for the rattlers who at this time of year require the full heat of the midday sun to warm their cold blood and make them active. We moved from rock to rock and from log to log, looking carefully to see if a snake were coiled up beside it. I was picking my way gingerly up the slope when I saw Herbert Kramer ahead of me suddenly pirouette like a ballet dancer and begin to jab at the ground with his stick.

"Herb's got one," shouted Bob Bates, hurrying forward. "Or maybe one's got Herb," he added as an afterthought.

But it turned out that Herb had seen the dark, banded body just before the snake had lunged for him. Herb was lucky, for nothing on earth can dodge the blow of a rattlesnake; the stroke is literally quicker than the eye can follow. A mongoose can kill a cobra but would stand no chance at all against the lightning-quick blow of a rattler. As soon as the snake had struck, it went into "fighting coil." Before, it had been lying in the warm sun coiled round and round in flat loops like a garden hose. From this coil, a snake can bite but cannot strike out more than a few inches. Now it was reared up, the upper half of the body forming an 'S.' In this position, a rattlesnake is like a coiled spring and

TRUE

"Dear, I'm going to give you a little something for that cough."

can lunge forward a third—some experts say a half—its length, stab with extended fangs and return to coil with incredible speed.

It was many years since I had seen a rattler in the wild and I had almost forgotten what a wonderful creature it is. I was looking at 200 million years of reptile evolution which had produced the most perfect mechanism for striking and injecting venom ever devised. True, the poison of a cobra, drop for drop, is more deadly than that of the vipers, which includes the rattlesnake. Cobra poison is mainly neurotoxic; that is, it affects the nervous system and kills by paralyzing the heart and lung action. Viper venom is basically hemotoxic; it destroys the blood cells and ruptures the small blood vessels. However, all snake venoms possess both characteristics and it would be better to be bitten by a small cobra than by a large rattlesnake.

When it comes to injecting the venom, a rattlesnake is as superior to a cobra as a modern rifle is to an arquebus. A cobra can only open its mouth about 45° and then must not only bite but even chew the wound to make the poison run down its fangs and into the cut. The cobra's fangs are simply modified teeth and are short; otherwise the snake could not shut its mouth. A rattler's fangs are much longer, perhaps as much as three quarters of an inch, and fold back against the roof of its mouth. When the rattler strikes it opens its mouth a good 180° and the fangs snap down into place on the forward lunge. The snake does not need to bite, it simply stabs. As it feels its fangs go home, the snake instantly discharges the venom through fangs which are hollow and operate as miniature hypodermic needles. Because of the length of the fangs, the venom is injected deep into the bloodstream. Unlike a cobra that can strike only downward, a rattlesnake can strike in any direction, including straight up. Its S-shaped coil enables it to strike with great speed and accuracy while the strike of a cobra is slow and clumsy.

Gingerly, Herb extended his 10-foot stick and touched the snake. So far, the snake had not made a sound. Rattlers often strike without sounding their death warning, especially if they are surprised or sluggish. But this snake was thoroughly aroused by now and for the first time we heard the dull drone of the rattle. The tip of the tail is covered by a series of bony, cup-shaped segments fitting over each other. When the snake is nervous the end of the tail vibrates rapidly and makes these segments rub together. The noise sounds like an electric buzzer rather than a rattle.

"He's only a little fellow, not more than a couple of feet long," said Bob Bates. "Hardly worth bothering with."

But Dan and I wanted a couple of rattlesnakes to take home and keep as pets. Young snakes are usually easier to keep in captivity than adults so this fellow was just the right size. Obligingly, Bob pinned the snake's head down with the fork of his stick. Luckily for snake collectors, a rattler's head is considerably wider than its body to hold the poison sacs on either side. This is true of all the American vipers but not of our only other poisonous snake, the coral snake, more closely related to the cobras. Bob took care to get his fingers well up against the fork so when the stick was taken away a space wouldn't be left for the snake to turn and strike his hand. Then he dropped the stick, instantly using his other hand to steady the thrashing coils.

"Hold a bag open," he told Wayne Metzgar.

Wayne opened the mouth of a sack and Bob threaded the body into the opening. As he was doing so, the snake opened its mouth. I could see the curved fangs, as white and translucent as fingernail parings, slowly slip out of their protecting sheaths. At the tiny opening near the tip of one, a yellowish dewdrop of liquid venom slowly formed, the stuff that turns blood to water. That snake would have given all its rattles and six years of its life to get that venom into Bob and Bob knew it. When he let go he flung the snake down into the bag for sometimes a snake as it is released can get in a single backlash at the man holding it and sink at least one fang into flesh. But this snake hit the bottom of the bag before it knew what had happened.

"You carry the bag," said Bob handing it to Dan. "Just don't get it mixed up with your lunch bag and reach for a ham sandwich. That's happened. Believe me."

Dan took the bag, holding it well away from him. "No holes in this bag, are there?" he asked anxiously.

"Absolutely not. One year Herb and I were driving back with a bagful of rattlers in the back seat of our car. When we got home I lifted up the bag and darned if it wasn't empty. Those snakes had found a little bit of a hole and worked on it with their noses until they'd got out. Herb's wife came out just then and Herb said to her, 'Dear, don't use the car for a few hours—it's full of rattlesnakes.' She promised she wouldn't. Then we had to catch the snakes. They were up in the springs and twisted around under the seats and everywhere. After that, we always make sure every bag we use hasn't even the smallest hole."

For some time we poked around without luck. Then Wayne heard a dry little sound among the leaves and there was another rattler crawling away. There's something fascinating in watching a snake pour itself along the ground. First comes the coffin-shaped head, preceded by the flickering black flame of the tongue. Then follows the ever-moving current of the body, each coil moving in a different direction but all with the same intent and directed by the same calm intelligence. They follow a constantly changing pattern, curve flowing after curve, each ventral scale a miniature oar pushing the snake along. An old saying lists the movement of a serpent as one of the four great mysteries no mortal can understand, and watching that snake sway along the ground I could understand why.

Wayne, being less romantically minded, reached out with his forked stick but before he could pin down the snake's head, it had got under a flat slab of limestone.

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It took all five of us half an hour to pry the slab over so Bob Bates could flick the snake out with his stick. According to experts, a rattlesnake can only crawl about three mph but this one was headed toward me and I'll swear it was doing at least 15 mph. I leaned forward to take a picture and this snake did something else no snake is supposed to do—it struck at me so hard it went clear off the ground. Knowing no rattler can leave the ground on its strike, I wasn't worried a bit and the malicious story that I went over flat on my back I brand as a half truth, a calculated misrepresentation and Hitler's technique of the Big Lie. I just tripped—that was all. Could have happened to anybody.

As this snake was over three feet, we didn't want him, so Bob Bates killed him. Bob makes rattlesnake oil out of the fat for his friends. This is great stuff and a sure cure for stiff joints, sprains, rheumatism, sciatica, toothache, sore throat, colds, frostbite, chilblains, and corns, but most of Bob's friends use it for earaches. Bob says it seems to help them.

We got four more rattlers, including another little fellow that Dan and I added to our collection. Then we went on to the main den. It was a deep crack under a great sandstone slab, wide enough for a man to crawl down. "But don't try it," Bob warned. "The snakes are apt to lie up in cracks along the sides and they'll nip you in the back of the neck as you go by." Being fearless, this threat wouldn't have stopped me for a moment but I reflected it would be a nuisance for Bob and his friends to have to carry my corpse back to the truck so I forebore.

This started a discussion on just how fatal the bite of a rattler is. In the U.S., rattlers are responsible for 80 percent of deaths by snake bite but although about 1,000 people a year are bitten, only about 30 die because of modern medical techniques. All sorts of cures have been invented for snake bite, the best known being whisky taken internally. The late W. C. Fields claimed that he always traveled with two suitcases, one full of whisky in case of snake bite and the other full of rattlesnakes. When Kansas was dry, whisky could only be obtained by a doctor's certificate for snake bite. In one town, the snake population once was down to a single tired old rattler and he had 10 people on his waiting list. Unfortunately, doctors now claim all alcohol does is to speed up the circulation of blood and distribute the poison that much faster through the system.

Our three rattlesnake hunters agreed that in case of a bite, about the best thing to do was get to a hospital as quickly as possible where you could receive antivenin injections and expert medical care. "The bloodstream carries the poison through your system so fast, cutting open the wound or using a tourniquet doesn't do much good," was the consensus. As it would take six Sonny Listons to hold me down while somebody cut open my leg with a razor blade, I was relieved to know this treatment was no longer considered essential.

We got a few more snakes among the rocks near the den, including one big fellow of nearly four feet. Bob Bates told me that although six-foot timber rattlers have been reported, the biggest he ever found was 52 inches. "The greatest number of rattles we ever found on a snake was 17," he added. "Guess you know a snake gets a new rattle every time he sheds his skin and as they shed two or three times a year, the number of rattles isn't any real guide to their age. Anyhow, they keep breaking off their rattles crawling around the rocks."

We'd missed the big rattlesnake spring exodus from the dens by about a week and Bates felt sorry about it. "They are not too far from the den right now," he assured us. "Prof. Martin at State Teachers' College got us to dye some rattlers different colors when they came out of the dens and then he kept a record of anyone who saw a painted rattlesnake during the summer. If you were walking in the woods and ran across a purple rattlesnake with lavender spots, it's the sort of thing that would linger in your mind so the professor was able to keep pretty good track of them. He says they never wander more than a few miles from the dens, but it's still tough to locate them."

"How do they find their way back to the dens in autumn?"

"That's hard to say. One guess is that the experienced old ones go first and the youngsters follow them by scent. Some sure stay out late. I've found rattlesnakes here in November."

Bob Bates and his friends had done us a great honor by revealing the location of one of their private rattlesnake dens. So many groups have taken up rattlesnake catching as a hobby, the supply is getting depleted. As a result, the clubs keep the location of their dens a secret. But although rattlesnake catching is a fast-growing fad in the East, we have a long way to go to catch up with our western brothers. Five tons of rattlers are shipped annually from Texas alone, mainly to carnivals and circuses, but the headquarters of the business would seem to be the International Association of Rattlesnake Hunters in Okeene, Oklahoma. They stage an annual rattlesnake hunt every year. The snakes they get are the western diamondback rather than our timber rattlesnake.

There's a lot of question as to whether the western diamondback is more deadly than the eastern timber rattlesnake. I will content myself with pointing out some recognized historical cases that illustrate the potency of a timber rattler's venom. Cotton Mather in Salem, Massachusetts, back in 1714, couldn't raise cherries because rattlers kept biting his trees, waiting until birds ate the poisoned fruit, and then eating the birds as they dropped dead. On another occasion, a timber rattler bit the tongue of Mather's wagon. The tongue began to swell so fast that only by hurriedly uncoupling it was Mather able to save the wagon. Mather also observed that a certain species of blacksnake served as a pilot to guide the rattler to its prey and the snake has been called a pilot blacksnake ever since. Let any westerner try to top those stories.

After thanking our kind friends, Dan and I started back with our two captives. At $350 an ounce, our rattlers were worth at a conservative estimate at least $1,000, and we couldn't understand why Bob Bates and his friends had never cashed in on this bonanza. Still, their loss was our gain and we looked forward to operating a lucrative rattlesnake dairy with some slogan like, "Venom from contented rattlers."

Dan had constructed a fine snake cage during his manual-training classes at school which was installed in our living room. We carried the bag containing the snakes into the house and then I tried to hook them out of the bag with a long-handled poker. I promptly made the interesting discovery that there is no possible way to keep a snake on the end of a poker if it decides to get off. A snake's backbone is composed of some 200 ball-and-socket joints; you can tie a snake in a knot and it can untie itself by simply gliding through the knot. Trying to hold one on a stick is like trying to lasso a yard of oil. When one of our snakes hit the floor, instead of going into "fighting coil," it promptly started to disappear under the davenport.

After a few minutes, both our captives got extremely deft at dodging the poker, swaying their heads around the L-shaped end and keeping on going. Before starting the process, we had carefully thrown all other livestock out of the room, including Tilly, our Cairn terrier; Tiba, the ocelot; a couple of ferrets and a pet 'coon. The whole collection was now lined up on the other side of the glass doors that separate our living room from the rest of the house, positive they could fix those two burrtails in a minute. Jule, my wife, added considerably to the excitement of the occasion by opening the doors periodically to ask, "Haven't you got those things put away yet?" and thereby letting the entire menagerie loose on us. It was due entirely to my magnificent flow of profanity that we finally got both snakes in the cage.

I must say that at first glance—and at second, third and fourth glance, too—the rattlers didn't seem like prime material for domestication. They lay coiled up on the floor of the cage regarding us with malignant pride and even the vibration of our footsteps was enough to start them rattling. In the confined space, the hum of the rattles sounded like a hive of bees. But in a few days they began to settle down. They no longer struck furiously at the glass when we passed and didn't rattle even when lifted out of their box with the poker so the cage could be cleaned. As one had seven rattles and the other 11, we named them Seven and Eleven. Eleven was a few inches longer than Seven and not as active.

Our next job was to feed them. Rattlesnakes only go for live food, usually rats and other small rodents. As one thing we have plenty of in our barn is rats, we caught one in a box trap and turned it loose in the cage.

We had provided the snakes with a hollow log as a home and both were inside with only their heads showing. The rat ran around and then passed too close to the log. Suddenly Seven moved like

a flicker of light. He struck the rat and returned to position so fast his coils seemed barely to twitch. The rat went straight up in the air. When it came down it ran wildly for a few seconds, then fell on its side twitching spasmodically. It was dead in less than a quarter of a minute.

Seven was obviously in no hurry. I'd about decided that he had forgotten about the rat when he started to flow out from under the log, forked tongue busily flickering over the bottom of the cage as Seven followed the rat's trail. In a sense, snakes smell with their tongues. The tongue picks up tiny particles of scent which cling to the forked end. When the snake retracts its tongue it puts the forked tip into two tiny holes in the roof of its mouth known as Jacobson's organs. These organs enable it to tell if it's on the right track.

Seven behaved as though he had nothing but time, as indeed he did. He knew well his prey wasn't going anywhere; it was dead and waiting for him. Poisonous snakes have their venom primarily as a means of catching prey rather than for defense. A mink, squirrel, gopher or even a large rat can give a nonpoisonous snake several bad bites before the snake overpowers it. But a poisonous snake doesn't have to worry. He strikes, gets out of the way and simply waits for his prey to die.

Eventually Seven came to where the rat was lying. Even now, he didn't seem in any hurry. Peter, our big Indian rock python, seizes his prey, throws his coils around it and never lets go until he actually begins to swallow it. Seven examined the rat carefully, touching it lightly with his tongue, apparently to make sure it was dead. He reminded me of a hunter who has just shot a potentially dangerous animal and prods it carefully with a stick before starting to skin it out. At last convinced that the rat couldn't bite him, he made his way around to the head and began to work his jaws over the rat with a chewing motion. Although snakes do not chew their food, always swallowing it whole, they force one side of their jaws forward at a time, inching the prey slowly down their gullets.

During the feeding process, Eleven got interested and came out to investigate. He started on the dead rat from the other end. What would have happened when they met in the middle I can't imagine but I didn't want to find out. Using the poker, I made Eleven disgorge the tail of the rat and took him out of the cage until Seven had finished eating. After that, I always put in two rats at the same time.

Although both our snakes grew perfectly tame, that is, never rattled or offered to strike at us, we didn't try picking them up with our bare hands. The pit vipers—rattlesnakes, copperheads and water moccasins—hunt mainly at night and detect the presence of their prey by means of their pits, two small holes between the eye and the mouth that look like misplaced nostrils. These pits are equipped with miniature thermostats and by them the snake can tell the presence of warm-blooded prey—or in the case of a moccasin, of cold-blooded frogs —by the difference in temperature. As snakes are more inclined to trust to their pits than their eyes, they are liable to strike at any thing warm, even electric light bulbs. Granted the snake doesn't mean any harm and will regret his mistake if he bites you, but that doesn't do the party of the second part much good.

Some rattlesnake fanciers think I'm too cautious in this respect. When the word was eased around that we'd joined the rattlesnake set, several people from various snake clubs dropped in to see us. No matter what crazy idea you have nowadays, there always seem to be plenty of other fruitcakes in the same league and they all form clubs. One 15-year-old kid told us he not only freely handles his own rattlers but even picks up wild ones with his bare hands. "Watch the snake's tongue," he told us. "If he holds the tongue out in a rigid position and keeps it out a long time, he's nervous because he's trying to get a lot of scent particles. If he doesn't use it at all or only moves it slowly in and out, he's quiet and you can pick him up as long as you do it gently." Maybe so, but I'm too young and beautiful to die. The kid told us he's saving up to buy a cobra. I don't know about him, but I'm darned sure his parents ought to have their heads shrunk.

Now that Seven and Eleven were recognized members of the household, I decided to start operating my rattlesnake dairy. Milking a snake is simple enough, you just grab it back of the head, force it to open its mouth, hang the fangs over the edge of a cup and press the venom glands on either side of the head until the venom runs into the cup. There's some risk attached to the process, but at $350 an ounce, I was willing to take it.

Fortunately, I decided to check with the laboratories first. There are several laboratories that buy venom and pay a high price for it but they will only buy from regular agencies. The snakes have to be carefully identified for species and, as there are something like 23 subspecies of rattlesnakes in the United States, this requires expert knowledge. The venom is then rotated in a centrifuge for five to six hours, put in an electric incubator, dehydrated, quick-frozen and stored in a dark place. Every step of the process can be done only by a trained laboratory staff with the proper equipment.

So our plan to make a fortune out of Seven and Eleven petered out. But they still make interesting pets. As every man's hand is against the poisonous snakes, probably there won't be any left in a few years. That's a pity. You never know when something may come in handy. The venom of certain pit vipers is used in the treatment of various illnesses, especially hemophilia. Hemophilia can also be controlled to a certain extent by hypnosis, and this was virtually the only known way of controlling it 30 years ago. It was through hypnosis that Rasputin could keep the little czarevitch alive and so gained control of the Russian court. Rasputin was one of the main causes of the Russian revolution which has brought down all this trouble on the world. I'd settle for a few rattlesnakes, myself.

—Daniel P. Mannix

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ROUGH AND TUMBLE LIFE OF A TOP BRONC BUSTER

[*Continued from page* 41]

Through the haze he had seen cowboys and then the two doctors standing over him and he had realized he was in the first-aid room and that there was pain in his back. The year before, his neck had been broken at Beach, North Dakota, but this time the doctors had turned him over and had found that it was just a rock, a little bigger than a golf ball, under his belt. For weeks after that, though, his back had been swollen and black and blue, and he had taken pain pills every time he worked.

"It's not that a person can't stand pain," he said later, explaining it to me, "but it changes his reflexes."

Now, in the shade of the office overhang at Phoenix, the others around him talking but their words not registering in his mind, he was checking over the rest of the saddle bronc list. He was looking for the good riders and the good horses and the pairings that would win money . . . Bill Martinelli on Peaceful, a good rider and a good draw and liable to win with a score in the 70's . . . George Williams and Roly Poly, the horse he had hoped to get because he had never been on it and he had seen Bill Feddersen win with it in Las Vegas and had watched it buck his own brother, Tom, off at the National Finals Rodeo in Dallas in 1959 . . .

He scanned the list further . . . Kenny McLean, one of the toughest going down the road if he'd just go down the road more, but on Pretty One, that you'd have to call a dirty draw because even if you do ride him well you don't win . . . Marty Wood . . . Winston Bruce . . . both tough riders but both on bad draws . . . Ronnie Raymond, who could get high in the 60's and maybe win on Knott Inn . . . Guy Weeks, the '63 champion, on Revenue, no better than his own Oley . . .

The big league ballplayer is on salary and the professional fighter knows that he will be paid whether he wins or loses. In tournament golf they pay off to 30 and sometimes to 50 places, but here there were 47 riders, all paying their own expenses and all putting up the $35 entry fee, going for $1759.14—$706.06 for first, $526.55 for second, $351.03 for third, and $175.50 for fourth. In this draw on this horse, he was reasoning now, walking down the steps of the trailer and into the warm sunlight, the best he could hope to score would be something in the middle 50's. That didn't figure to get him even fourth money, but at least it wouldn't kill him in the average. There would be a second draw—a second go-round—with the same amount of money up again, and they would pay off to four places in that and then to four places in the average—the total of the two go-rounds.

"Hey, Jim!" he heard someone calling, and he saw Russ Taylor, the chap maker from Moorcroft, Wyoming, standing by the tail gate of a white station wagon, and motioning to him. He walked over to him and they shook hands and Taylor reached into the wagon and came out with a new pair of Tescher Bronc Chaps and handed them to him and he tried them on.

They are dark brown cowhide, with the trim and leather fringe dyed green, and they sell for $35 and were named after him when he won the saddle bronc riding at the National Finals—the World Series of rodeo—for the first time in Dallas in 1959.

"I don't know," Tescher said, looking down at the fringe breaking over the fronts of his boots. "I think they're a little long."

In bronc riding one of the things they judge you on is your lick—the spurring stroke with the first punch in front of the points of the horses' shoulders and the second back on the flanks. When the chaps are too long they may hide the spurs on that first punch.

"Suppose I take an inch off?" Taylor said.

"That'd be fine," he said.

"Anything you say," Taylor said. "You're the boss."

When Jim started to rodeo seriously, back in 1948 and long before he became a name cowboy himself, his hero was Bill Linderman, who twice won the saddle bronc title and in 20 years won $426,669 in prize money. In those days Tescher used to travel with his brother Tom, who is four years older, in Tom's 1936 Ford with wood and cardboard in place of the broken glass in the windows and no starter and almost no brakes but with a good motor and good tires. The first Rodeo Cowboys Association rodeo they went to was in Sheridan, Wyoming.

"When we got there," he was telling me one night when I came out to see how he and his wife and their kids live in the Badlands, "we saw in the paper that Bill Linderman and some other name cowboys would contest, and it just sickened us. We thought of comin' back home and then we waited until a few minutes after the entries closed, hopin' they wouldn't let us in, but they did. Tom won a third in the bareback and I won the saddle bronc and it paid $192 and I thought I'd never see another poor day."

That money was big money in those days because he was one of 15 children and, although his Dad had 1,500 acres outside of Sentinel Butte and raised commercial cattle and wheat, it was always a struggle. Then, when he was in the fifth grade the house burned down. When the rest of the family moved into town, he and his brother Alvin, who is eight years older, stayed on the ranch. They lived together in the two-room bunk house for six years and he went through the eighth grade in the one-room school where there were just six other boys.

"I thought of goin' to high school," he said, "but I also thought it was a disgrace for a ranch boy to live in town. The people I admired most were ranchers, and they still are. I still think more of bein' a ranch hand than a rodeo cowboy."

When he was still small, and his Dad wasn't around, he'd ride milk cows, and when he and Alvin lived together Alvin was sort of a model for him and taught him by letting him get up on anything. Every once in awhile, somebody would leave a horse with them to be broken and in three weeks to a month they'd have it roughed out and ready to handle and they'd take it back to the owner. That was how he got the $13 for his first pair of boots when he was 12, and it ended his shoe wearing right there.

"We used to run wild horses, too," he explained. "In those days these Badlands were full of 'em, and when I was 17 I had 43 head."

"In other words, when you wear those boots and that hat it's not just a costume and you're not acting."

"I guess that's right," he said.

"I understand that some people don't know that. They tell me that when you and Tom were rodeoing together and somebody, in a bar, would start the abuse

TRUE

"Sales meetings are pretty rough around here if you haven't made your quota."

with 'Where'd you park your horse, Tex?' it was a delight to see. They say that you two, wreathed in smiles, would just clean out the place."

Tescher is only 5 feet, 8½ inches, but he weighs 187 pounds. He measures only 30 inches around the waist, so it's up there in his chest and shoulders and arms and down in his thighs and calves.

"They told you that, did they?" he said.

"That's right. I understand that you're on the Board of Directors of the Rodeo Cowboys Association and last summer at Cheyenne this cowboy came up and shook his finger in your face and said: 'You R.C.A. directors are all a lot of fat-headed ———!' They say you just knocked him on his tail and he was still out five minutes later."

"I guess that's about right," he said, and it was.

He could remember another night when he and his wife Loretta were going to Fort Madison, Iowa, and they had stopped in a cafe over in Dickinson to wait for Pete Fredericks, from Halliday, who was going with them. While they were eating, there were three or four fellas in the next booth who got to arguing and cussing and finally the big guy challenged the little fella to go out in the street and Jim followed them out and watched the big guy bloody the little fella up and finally knock him out.

The trouble was that it didn't end there. The big guy was feeling good now, back in the booth with the others, and he was using some pretty rank language and Loretta could hear it and finally Jim said to the big guy that there was a lady present and he should shut up. With that the big guy jumped up and said, "I'd like to have you shut me up!" There was the back of the booth between them but, using his right hand on the top of the booth as a pivot, Jim let a hook go and the big guy went sprawling over the table.

Then Jim was out of the booth. As the big guy came bounding off that table, he let another one go and flattened the big guy on the floor, and then he just picked him up and threw him out.

By this time the manager had called the law and when they got there the manager said, "It's all right now, officers. This gentleman has already handled it." And one of the cops said, "Was that you, threw him out in the street?" And Jim said, "That's right." And the cop said, "You know, as we come along in the dark, we thought you were throwin' out a saddle." Then the manager wouldn't let him pay for the two dinners.

"So what about that time in Dallas?" I said next.

"They told you about that, too?" Jim said, then deciding that he might as well tell about it. "Well, we got paid off kinda late that year and it was about 2 a.m. when I went to eat in this cafe right across from the hotel. There were about a dozen cowboys and a lot of others there but there was only one waitress and we had to wait. There was this fella there and he started that 'Tex' stuff. The longer nobody said anything the worse he got and finally I'd finished eatin' and George Williams just kinda nudged me.

"So I said to this fella: 'Why don't you just get out?' He said, 'Maybe you'd like to try to put me out.' Then we went to it, and as soon as we did I knew he could fight. I guess we must have gone for about three or four minutes until finally I hit him a good right and he went down and just lay there by some chairs. The other fellas got me out then, because they figured the law was comin'."

When he went back later, though, to pay for his meal, he found out he had been right. The manager said one of the other cowboys had paid his bill and then he said, "Do you know who that fella is, that you knocked out?" And he said, "No." And the manager said, "He's the light-heavyweight champion of Texas." He had known from the way that fella had moved and slipped punches and didn't waste any of his own that he could fight.

Jim walked now in the Phoenix sun to his own car and opened the trunk. He took out the bronc saddle that he paid $185 for in 1949 and has been using ever since and he placed it on the ground. The leather is scarred and dry now, and when I saw it I asked what he treats it with.

"Just with abuse," he said with a smile.

Now he took out his own worn Tescher chaps, folded, and the rein—the six-foot length of four-plait braided manila rope. He slammed the trunk shut, and then he heard someone behind him.

"Excuse me," the man said. He was middle-aged, thin and wearing glasses, and in a white short-sleeved sports shirt and tan slacks.

"What can I do for you?" Jim said.

"Excuse me," the man said, "but are you a bronc rider?"

"That's right."

"I've always wanted to ask something," the man said. "I mean, how do you fellas get the courage?"

"Oh," Jim said, "I don't imagine it's courage."

"I've watched you fellas get hurt," the man said. "You ever been hurt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how can you fellas do that?"

"I guess 'cause it's our job," he said. "I don't know."

"Well, thanks anyway," the man said. "And good luck to you."

"Thanks," Jim said.

It's not something you can ever explain. It's just something you grow up with, never thinking you're going to be hurt, and when you are you never give it much thought. Except that I did get him to go over all his injuries and it made quite a list.

When he was 14, he was hunting deer and riding down off one of those almost mustard-colored buttes into a draw when the horse turned a somersault and his right arm was broken. When he was 16 his left ankle was broken while he was rodeoing at Dickinson, North Dakota, and a bareback horse ran away with him. For a week he didn't bother to go to the doctor and then, after the doctor put the cast on, he rode bareback at Glendive, Montana, for the $3 mount money.

When he was 20 he had three vertebrae broken in the small of his back in a car

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wreck. They told him he shouldn't do any work for three months, so he went to Florida and started rodeoing in Miami and Orlando and Davie and Miami Springs and Kissimmee and came home with $1,000 more than he had left with. Then at Spencer, Iowa, one year he broke his left thigh bone when the horse reared in the chute, but they poured a couple of drinks of whisky into him and he got back on the horse.

In 1959 his collar bone was broken when he was thrown in Madison Square Garden in New York. Two years later he broke the third and fifth vertebrae in his neck at Beach, North Dakota, just playing around after the rodeo with Alvin Nelson—betting on riding and using each other's saddle—and he was in a brace for two months. He has had calcium deposits removed from his left shin bone.

In many rodeos, he also wrestles steers. He has had horns tear the left side of his nose loose, rip his left upper lip and his right upper lip, but he couldn't tell me how many stitches have been put in his mouth and face. In fact, he forgot then that he also had a cast on his left ankle when his brother Tom was married. That was from the chute at Grand Forks, North Dakota, when he got back on the horse and won money anyway.

"But don't you ever have any pain from any of this?" I asked him.

"Most all the time," he said. "I can feel it now, sittin' here, and it bothers me lyin' in bed. It doesn't bother me when I work, though, or when I ride, just afterwards. When it gets real bad I know those vertebrae in my back have slipped, so I get Benny Reynolds to put 'em back in place."

Benny Reynolds is a 6 foot 3 inch, 195-pound, easy-going, four-event cowboy out of Melrose, Montana. In 1961 he won $31,309 and the All-Around Championship.

"Benny remembers what twist to give 'em," he explained, "so why pay one of them fellas $3?"

Jim had the rope rein around his neck now and the folded chaps in one hand. With the other hand he was carrying the 34-pound saddle and he walked between the parked cars and through the contestants' entrance, and then he stopped and he put the saddle down. To his right was the back of the temporary grandstand, to his left was the refreshment booth with cowboys standing in the sunlight in front of it and drinking their cokes, and suddenly it all started to come back to him.

I remember this part of it right here, he was thinking, *but it's like something in a dream.*

In 1957 he had had his best year here in Phoenix when he won $2,700, but last year here a horse named Thunderbolt had bucked him off. Now, back again for the first time since then, he was trying to recapture the fall—waiting for it to return if it would—because it is a part of his life that he knows he lived but of which he has absolutely no memory.

At Sidney, Iowa, before he blacked out, he could remember his head hitting the ground. The time he hung up in the stirrup at that little Sunday afternoon rodeo at Burns Creek, Montana, he could remember his head a foot from the rail fence before the horse swung him against it. Even the time that he went through the windshield of his car and landed 50 feet away with his head down in the ditch he could remember everything up to the last second.

Here in Phoenix, though, he could not remember getting on the horse or the ride. For 24 hours he couldn't even remember who he was or where he was and they told him later he kept asking over and over. He must have asked Duane Bruce, who had helped him in the chute, 20 times what rein he had given the horse and what side he'd bucked off on. He just couldn't get it back, and the doctor had given it some name and explained that you can lose out of your life a period of time and just never recover it.

He could hear now, coming through the open stands and over and around them, the voice of Mel Lambert, the public address announcer— ". . . and here's a cowboy, who last year. . . ." It was the steer wrestling, and then they'd have the calf roping and then the Hollywood cowboy and then the saddle bronc riding. The more than $5,000 he had won in the last five weeks had put him first among the money winners in the bronc riding, and in rodeo the top money winner at the end of the season in each of the seven events is called the World Champion and the biggest earner in two or more events is the All-Around Champion. In 1959, his best money year, he made $22,223 and finished fourth in the saddle bronc standings with $12,157. In 1963 he won $20,904 and with $15,099 of it for getting up on bucking stock, he was third.

"But how come you've never been World Champion?" his oldest boy, Gary, who is 13 now, had said to him one night. Jim was showing him the gold and silver belt buckle set with diamonds that he had just won at the National Finals in Los Angeles. They were standing by the washing machine and dryer just off the kitchen in the basement and he had tried to explain it to his son—that being with his family and building up the ranch had always seemed more important to him than going halfway across the United States to some little rodeo just to win $100. When you make only 30 or 40 rodeos a year you can't expect to finish as high in the final standings as somebody who makes 80 or 90, and when he and Tom were competing together Casey Tibbs, a nine-time world champion, said it for them.

"There's no tellin' how far those Teschers could go," Casey said, "if they weren't plagued with common sense."

It's what Gene Pruett says, too. Gene rode saddle broncs for 21 years and won the world title in 1948 and quit in 1955. Now he's the editor of *Rodeo Sports News,* the bi-weekly published by the Rodeo Cowboys Association in Denver, and no one knows rodeo better.

"It'd be real hard," Gene Pruett says, "to pick out even two guys who can ride as good as Jim Tescher—maybe not even one—because he's just about as good a bronc rider today as there is. If Jim and Tom had just rodeoed and rodeoed they'd been champions, and besides, the National Finals are the real test as far as I'm concerned."

"So I'll tell you what I might do this year," Jim had told his star-gazing son that night when the boy had brought it up. "If you'd really like me to be world champion I might give it a try. If I start out winnin' pretty good and everything's all right here at the ranch I might just stay with it more." He said this mostly for the boy, because the one event he really cares about winning—and did win last year—is the annual match riding he and Tom put on for the benefit of the Diocese of Bismarck's Home on the Range for Boys. (Last December, in Los Angeles, Jim finished second in the national finals with a total of $21,577—just about $600 short of a world championship.)

Jim's son is a fine boy. Young as he is he's about as useful as any hired hand and a good student, too. That one-room school he goes to with Les Connell's boy and George Wolf's boy and the three Mossers and the two Meyers is across the river, so to get there he walks out to the bank above the river where that railroad tie is buried upright with just the top sticking out of the ground. Attached to the top of the tie is the three-quarter inch steel cable that runs 320 feet across the river to a cottonwood tree on the other bank. Tied to the tie is that weathered wood platform, about five feet long and three feet wide, suspended by two iron frames from two pulleys that ride the cable.

The boy has his lunch in a Karo syrup pail and he puts that in first and then he kneels on the platform and pushes off. The platform slides down the cable to the mid-point, about eight feet above the water—or ice in winter—and then the boy grabs the cable over his head and pulls the platform over to the cottonwood tree. He climbs down the seven boards nailed to the trunk of the tree and gets into the Jeep, which he left there the afternoon before, and he drives the four and a half miles to the school.

It's hard country, all right. They say that in the wheat lands of North Dakota the topsoil is from six to eight feet deep, but out on those buttes there's no more than six to eight inches of it on top of that yellow gumbo. The nearest bridge crossing is 38 miles up river and the nearest telephone is 35 miles away in Sentinel Butte where, according to Matt Tescher, the boy's grandfather, there are also 175 people. Matt Tescher should know because he is serving his fourth term in the State Legislature and they call him "Landslide" Tescher since he won his next-to-last election by one vote.

"A lot of people thought Jim wouldn't make it out in the Badlands," his brother-in-law, Roy Kittelson, likes to say, "but Jim mined his own coal, smoked Bull Durham and saved every penny he could."

The time was drawing near for the saddle bronc competition. "Jim Tescher?" he heard someone say, and he turned and saw a cowboy in a white shirt and black hat. "Bud Martin's my name."

"How are you?"

"Can you tell me somethin' about Blue?"

"Yes," Jim said, and held out his two fists, but with the thumbs extended and touching, to indicate how much rein to give the horse. "I'd say he takes about four or five inches over average."

When they don't kick high with their back legs but buck hunched up high in the middle, they drop their heads and take a long rein. When they kick high they throw their heads back and take a short rein. If you figure a horse wrong, though, a long hold may leave you lying back over the rump or a short hold may send you over the head, and it is a tradition in rodeo that what you know about a horse you share.

"Thanks a lot," Bud Martin said.

"He's a little touchy in the chute, too, but that's all right if you just handle him. At El Paso he turned back to the right real short with me right out of the gate. Then he really bucks the first four or five seconds and he's another one that has a tendency to duck to the left and stand you in the right stirrup."

"Thanks a lot."

"That's all right," Jim said.

Now they had finished with the calf roping and he could hear, over the P.A. system, the voice of the Hollywood TV cowboy telling gags . . . "so you just think about it, and you'll holler later . . ." and he bent down and picked up the chaps. He unfolded them and put them on, fastening the buckle of the waist strap and the three buckles at the back of each leg. Then he picked up the saddle.

"Well," he said. "Time to go to work."

"Good luck," Kenny McLean said.

"That's right," Jim Clifford said.

"I'll need it," he said.

This was one of those times, he knew, when he would have to give the horse all the best of it. This Oley is a little light-headed so that, if he wanted to, he could take a short rein on it, but he was reasoning now that if he gave it, instead, a little over the average rein he might encourage it into the real big try he needed from it to mark anywhere in the mid-50s.

When he got to the gate one of the cowboys standing there and listening to the TV cowboy singing now opened it for him and he walked through. Across the arena he could see the faces of the crowd filling the permanent covered grandstand. In the middle of the arena the TV cowboy was standing with a guitar player on the big, rubber-tired trailer, next to a piano.

"Gonna build a mountain," he was singing, "from a little hill. . . ."

"Hey, Tescher!" he heard someone calling, and it was Sonny Linger, the chute boss. "Over here!"

He put the saddle down outside the chute and took the leather halter from Winston Bruce. He climbed up onto the gate and, bending over the top, saw the horse below him, parallel to the gate, his head to the left and filling the chute but quiet in it. He slipped the halter on, pulling it up over the nose and buckling the cheek piece. Then he took the rope rein and passed the spliced loop on the one end behind the nose band on the left side of the horse's head and he brought the other end up through the loop and snugged it.

"Tell me this," the guitar player was asking the TV cowboy in the arena. "How many head of cattle do you have on your ranch?"

"I don't know," the TV cowboy was saying, "They're always facin' the wrong way."

On the ground in front of the gate Jim picked up the saddle and climbed back up the gate. Swinging the saddle so that the stirrups would clear the gate he let the saddle down gently across the horse's withers. The horse was still standing steady, and with his left hand he felt for the back of the left shoulder blade and then, remembering the horse's tendency to throw a saddle forward, he moved it back about an inch. When he did this the horse snorted and shifted and then whistled once, the way the wild ones will whistle when they see you on the range.

"Easy, partner," George Williams, helping on the back side of the chute and holding the halter, said. "Easy now."

Bob Robinson, the Canadian saddle bronc and bull rider, on the ground below him, reached through the gate with the long wire hook and brought the cinch ring up and threaded the end of the latigo through it. Then he made his two turns through the cinch ring and the D-ring of the saddle and pulled it snug.

"It looks like this old pony's gonna stand," Jim said to Bob Robinson. "You might get the back one now."

Out in the middle of the arena the TV cowboy and the guitar player had finished. A tractor was pulling the trailer off and he waited, on the gate, while Bob Robinson, using the wire hook again, got the buckle of the saddle flank and buckled it loosely.

"So let's go to the chutes!" Mel Lambert was announcing. "The next event is saddle bronc riding, and we've got the best. . . ."

Bending over the top of the gate now Jim picked up the rein with his right hand and brought it back. Making a fist with his left hand he placed the heel of the hand against the swell at the front of the saddle and he extended his thumb. Measuring the length of the rein against this and going an inch beyond, because the others he had seen on this horse had given it this average rein, he grabbed the rein there between his left forefinger and thumb. Then, with his right hand, he pulled a small clump of the reddish-brown hair out of the horse's mane and, spreading the plaits of the yellow manila hemp at the spot where he held the rein, he threaded the hair through and tied it once.

"The first cowboy up," Mel Lambert was announcing, "is . . ."

"Tescher!" Sonny Linger was calling. "You're third!"

"All right, Son," he said.

He had climbed across to the backside of the chute and he had taken the end of the latigo from Bob Robinson. As he tried to put the end under the skirt of the saddle to keep it from whipping around he was aware that the saddle felt too tight.

"He's squattin' a little," he said to

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"Harry, for God's sake, give me her number!"

Robinson, "but I think you better slack it off some, anyway."

". . . and our judges," Mel Lambert was announcing, "mark our first horse and rider 48! Now, here's Don Sievertson from Phoenix, Arizona, on. . . ."

"You got that rope there?" Sonny Linger said.

"What do you want us to do with it?"

"Put it under his neck and hold it on the backside."

"You got it, George?"

He watched George Williams slip the five-foot length of rope around the horse's neck and around the top plank of the chute to keep the horse's head up. He saw that Charley Metrose, the chute helper, had placed the flank strap, three inches wide and sheepskin covered and designed to make the horse kick high behind, just in front of the hips and around the horse's barrel, and when he heard the crowd, almost in one voice, make that ooh-sound he knew that Don Sievertson had been thrown.

"So let's give Don Sievertson a hand, anyway!" Mel Lambert was saying.

He had climbed now to where he was standing with one foot on the inside of the gate, the other on the inside of the chute, straddling the horse. He spit on his hands and rubbed the inside of his chaps. He bent over and picked up the rein lying across the horse's neck and took it in his left hand between his third and little fingers and tightened his fist on it about two inches from where he had marked with the hairs from the mane. He would give the horse that much more head, that much more freedom, in his hope to get the best out of him, and he saw that the pickup men had caught Sievertson's loose horse.

With the rein still in his left hand and using the heel of that fist on the plank of the gate level with the saddle, his right hand on the top plank of the back of the chute, he lowered himself carefully down into the saddle. The horse was steady under him, not moving, and, as he slid his feet deep into the wood and metal stirrups, he felt now the nervousness that he always feels at this moment. He was not afraid of being hurt, not nervous about his ability to ride the horse, only concerned that he would not be able to ride it the way he wanted to.

"Our next rider," Lambert announced, "is Jim Tescher of Medora, North Dakota, currently leading for the championship of the world!" And it was time.

He knew that behind him Goldie Carlton, the flank man, was holding the end of the flank strap and that, before dropping the end, he would allow the horse's momentum, as it started out of the gate, to pull it tight. He saw that outside the gate Charley Metrose had the end of the gate rope in his hand, waiting. Beyond him he saw that the arena was empty and he moved his feet and the stirrups forward so that both his spurs were in front of the points of the horse's shoulders. Here, by rule, they would have to remain until the horse's front feet hit the ground on the first jump out of the chute. He leaned back now, bringing his left hand grasping the rein up high and, with his right hand and careful not to make any sudden movement, he dropped the loose end of the rein over his left shoulder. Then, carefully, he squirmed deeper in the saddle and he was concentrating now and the nervousness was gone.

"All right," he said, "let's try the horse."

When he said this Charley Metrose jerked the gate open and George Williams dropped the neck rope and the horse wheeled to the left and out into the arena, its head down and its muscles bunching. He still had his spurs pressing against the horse's neck, concentrating on the right one from which the horse was turning, when the horse, snorting and breaking wind, made the first jump. As it hit on its front feet, the spurs still up there, he felt the saddle give. In that small part of a second he had the thought that he and the saddle were going over the horse's head, as he had gone over the head of that King Tut—he and the saddle and the halter, too—at Tulsa a couple of years before.

At that moment the hind feet hit and he had his spurs back and he was all right. He was in good shape again, the rein taut in his left hand, his right arm out for balance, his spurs forward again. The horse was ducking to the right now, instead of making the wide circle he had expected, and he knew his lick wasn't as full-stroking as it should be but at least he was in time with the horse. He sensed that his rein was correct, his left hand almost thinking for itself, neither throwing the horse's head away nor snubbing it. As he moved with the rise and fall of the horse, keeping his upper body parallel to the front legs, keeping his spurring strokes going, he was aware that it was almost as if he were trying to lift the horse under him into a bigger try. Then he was anticipating the 10-second klaxon, then expecting it, still spurring in rhythm, still hoping that the horse would just erupt under him, when he felt the horse make his first big turn to the left, and he heard the klaxon.

With the horse still bucking, he looked now for one of the pickup men. As he did he realized the horse was going for the wire fence. There it was—the eight-foot wire fence—right in front of him, when the horse turned left again and he shifted all of his weight into the right stirrup, kicked his left foot free and, dropping the rein and reaching, grabbed with both hands the pipe along the top of the fence. The horse bucked away from him and, as he released his grip and dropped to the ground, he could hear the applause of 10,000 people cascading down around him from the stands.

"And here's a good score!" he heard Mel Lambert announcing. "The score on Jim Tescher is 52!"

He was walking along the fence line, to circle back around the end of the arena, and he knew it was not good enough. It was to turn out that he was right because, as he had figured, Bill Martinelli was to win it with a 74 on Peaceful, Ronnie Raymond would score 64 on Knott Inn, Floyd Baze would mark 63 on Sandhills and three others would split fourth money with 58, but there would be other draws.

"You think your rein was all right?" George Williams was saying now.

"I sure do," he said, "but we shouldn't have slacked off on the cinch. On that first jump I thought I was goin' over his head."

On Sunday he would have to call his oldest boy. The boy would go into town to church and then have dinner with his grandparents and he could call him there.

"That's the best I ever saw him buck," George Williams said.

The boy would be disappointed, but maybe, if he should find that everything is all right at the ranch, and if his wife agreed, they might make Lubbock, Texas. And if they had to get back to the ranch there would still be another day. Maybe he could make Edmonton, up in Alberta, the next week.

"Will you tell me somethin'?" he said now, taking off his hat. "How can I get so sweated up in just 10 seconds?"

—W. C. Heinz

THE STRANGE OBSESSION

[*Continued from page* 47]

since St. Paul preached on Mars Hill," he was such an illustrious and influential figure that he actually had an outside chance of becoming the first career minister to attain the Presidency. But for a man who'd risen to such heights, he had a puzzling obsession. For every word he had to offer on the rest of the Commandments combined, he had a full sermon to say about the Seventh.

He'd always seemed unduly concerned with adultery, even as a 24-year-old seminary graduate receiving his formal call in 1837. Folks from his first flock at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, remembered him as a fun-loving fellow with a ready supply of amusing stories to brighten his sermons. But they also recalled his contrasting grimness when it came, in his own words, to "that vice upon which it has pleased God to be more full and explicit than any other." Most ministers would have caused gossip by working long evenings alone with a choir-mistress as pretty as Martha Sawyer or by calling on a young lady as sociable as Rebecca Whitehead while her elderly husband Jesse was off campaigning for office.

But not the Reverend Mr. Beecher: his reputation was such that, after he'd gone on in 1839 to a better-paying pulpit at Indianapolis, the mother of a pert teenager named Betty Bates was delighted to have him act as her chaperon on a trip to New England, even though redheaded little Betty had an intense crush on him. No one could possibly doubt that Henry Ward Beecher's laces were strait.

He certainly had no cause for personal concern on this subject; his ever-complaining wife Eunice was only a year older than he, but even though he kept her constantly pregnant, she was often mistaken for his mother and was never coveted by any male neighbors. Yet he seemed to regard adultery as a crime that made murder a misdemeanor by comparison. It was partly for this very reason that a wealthy businessman named Henry Bowen, founder of the new Plymouth Church in Brooklyn Heights, called Beecher eastward to assume the pulpit in 1847, paying his debts and expenses and buying him a new suit as well. Bowen was happy to have his beautiful young wife Lucy seek guidance in the study of a preacher who predicted so fiery a future for adulterers.

Where all other sins were concerned, repentant parishioners found the Reverend the most forgiving and understanding confidant imaginable. He troubled no well-heeled church member with any talk about needles' eyes and camels, and his flock really found but one fault with him. Slavery was the burning issue of the day, and most New York ministers were attacking human bondage regularly in their sermons, just as their New England colleagues had been doing since Colonial times. But Henry Ward Beecher, who'd seen Abolitionists mobbed and lynched in Indiana, was highly hesitant about speaking out on the subject. Still, by the mid-1850's, it was clear to him that a majority of Plymouth Church's most influential parishioners were fervent Abolitionists, and as their spiritual leader he had to follow them. He saw no reason for abandoning his campaign against adultery in order to crusade against slavery. He simply combined the two causes—shocking his flock by showing up one Sunday with a strange, dusky-skinned young lady beside him.

"This is Sarah," he announced. "In the marketplace of Staunton, Virginia, a price of $3,000 has been placed upon her. Her own father—a white man, mind you—has offered her to a dealer in human flesh . . . for what purpose, you can well imagine as you gaze upon her!"

With candlelight gleaming in her long lovely hair, Sarah was dressed in white to denote chastity. But her dress was form-fitting enough to denote she'd hardly be used for hoeing cotton.

"This is a Christian girl!" the Reverend raged. "Can we allow her to be sold into a pit of fornication? Sold South, where licentiousness, adultery and concubinage exist that make a Turkish harem seem a cradle of virgin purity by comparison? Is our faith as strong as some godless slave-owner's lust? Then let us match every evil offer for her body with our own bids for her immortal soul!"

Henry Ward Beecher's surprise performance was a sensation that made the front pages of most New York newspapers. Overnight, this ingenious latecomer rose head and shoulders above the rest of the Abolitionist clergy. The girls he found for his unique auctions were always attractive and never very dark, and his superb showmanship improved steadily.

Even when the Civil War ruined the Reverend's ransoming routine, his star kept right on rising. Touring the country to speak on such subjects as "The Strange Woman"—a warning to young men to save themselves for the proper girl they'd someday marry—he drew packaged audiences of proper girls everywhere. Myths grew up around him, and mysteries as well—the most puzzling of which was the way Henry Bowen, the very man who'd brought him to Brooklyn, so suddenly turned against him. Bowen went right on attending the church he'd founded; but from the day of his wife Lucy's death in 1862, he refused to shake his minister's hand or speak to him.

Not that Beecher needed Bowen's support any longer; the Reverend's fortune had skyrocketed with his fame. He could send his sons to the best colleges now, give his daughter a gala wedding, drive expensive carriages behind spirited horses. He could even indulge a unique craving he had for carrying diamonds around like marbles in his pocket and fondling them while he meditated. He had new friends to idolize him—people like Theodore Tilton, the righteous editor of a religious newspaper, whom he'd married to a dimpled, doll-like little brunette from the Plymouth Church choir. In homes like the Tiltons' he could bask in the worshipful admiration of a younger generation.

He occasionally caused controversy. Some people thought it inconsistent of him to come out against citizenship for

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the freed slaves, even though he carefully explained his only interest in Abolition had been in abolishing forced adultery. Others thought it undignified for him to be forever making paid endorsements of commercial products, even allowing his picture to appear on a truss advertisement. And when, after watching the royalties roll in from his sister Harriet Beecher Stowe's book *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* he wrote a novel himself, entitled *Norwood,* and sold it to be dramatized in the Broadway theatre, the "devil's workshop" to most church-goers of the day, he was severely criticized. But he had countless supporters who believed he could do no wrong.

"The Reverend Beecher has been condemned in the past for making his pulpit a stage," young Theodore Tilton told his readers. "Is he now to be condemned for making the stage his pulpit?"

Through all such controversy, Henry Ward Beecher remained the undisputed dean of American theology. His opinion on any subject carried nationwide weight. Lincoln had invited him to the White House. Johnson and Grant both eagerly sought his support. More and more frequently, he was suggested as a Presidential candidate himself.

But suddenly an incredible rumor materialized. Like a fuse, it smoldered from private gossip into public gossip, then flamed into print on the pages of the scandal sheets. The explosion came when Theodore Tilton went into the City Court of Brooklyn and sued his former friend and idol, the self-appointed guardian of the Seventh Commandment, for seducing his wife Elizabeth.

One night in 1870, by Theodore's account, he sat as though frozen on his parlor sofa while the childlike little lady hugged his knees and sobbed out her story. She'd always loved her minister and wanted him to love her, she explained—but not in the same way as her husband. So she'd "resisted his importune advances" at first.

"But he said it wasn't really wrong!" she wailed. "He said since it wasn't wrong for us to love each other, then any expression of that love couldn't be wrong, either—whether it was just holding hands or kissing or even . . . bodily intercourse." She'd been beyond the kissing stage for years at the time.

To that age-old scene, no new lines were added. Begging her betrayed husband not to leave her, Elizabeth kept asking the question she'd never asked herself: "What about the children?" And Theodore finally decided to attempt forgiving her. For a man who traveled so much, it wasn't easy, but she kept him reassured by mail. "I feel quite prepared to renew my marriage vow to you and keep it this time as the Saviour requireth," the devout lady would write. "Once again I implore you for your children's sake, to whom you have a duty in this matter, that my past be buried—left with me and my God."

Theodore was well aware of his duty to his children, and he swallowed his pride and suffered in silence. But Elizabeth had found confession such a soul-satisfying experience that she decided to try it again, swearing her closest lady-friend to absolute secrecy. Before long the tale was being told by old wives and young alike and the Reverend Beecher was frantically beseeching his former friend to forgive and forget. Tilton could do neither, but for four full years, even while whispers became yellow-journal copy, he went right on standing by his wife. Then Elizabeth suddenly left him, abandoning the children she'd used to hold him and leaving behind some love-letters that made it obvious the affair had been continuing even while the Reverend was begging the husband's forgiveness. Even a lifelong crusader for Christian principles like Tilton could stomach no more, and he told his story in court.

The country didn't want to believe him. There were a few folks who suddenly remembered other ladies who'd required close, personal ministering, all the way back to little Betty Bates in Indiana. But for the most part, church-goers everywhere emphatically agreed that Henry Ward Beecher's sworn word would be worth any amount of testimony and evidence. All that America asked of its most prominent preacher was that he take the stand and say it wasn't so. And when the day came for the Reverend to do just that, he was his usual charming self. He set the crowded courtroom laughing by clownishly sniffing a bunch of violets. He joked with the judge by asking if the collection had yet been taken up.

Then he stunned the entire nation by stubbornly refusing to swear an oath with his hand on the Bible.

What followed was still more incredible. Even with the hedging he'd done, this baffling man admitted such importune advances as embracing and kissing the lady whenever her husband was gone and the children and servants weren't looking. Clinging desperately to a distinction universally regarded as meaningless in Christian doctrine, he denied only the actual adultery. His boyishness became sheepishness as the cross-examination went on and on. A full 894 times by actual count, with his nervous fingers fondling the diamonds in his pocket incessantly, he claimed he couldn't remember and wouldn't give a positive answer.

The press was as shocked as the rest of the country, and when the New York *Herald* called him a puzzle, presenting "for the investigation of scientific men a psychological problem which they must despair of ever solving," it was one of the kinder comments made. Other newspapers called him the most fantastic hypocrite that ever lived. A guilty verdict seemed a foregone conclusion.

But the $100,000 defense fund Plymouth Church had started to raise could buy a lot of legal talent. Switching tactics at the last moment, defense attorney William Evarts simply asked the jury to forget it was a jury and consider itself the guardian of American morals. After all, he argued in summation, if the country's best-known clergyman were found guilty of such charges, then adultery itself would be made to seem respectable, "threatening the very fabric of society, the purity of the family!" Youngsters in Sunday school classes everywhere would be robbed of their trusting innocence.

"If you reach such a verdict," he warned, "you strike your own children!"

One or more of Beecher's peers evidently shared this concern for young innocence. With a hung jury behind and a throng of happily-weeping churchwomen ahead, the Reverend returned to his congregation. But just a few months later, as unexpectedly as lightning striking twice, Henry Bowen rose up in his pew.

"I've been silent too many years," he blurted out. "Long ago, I received a deathbed confession from . . . a certain lady of this church. It was a confession of adultery with Mr. Beecher!"

The sanctuary was hushed. Bowen had been at the deathbeds of no ladies but his wife Lucy, and even the minister's staunchest supporters were listening hungrily for the details.

"He'd told her he loved her, and her alone, and he'd given her a key to his study, where they secretly met for many years. But one day she saw another lady of this church leaving that study, also with a key of her own, and. . . ."

Suddenly and strangely, in sharp contrast to the eager silence, the accusations were smothered by an overwhelming blast of protest. One lady began screeching, "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" at the top of her lungs, while others shrieked, "Sit down!" or "Shut up!" and still others simply screamed or sobbed incoherently. The frenzied session ended with Henry Bowen's being expelled from the very church he'd founded. And Henry Ward Beecher went on, with his grin giving way to grimness, to purge his flock of all who'd doubted him. No one ever called him the greatest preacher since St. Paul again, or suggested him for the Presidency, but he was secure in his own pulpit. . . .

He'd weathered the worst storm of scandal in American church history. But through the last dozen years of his life, he was a lot like the emperor of fable with the non-existent clothes that were allegedly visible only to the wise and invisible to fools, the emperor who strutted happily about with everyone complimenting him on his taste in tailors, until a small child wondered aloud who the naked man was. Henry Ward Beecher remained clothed in his piety, the church ladies agreed that anyone who doubted him was an evil-minded fool, and most men went right on letting their wives handle religious matters. But children, the same children about whose innocence the jury had hung itself worrying, were as clear-eyed with wayward clergymen as with emperors; and there was a certain lack of sincerity in the voices of the little girls who skipped rope and sang:

> PREACHER BEECHER IS MY NAME,
> I'LL PREACH UNTIL I DIE.
> I NEVER KISSED TED TILTON'S WIFE,
> I NEVER TOLD A LIE.

And sometimes, when the aged Reverend strolled alone through the streets of Brooklyn, small boys hid behind hedges and shouted that same jingle after him, using a word worse than "kissed." But such little ruffians didn't live on the Heights, and their parents didn't bid on pews at Plymouth Church. So it didn't really matter. —**Gene Caesar**

THE DAY THE BASS TRIED TO KILL US

[*Continued from page 52*]

cared. Nor, for that matter, were we conscious of the passage of time at all.

I made a few sandwiches while Jim fried bacon and eggs for breakfast. We boiled an extra pot of coffee and filled our vacuum bottles. We put them in the canoe—we'd left our rods and tackle boxes in it the evening before—and shoved off. I started the little motor. We cut across the mouth of the long bay in Three Fingers Gulch.

On the other side, opposite our camp and about 250 yards from it, was a rock the size of a boxcar with a jumble of smaller rocks below, some in the water and some out. We had never caught a bass there—remember, Jim and I had been fishing here for years—but it was a target to head for since we intended to work on past it along the shore. I pointed the bow at it.

I didn't cut the motor when we got close, but Jim, sitting on the front seat, tossed a plug at the rocks anyway, quartering his cast ahead. I watched the black-and-yellow surface lure lie on the water for a few seconds. Jim jerked it. The water broke open! A bass came shaking out and the yellow plug was lying across its jaws.

Somehow, despite the fact that we were skimming right along, Jim set the hooks. He must have set them because he eventually landed that bass. I shut the motor off.

I didn't like this. Catching a fish on the first cast is like winning the first pot at poker, a bad omen. But as we glided ahead and Jim fought his fish I picked up my own rod and lobbed one hurriedly toward the rocks. My plug, an aluminum-painted top-water lure with spinners fore and aft, hit the water about five feet from shore. A poor cast. The banks shelve off quickly into deep water and we get more strikes when we cast right to the edge.

But I let it lie anyway, until the ring of little waves it started was about five feet across, then I moved it six inches. Bang! Another bass! I missed him. In fact, I was so surprised I jerked the plug through the air for about 25 feet. I got the lure in and cast again and the bass—if it wasn't that bass it was its twin brother—nailed it.

Holy mackerel! Two bass on at once and on the first three casts! Jim wore his out, after it jumped four or five times, and got it up to the canoe. It weighed about three pounds. He turned it loose. Along toward evening, we'd keep one for our dinner.

The canoe drifted ahead as I played my fish, a two-pounder, and Jim dropped his plug close to a greasewood bush that overhung the water. No reeds, tules, or aquatic vegetation grow in this reservoir. The dam backed up water for 52 miles in the Owyhee River canyon, filling many side canyons as well. The country is typical northern desert. Once the submerged sagebrush rotted away, the only cover for fish was rocks and, when the lake was full (as it was now), the desert plants growing along the high-water line.

The water heaved and boiled and the spray flew when Jim moved his plug beside the greasewood, but either the bass missed it or Jim missed the bass. He reeled in quickly and cast to the same spot again. The largemouth was waiting and made the water fly. Jim struck so hard the plug came sailing back and bounced off the canoe. I said, "Steady boy!"

"Saved my plug, anyway," Jim muttered, madly winding up slack line, "he almost got it!"

The canoe had drifted nearly to shore now, so I started the motor and adjusted it to a *putt-putt-putt-putt* that would push us along slowly enough to fish every rock, bush, and pocket on the shore line. I got the canoe into position about 35 feet out and started ahead. But I had to shut the motor off because Jim had hooked another bass. While he was playing it, I hooked one. They were bigger than the first pair, both around four pounds, and they must have jumped six times apiece.

Bass hooked on the surface, on a bug or top-water plug, jump more than those hooked on deep-running lures. These were the wildest jumpers I ever saw.

They were strong, too. I've known anglers who fished for trout, salmon and steelhead and scoffed at largemouth bass. (I suspect because they couldn't catch them!) These people say bass don't fight well; they don't make long runs. Well, why should they run? They're at home when you hook them. I'd like to have seen one of these highbrows stop some of the bass we hooked that day when they decided to quit jumping and bore for the bottom. It was all we could do to turn them with 15-pound-test line—and sometimes we didn't turn them.

We continued along the shore. We didn't go very far at a time because I shut the motor off whenever we hooked a bass and that was often. It was so often, in fact, that the motor ran only enough to keep us headed up the shore, between 25 and 45 feet from it. There was no breeze at all, but a five-pound bass will pull a canoe quite a way off course. And we did catch some five-pounders. We caught none under two. Most of them went between three and four. Several went five, and the biggest we estimated at six pounds or a little over. These were all estimated weights. They were probably all conservative.

When we caught the six-pounder, Jim said, "I want to take home a mess of fish. This might as well be it."

So we kept this bass and when we weighed it on Jim's kitchen scales the following evening it pulled the pointer down to nearly eight pounds. That's a big bass for northern waters. I suspect from this that the bass we turned loose were heavier than we guessed. At any rate, they were all good fish and some of them big—bigger on the average than we had ever caught from Owyhee before, or since.

We had gone possibly half a mile—our progress was frequently interrupted—when I realized that I was dying to smoke. I couldn't stuff and light my pipe; that would take too long. I asked Jim to toss

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me a cigarette. He did, and I put it in my mouth. Then a five-pounder struck, missed, followed the plug with a wake like a torpedo and struck again. I nailed him. When I turned him loose, I realized the cigarette was gone. I hadn't lit it. I had either spit it out or eaten it, probably the latter. I was excited.

Nor was I the only one. The long, thin man I fish with was in the Battle of the Bulge. He has been shot at. I have seen him in action when it was essential to do the right thing at the right time, calmly, precisely, and with force. He always did it.

But this day I sometimes wondered. Once we were passing a little mud-bottom bay. We never catch bass over a mud bottom, but today we were getting them everywhere and as we went by Jim laid out a cast—and got a terrific backlash. His reel looked like a ball of yarn the kitten has played with.

I stopped the canoe. I still hadn't had a smoke. I would light my pipe while I laughed at Jim. The line, floating on the water between rod and plug, must have had 10 yards of slack in it. And a big bass bounced the motionless plug two feet into the air while Jim was picking at his reel. He said, "Boo-boo-boo-boo," or words to that effect, and gave a hell of a jerk. But of course nothing happened at the plug end of the line because of all that slack.

The plug fell back, the foam settled, Jim returned to his line picking. The bass bounced the plug again. Jim swept the rod tip through a 10-foot arc but the bass didn't feel a thing; too much slack. Jim prayed at the top of his voice, still plucking at his reel.

Determined now, the bass came up and showed its broad shoulders and took the plug in its big ugly mouth and headed for the bottom. Speechless, Jim started reeling in line, right over the tangle. And believe it or not, he landed that bass, a five-pounder, and turned it loose. Meanwhile I caught several more while he was getting the snarl out of his reel.

It was getting hot and there was no breeze. It wasn't late. We could tell because the lake runs north and south and the cliffs along the eastern shore still shaded the water here and there. The shade felt good when we were in it.

Many of these red-splashed cliffs tower several hundred feet from the water's edge and it's nice to fish along beneath them because there are no trees. The lake lies in typical northern desert, close to the state line, about 60 miles west of Boise, Idaho. Vegetation is sparse and typical of the arid West—sagebrush, greasewood, shadscale and rabbit brush, scattered native bunch grass and exotic cheat grass, or downy chess. Like other desert terrain, it is splashed with wild flowers in the spring.

The time came—it may have been noon—when we were both so cramped from sitting in one position that we simply had to get out of the canoe and stretch our legs. We ran up on a gravel spit in a little cove. Jim started one way and I went the other and within a matter of seconds we had both hooked bass, casting from shore. This couldn't last!

We may have spent an hour here. We raised as many bass as we had from the canoe. Eventually I came to a cliff rising from water too deep to wade. I walked back to the canoe and called Jim. We had a cup of coffee and a sandwich. During this brief interlude, while we had time to talk in something other than profanity and exclamation marks, Jim said, "There will never be another day like this!"

I agreed. There couldn't be. It was the only time I'd ever fished for bass when there was one every place I thought there might be. Not should be, *might* be.

Bass are notoriously temperamental. We *had* to fish hard because we knew they might stop hitting any minute. Every bass fisherman has experienced short flurries of fast action, then had them quit cold for no apparent reason. We expected that to happen momentarily, but the excitement went on and on.

There was scarcely a time when one of us wasn't playing a fish. Frequently we both had bass on at once. We didn't land them all, of course, and this made it even more exciting. Bass got off by jumping. They'd burst out of the water twisting and shaking and do it again and again, and sometimes the plug would go flying away through the air. Then we'd reel quickly, cast again, and more often than not another bass would strike.

If we happened to miss several in a row, then hooked a bass or two and lost them, we'd find ourselves getting pretty wild. It would be hard to cast where we wanted to, and backlashes were inevitable. Once we actually got a bass to the canoe and turned it loose *intentionally*, we could steady down again.

We worked our way slowly along the shore to the red rockslide opposite the big island. We fished it and ran across the channel and fished the eastern shore of the island. And all this time, we scarcely made a cast without getting a strike. We caught bass where we'd never caught them before and where we've never caught them since. And in ways you just don't catch bass on ordinary days.

When we finished fishing the base of the slide, for example, we let the canoe drift for a minute or two while we debated whether to continue along the shore or go over to the island. We were scarcely moving, if we were moving at all. There was no breeze and the motor was off. We were about 30 feet from shore.

Jim put his rod down across the gunwales to light a cigarette. His plug was lying on the water eight inches beneath the rod tip. He had just put the cigarette in his mouth and was reaching for a match when a bass hit the motionless plug. There was a splash like somebody had dropped a cannon ball. The rod nearly went into the lake. The cigarette did. I saw Jim spit it 10 feet as he grabbed the flying rod.

Straight across the main body of the lake from the big island, along the western shore, was more good water about half a mile away. We decided to cross over and work it. We'd have time to eat another sandwich on the way—and take a drink of water. It was still dead calm and beastly hot now and we were dying of thirst.

We ate and passed the water jug back and forth on a paddle and felt better. Then we felt a breeze. It was delightful—but not for long. In minutes it was too strong for comfort. And looming sinister above the western mountain was the blackest cloud I've ever seen.

Fortunately we were almost to our target, a long narrow bay with a dry wash at its head. Even so, the wind was blowing very hard by the time we reached it and the black cloud was rolling up like a storm-driven tide.

". . . that's why they put erasers on pencils is no answer, doctor!"

We tried to fish the rocky shore of the cove when we got into it but I couldn't hold the canoe. The water was smooth because the wind was from the west, and the little motor could push the canoe against it, but holding in one spot long enough to fish out a cast was impossible. We went ashore near the head of the bay as a brief shower struck. I looked at my watch as Jim pulled the canoe full length on the sand. It was 4 o'clock. We hadn't known the time, nor had we been more than vaguely conscious of its passing for 10 hours.

We made a few casts from shore and, as I recall, Jim did catch one bass. But we soon saw that fishing was hopeless.

Suddenly, it was dark. The seething, rolling mass of black had blotted out the sun. The wind was roaring. It was rolling whitecaps on the lake and tearing off their tops. There was a pall of wind-driven mist above the water. Waves were pounding the cliff on the big island directly across from us and throwing spray 50 feet into the air.

Then it was cold. Our clothes, still wet with sweat, now felt like ice. We put on our inadequate jackets. I had stood spellbound by the fury of the storm on the lake for several minutes when Jim said, "Look!"

To the west, coming down the long slope from the ridge over which the cloud had first appeared, was a wall of water. It was solid white against the black of the cloud and the gray of the sage. We could hear it even above the wind.

We stood and watched it come. There was nothing to do anyway, and it was awe-inspiring. At the last minute, we got the two cushions out of the canoe and sat down on them side by side with our backs to the storm and pulled our legs up against our chests and put our arms around our knees. I suppose we thought we'd keep our bellies dry.

And it hit us, how it hit us! Imagine standing in a shower and turning the cold water on full bore. That's how it felt, though I doubt that any shower could put out so much water. In no time we were as wet as if we'd been sitting in the lake.

Without turning his head, which would have exposed one cheek to the driving rain, Jim said, "Still think we won't need the tent?"

I'd forgotten that! Our beds were just the way we'd got out of them. Everything was exposed. Then it occurred to me that it probably wouldn't matter anyway. Our camp would likely be washed away. I said as much and Jim agreed. "It would be for sure if we'd camped in the bottom of the canyon at the head of the bay. Shouldn't be too much runoff across that little flat, though."

We were both shaking with cold by now and it was no fun to talk. We sat there listening to the wind and rain. Suddenly there was a new sound. It came from up the draw and we soon saw the source. A stream of muddy water, loaded with debris, was rushing down the dry wash. There was enough water to have taken the canoe up.

After a miserable half hour, the rain stopped. The western sky was already clear. The cloud moved rapidly toward the east. The wind quit. Soon the sun was out. Never did sunshine feel so good.

We set our things out of the canoe and tipped it up on one side to run the water out. By the time we were loaded up again the lake was flat. As we headed out of the bay, Jim made a sensible remark. "If we haven't got any camp," he said, "we haven't got any camp. We might as well fish."

So we fished. We fished a mile of good shoreline and we didn't get one strike! The bass were through. Once we realized it, so were we. It was a letdown and now we realized that we were tired.

I had never experienced such a long period of sustained excitement. I doubt if we made a dozen casts that didn't produce a strike and those we missed somehow seemed to get us even more excited than the ones we hooked. Sometimes we felt almost helpless.

Once, after missing four or five breath-taking strikes, meanwhile getting shakier and shakier, I simply hauled off and threw my plug about 40 feet up on shore. Really, I tried to pull it back, but it had gone over a big four-wing saltbrush and I couldn't jerk it loose. I broke the line, tied on another and continued fishing. A plug is only a plug, but the bass might quit at any minute.

On the way to camp we saw the evidence of the cloudburst. The mountains along the steep eastern shore were deeply furrowed where the deluge had run off. Mud had swept out into the lake, discoloring the water for 75 feet. The mouth of Three Fingers Bay was choked with a solid mat of floating sagebrush.

We worked our way around it and finally reached the little flat where we had camped. And we were lucky; everything was there. It was wet, but it was there. I picked up my open sleeping bag and turned it bottom up and five gallons of water ran out.

The sun was setting. We built a fire—greasewood always burns, no matter how wet—and made a rack of driftwood beside the fire and hung our sleeping bags inside out to dry. While we were working at this chore Jim said, "How many bass do you suppose we caught?"

I had no idea. Maybe it's just as well because nobody, especially nobody who's fished Owyhee, would believe me. I do know this: *After* we realized we'd never have another day like this, Jim started keeping track of the bass we turned loose. He made a little scratch on the bow deck of the canoe for each bass. There are 73 scratches in the paint to this day. But we'd already caught a lot by the time he started keeping score and I'm sure that, in the excitement, he forgot to mark some down. We surely caught more than 100—probably quite a lot more.

"Well," Jim went on, "you'd think we might have caught enough to eat."

It dawned on me; we hadn't kept a bass for dinner. "We can eat your big one," I said.

"Oh, no, we won't! I'll take him home. They may have to take our word for numbers, but I've got the proof for size."

So it developed that in the evening of the best day's fishing I ever had we ate a can of Spam for dinner. —**Ted Trueblood**

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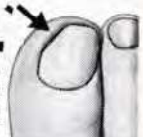

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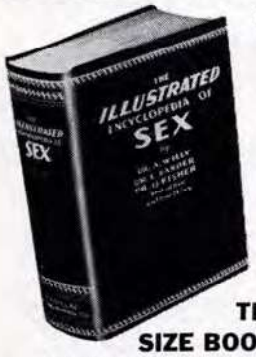

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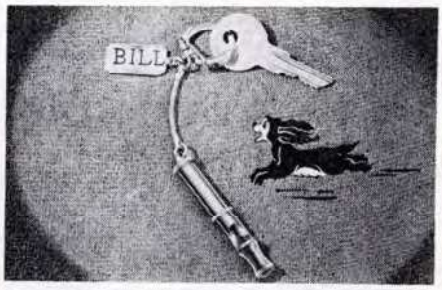

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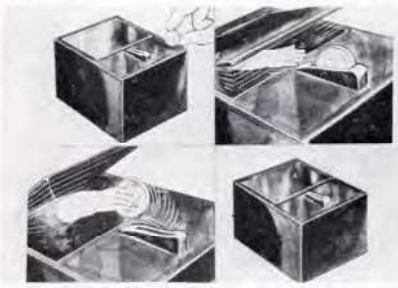

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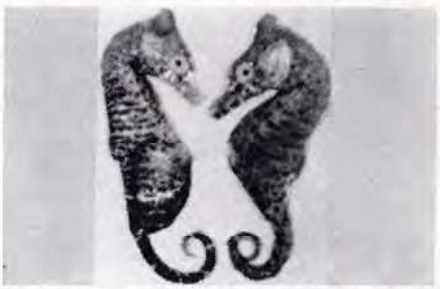

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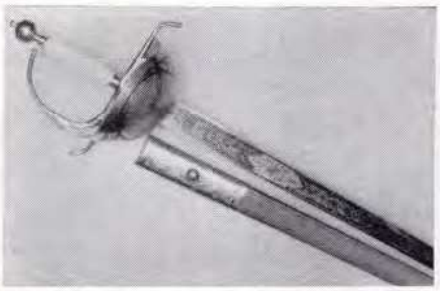

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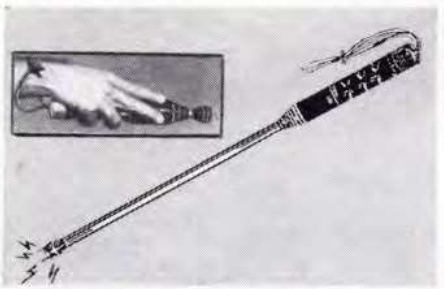

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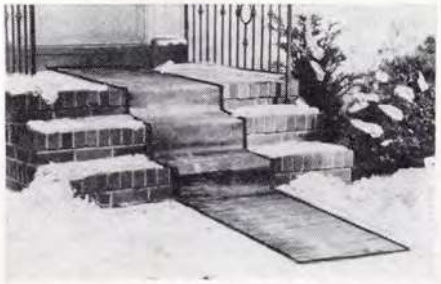
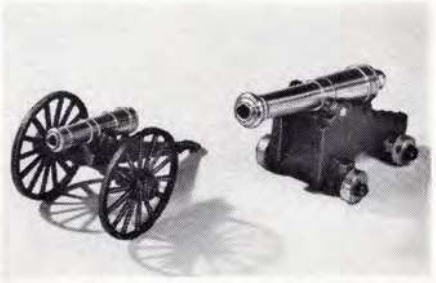
GARCELON STAMP CO., Dept. T26, Calais, Maine

TRUE goes shopping



"NO SLIP" ICE CARPET is 12 ft. long and 2 ft. wide. Just lay it down over the icy steps or sidewalk to insure safety. Avoid strenuous shoveling. Red color points out the sure, safe path to your door. Harmless to cement or brickwork, unlike messy chemicals. Use it year after year. $3.95 plus 35¢ pp. & hd. King, Dept. TR-2, 51 West 35th St., New York 1, N. Y.



FAMOUS AMERICAN CANNONS are in exact scale, solid iron with heavy brass barrels complete to touch holes, re-enforcing rings, etc. Left: Revolutionary War howitzer, 5". Right: Civil War naval cannon on brass-wheeled "broadside" carriage, 5¼". Each $4.95; pair $7.95. Order from ADF Company, Department TR-2, 125 East 41st Street, New York 17, N. Y.

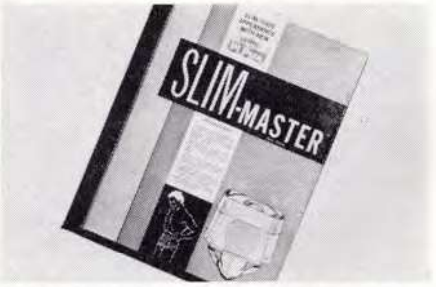
WHITE HORSE SCOTCH GLASSES. Each glass is decorated with authentic reproductions of old-world Inn signs, in full-color, with touches of antique gold. Glasses are of hand-blown crystal, hold 10 ounces. Classic tankard design captures the atmosphere of old Scottish Inns. Complete set of 4, $3.00. White Horse Scotch Glasses, Dept. TR-2, P.O. Box 170, Boston, Mass. 02101.

EMBOSS YOUR OWN STATIONERY. Make your own expensive-looking stationery. Embosser produces raised-letter name, address on letterheads, envelopes, cards, etc. No ink required, no accessories. Any 3 line name and address (24 letters and spaces to a line) $6.95 plus 25¢ pp. Print name, address wanted. Empire, Dept. T-2, 140 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

GEM STONE KEYCHAIN. Here's a unique item which is as practical as it is good-looking. The magnificent Gem Stone has been tumbled and tumbled to get just the right amount of smoothness and polish. The keychain is then firmly affixed. Each stone carries its own exciting color. You'll enjoy carrying this beauty. $1.00. Lattin's Lapidary, Box 562, Pagosa Springs, Colo.

KARATE, the most lethal of the oriental sciences of self-defense, in book form. Be far advanced to the most expert student of Judo. Your hands, fingers and toes assume power you never knew could exist. Course is easy, fun, body conditioning. Confidence becomes a part of your life knowing you need fear no man. $2.98. Best Values, Dept. T-2, 285 Market St., Newark, N. J.

ST. VALENTINE MEDAL is a gift that can be given by some of you great lovers. The medal is custom struck in three sizes. Your choice of Sterling Silver or Gold Filled. ¾" diameter, $3; 1", $4; 1¼", $5. Same sizes in 14Kt. Gold, $12; $15; $25. Engraved on reverse side for 10¢ a letter. Order from Wayne Silversmiths, Dept. T-2, 546 South Broadway, Yonkers 5, N. Y.



PI PEER SLIM-MASTER takes years off your figure. Pulls stomach up and in. Wide, no-roll abdominal panel. Flat, foam rubber pad supports back. Unique design prevents riding or slipping. Cool mesh detachable pouch. Price is $5.98. Be sure to send waist size. Add 25¢ postage. Order from Piper Brace, Department T-25A, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo. 64105.

4-TRANSISTOR TAPE RECORDER $6.10

Records, plays back, erases, rewinds. Includes tape, reels, microphone.

Jeweled CALENDAR WATCH $2.44

Swiss movement. Tells time and date. Includes beautiful metal expansion band.

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Transmits, receives. Fits in shirt pocket. Aerial extends for more distant reception.

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BIG MONEY IMPORT BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

Derringer Pistol $5.99

Electric Razor $1.50

Field Glasses $1.20

Electric Carving Knife Set $1.50

This exciting list shows just a few of the startling buys which have been announced. Newer, fresher offers will be sent to you every month. I could make up a list like this every week, based on news I receive from my overseas sources.

10-tr Radio	4.95	8mm Movie Projector	2.80
Man's Silk Tie	.65	Electric Blanket	4.96
Man's Briefcase	.85	8mm Zoom Camera	24.35
Hand-carved Clock	.65	Teakwood Chest	.90
Fishing Rod-Reel	.50	Hockey Stick	.70
Elec. Hair Dryer	3.25	Portable T.V.	47.50
Cigarette Lighter	.21	Star Sapphire Ring	6.00
Motorcycle	118.50	Fishing Flies	.01¼
FM Hi-Fi Radio	8.80	Elec. Can Opener	6.40
Movie Title Kit	1.00	7-pc. Fishing Kit	.50
Beaded Handbag	1.01	Beer Stein	.13
Flashlight	.10	Sunglasses	.15
Transistor Radio	1.70	Marking Pen	.12
Cardigan Sweater	2.00	Disposable Razor	.02
Spinning Reel	.96	Sewing Machine	3.15
Stop Watch	1.12	Star Saphr. Pendant	2.50
Wrist Radio	2.90	Electric Shoe Shiner	1.55
Model Boat Kits	.65	Port. Typewriter	22.50
Table Tennis Set	.29	Windbreaker Jacket	1.20
Ladies Knit Suit	4.50	Tailored Man's Suit	22.50
Intercom Set	5.00	Electric Toothbrush	1.25
Electric Scissors	1.32	Elec. Fishing Rod	9.00
Human Hair Wigs	12.00	20-pc. Dinnerware	1.15
Plastic Raincoat	.14	4-pc Steak Knife Set	.17
Water Pistol	.05	Swiss Musical Bank	1.00
Dozen Golf Balls	1.83	Elec. Immersion Htr.	.19
Slide Viewer	1.20	24-pc. set Flatware	1.55
Ladies Gloves	.16	Butane Cig. Lighter	.60
Ukelele	2.00	Electric Hair Comb	1.49
Massage Unit	1.64	Expand. Watch Band	.11
Oil Painting	1.25	Laminated Skiis (2)	13.66
Adding Machine	18.00	Elec. Pencil Sharp.	1.26
Electric Train	1.50	Hunt. Knife & Sheath	.11
Knitting Machine	4.20	Embroid. Sweater	5.50
Badminton Set	.60	Elec. Hand Grinder	1.23
Radio Spectacles	7.70	Hd.Painted Wall Scroll	.77
Tennis Racket	.50	St.Steel Razor Blade	.03¾
Rifle Scope	1.85	7-pc. Golf Club Set	22.25
10" Inflatable Globe	2.05	Austrian Ski Sweater	5.46
Water Filter	1.90	Port. Radio-Phono	13.00
Check Writer	8.80	Elec. Knife Sharp.	5.05
Hearing Aid	9.89	Elec. Letter Opener	1.60
Radio Amplifier	.88	Elec. Eye Turn Off	1.87

Prices subject to availability and market fluctuation

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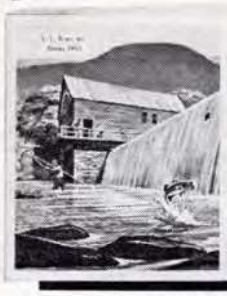
Ready February 15



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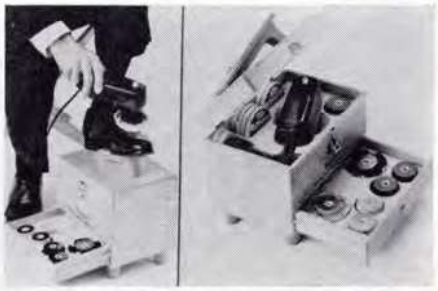
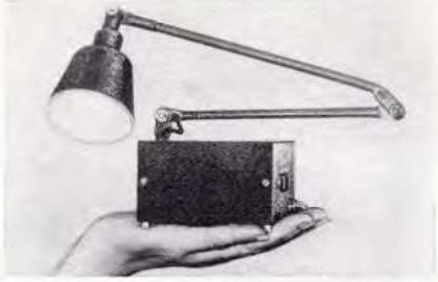
WIDE-TRACK TIGER TROPHIES. 5 full-color pictures of the '65 Wide-Track Tigers in action: The Pontiac GTO and 2+2. They're big (26x-11½"), beautiful and ready for framing. You also get a full set of specs and tune-up tips. Just send 25¢ for handling and mailing to Wide-Track Tigers, P.O. Box 888, 196 Wide-Track Boulevard, Pontiac, Mich.



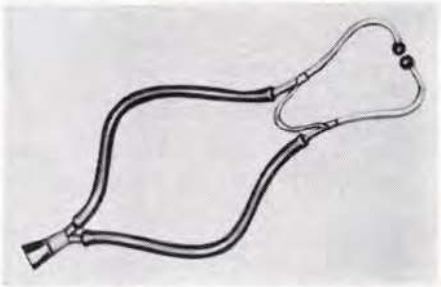
RONSON "ROTO-SHINE MAGNETIC" gives fast, lustrous shines. Picks up attachments magnetically, holds them securely in place and, at the press of a button, ejects them into their storage-drawer compartments. In hardwood chest, topped with footrest lid. Storage drawer holds polish applicators, brushes, etc. $29.95. Ronson, Dept. TR, 1 Ronson Rd., Woodbridge, N. J.

HAND-MADE GLASS JIGGER-JUG to measure out your Christmas spirits. Pert and pretty little pitcher gives you 1, 2 or 3½ ounces of "what's your pleasure" at the end of a hectic day. Graceful Nordic styling with pouring lip, etched-in white measuring lines. Real pick-me-up gift. #82115 Jigger Jug, $1.95 from Breck's of Boston, N-59 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.



SMALL, HIGH INTENSITY LIGHT doesn't preempt precious desk space while it gives shadowless, glare-free illumination. Requires bulb only 1/10 the size of equivalent lighting; base fits the palm of your hand. Ideal for hobbyists, handicrafters, artists, readers. Beige finish. Size 10"x2½"x4". $17.50. Best Values, Dept. T-2, 285 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

3-PIECE STORM SUIT defies worst weather. Heavy-gauge 3-piece vinyl plastic outfit includes chest-high storm pants, ventilated zippered coat and detachable hood that snaps over collar. Folds into an 8"x10" carrying case (included). For captain and mate. Specify S,M,L,XL. Price is $3.98 ppd. 2 for $7.50. Greenland Studios, Dept. TS-2, Miami 47, Florida.

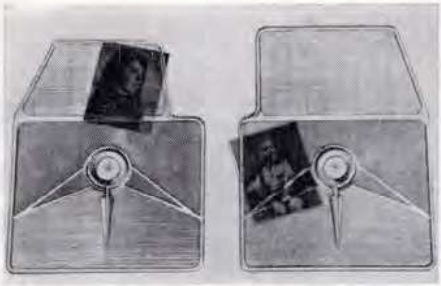


U.S.M.C. STETHOSCOPE—Ever try to buy one of these? Hard to find, and usually expensive, this brand new surplus U.S. Medical Corps stethoscope is used by doctors, nurses, students, perfect for teaching children and adults rudiments of the respiratory system. Use it to detect motor trouble in your car. $2.95. Gerard, Dept. TR-2, 333 East 50th St., New York 22, N. Y.

FAMOUS MILITARY MEDALS are exact reproductions of those awarded to heroes for valor in action. About 2¼"x1". Choose: Croix De Guerre (France), Victoria Cross (England), Iron Cross (Germany). Each mounted on a full-color card that gives history of medal, why awarded. $1 each+25¢ hndlg. 3 for $2.95 ppd. Alexander Sales, 140-T Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

STANDARD DIAL PHONES $9.95—Save extra steps and rental charges with these sturdy reconditioned Western Electric and Stromberg-Carlson dial phones. Rewired and refinished, this is about ¼ retail cost. Two makes a fine intercom. Complete with plugs, ready to use. $9.95. Two for $18.95. Lex Appliance, Dept. TR-2, 380 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

TRUE goes shopping



VINYL AUTO MATS are transparent. Resist dirt, clean easily. 1 piece standard and compact fronts, $7.95. Twin fronts for stick shift sports cars, $5.95. Twin rears, $3.49. Standard or compact front and rear set, $12.95. Twin front and rear set, $8.95. Choice of Blue, Clear, Green, Red, Smoke, Gold Fleck. Foremost Auto Accessories, Box 1327-T, Plainfield, N. J.

17 JEWEL SWISS CHRONOGRAPH comes to you directly from the importer. Watch has 3 dials and 5 hands to allow for measurement of time, distance, etc. Gold-filled with a stainless steel case. Made for rugged wear; dust and shock resistant. An excellent timepiece. $29.95 plus 10% Federal Tax. Vanguard International, Dept. TE, 605 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016.

20 CARAT smoky topaz quartz heart and ring. The ring and charm are set in 14K gold. Be sure to send the size for the ring. The heart charm is for her bracelet or is worn as a pendant. You get a gold-filled chain with it. Charm is $10 and ring is $25. Big gifts for special females. Order from Jeweler's Bench, Box 491-T, North New Hyde Park, N. Y.

STOP HAIR LOSS from unseen scalp infection. The folks at Sebacin tell us that if you use their product, you may end this type of hair loss in a few days at home. Also ends dandruff problem and dry itchy scalp. We are told that it is tested and guaranteed. Regular size is $2 (or $5 for triple size). Order from Sebacin, Dept. T-2, 18 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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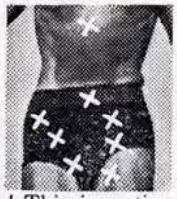
Rare coins recently obtained from U.S. MINT sealed bags. S.F. MINT 1879—$4.50, '80—4.00, '81—4.00, '82—4.50. All 4—$14.50. NEW ORLEANS MINT 1883, '84 & '85; $3.75 each. All 3—$9.50. PHILA. MINT 1886—$3.75, '87—3.25, '88—4.75. All 3—$9.95. All ten BU Silver Dollars—$29.75. P&D Coins, Box 40, Rochester, Mich. 48063.

*RUPTURE AGONY Removed



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A different personally autographed . . . and posed photo for every letter of the alphabet.. 26 photos in all!

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Comes to you with working parts disassembled with cleverly engineered springs, full instructions, supply of pellets and specially designed belt holster. **Full Money Back Guarantee.** Simply send $1.98 plus 27¢ shipping charge or order C.O.D. From:

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AWARD WINNER FROM ITALY!

Here it is! The shoe that won the famous Caswell-Massey Award for the BEST shoe style of the year! Leather soles and heels. Made in American sizes. In mellow Black Smooth leather, sizes 5 to 13, or in soft Black Suede, 6 to 13. Both medium width. $14.95 postpaid, or $2 deposit on C.O.D., you pay postage. Other styles imported from Italy, Spain and England from $9.95 to $24.95, A to EEE.

#4127 Smooth
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$14.95

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435 Monument St., Brockton, Mass.

$6.44 AN HOUR IN YOUR OWN BUSINESS

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2¢ Washington 75 years old!

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No need today to look other than your best. When you know you do, you feel better, do your job better—and you're more fun! Don't be ignored because you look older than you are. Clean, cool, new flexible base, contoured to each individual bald area. NO NET, NO GLUE, NO FUSS, NO MUSS. The only answer—TAYLOR TOPPER.

MAIL COUPON NOW. COMPLETE DETAILS FREE TAYLOR TOPPER. 123 W. 28 St., New York 1, N. Y. Dept. 6955. Please mail FREE literature on TAYLOR TOPPER in plain white envelope, positively no obligation on my part. Advise office address closest to me.

Name _____
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THIS FUNNY LIFE

One member of our car pool is a rabid critic of our present state governor. His views are so strong that he is frequently baited about them.

Recently we needled him by suggesting that a four-story-high portrait of the governor be placed on one end of a new state building. He agreed this was a fine plan if he could select the decoration for the other end of the building.

When we asked what he would put there, he answered, "A four-story-high horse's head."

Name witheld at writer's request
Sacramento, Calif.

At the USO located in Cleveland's Terminal Towers, a beautiful young hostess was getting a big rush on the dance floor from members of the Navy, Air Force, Army and the Marines, respectively.

Finally succeeding in getting herself excused, she approached the refreshment counter, sat down and sighed: "Boy, I've had it! I've been convoyed by the Navy, intercepted and strafed by the Air Force, given the heavy artillery bombardment by the Army—and damn near invaded by the Marines!"

Robert Greene
London, Ohio

I had never changed a flat tire in my life so you can imagine my misgivings when, upon leaving the laundromat, I discovered that a rear tire was completely flat. But when a young man pulled up next to my car, I felt sure my problems were solved.

Putting on my best smile I asked him, "Can you tell me how to change a flat tire?" At this point I fully expected him to offer to do it for me. Instead, taking my question literally, the young man pulled up a crate, sat down and proceeded, step by step, to instruct me on how to change a tire. He never moved a muscle, and I swear there was a glint in his eye the whole time.

Mrs. Joseph Grieser, Jr.
St. Charles, Mo.

We were sitting around the barracks discussing our usual favorite subject, women.

"What's the first thing *you* notice about a gal?" I asked our sergeant.

"Depends on which way she's going," he replied.

Edward Miles
Bronx, N. Y.

Ushering at a base theater, a young private was having a great deal of trouble satisfying a lieutenant. There were few seats left and none pleased the officer. "I want something in the center aisle," he kept insisting.

In exasperation, the private said, "Right this way, sir." The theater was pitch dark and there was much confusion, many "excuse me's" and "sorry's."

Finally the lieutenant came back out into the aisle. "Soldier," he growled, "there are no seats in the center row!"

"Yes, sir," said the private. "That's what I've been trying to tell you."

Tony Furman
New York, N.Y.

I noted a great commotion on my street where a new gas pipeline was being installed, and I joined the crowd to find out the cause of the excitement. At that moment the chief contractor for the job stepped from his car, his face a mask of annoyance and puzzlement.

"Okay, okay," he bellowed, "what the hell's going on?"

"We had a cave in, sir, and we are digging—"

"I see you're digging, but you're several feet away from the assigned spot. Where's the foreman of this job? Does he know what you're up to?"

"You can ask him—soon as we dig him up, sir," was the reply.

Mrs. Stella Ross
Fairfield, Conn.

During an air raid on London in World War II, a street patrol warden ran up to the opening of a public shelter and called down, "Are there any expectant mothers in there?"

"Don't think so," a feminine voice called back. "We've only been down here a few minutes."

B. P. Spong
Chicago, Ill.

Like other advertising media, university newspapers have picked up additional revenue by accepting cigarette advertising. No exception was the publication at Creighton, a staid and impeccably moral co-educational university at Omaha, Nebraska, run by Jesuits. When a cigarette company asked the school for permission to photograph co-eds for use in a college campaign, the institution's fathers agreed, but with some strings attached. The school's public relations director, a layman, had to chaperon the young ladies.

The photographer set up his temporary studio in a suite on the top floor of Omaha's plushiest hotel. Mr. F., the P.R. man, escorted the girls, one at a time, to the rooms, stood by during the photography, and supervised the payment of the nominal modeling fee.

The elevator was crowded when Mr. F. and a beautiful but naive co-ed began the descent from the top floor. The girl, bubbling with excitement over her experience, gushed, "Oh, Mr. F., that was the easiest five dollars I have ever earned!"

Gerald L. Freeman
Evansville, Ind.

I was working as a corsetierre in a department store when the Sleep Bra was first introduced. It proved to be a difficult item to sell. The flat-chested gals were not the least bit interested, and the well-endowed ladies just would not buy. It wasn't until the Bra was shown to a particularly robust, Wild West type gal that we found out why.

She examined it carefully, politely listened when told the merits of sleeping in such a garment, then set it firmly on the counter with the comment: "Well, I'll tell ya, honey, I keep these things corralled all day long, but when night time comes, I just let 'em run wild!"

Mary Ann Hoots
Sacramento, Calif.

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